



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

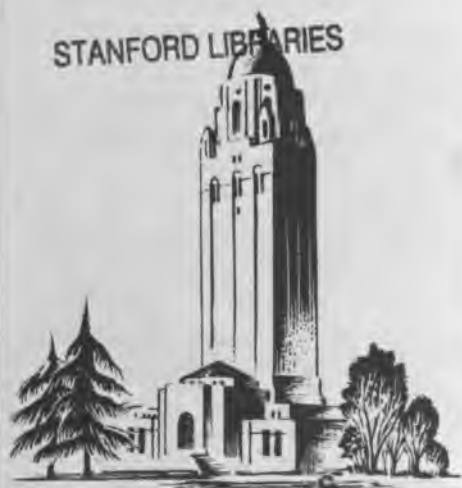
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



STANFORD LIBRARIES



HOOVER INSTITUTION
on War, Revolution, and Peace

FOUNDED BY HERBERT HOOVER, 1919

STATION STUDIES



11.

100

100

100

.





STATION STUDIES

BEING THE
JOTTINGS OF AN AFRICAN OFFICIAL

BY
LIONEL PORTMAN

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON

NEW YORK AND BOMBAY

1902



1948
1949

.

P R E F A C E.

LEST wrath be aroused—and squandered—at the spectacle of an official dealing freely, and sometimes satirically, with his employer's affairs, I must mention that I no longer serve John Bull, and am therefore in as fair a position as any one to chaff him for his foibles. These, I feel almost convinced, will survive my book.

“The Great War,” it should be added, is, unlike the remaining stories and sketches, entirely unfounded on fact; and, being conceived in a spirit of extravaganza, must not be taken to represent an actual or a possible state of affairs. Friction is no greater in Africa than in other parts of the world where official bodies come in contact.

I have to thank the Editor of the *Monthly Review* for giving temporary lodging to a part of “My Day's Work,” the first of a series of similar sketches projected in that magazine.

L. P.



CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ELDALA	I
MY DAY'S WORK—	
(1) A.M.	11
(2) P.M.	47
HAMIS	84
A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE	109
SHOOTING	142
THE GREAT WAR	162
THE THIN MAN	218
THE ACCOUNTS	247
L'ENVOI	271



ELDALA.

THE Province of Lunda, though lying far in the heart of Africa among great wildernesses, and having the Equator for girdle, and the river of the Pharaohs for its northern gate, is not, I hold, to be called lightly, as people of no delicacy have presumed to call it, a "sink," a "swamp," an "out-of-the-way sort of place". I will admit that it is quiet; that it is local; that it does not contain, or even lie near, one of those hives named with too much courtesy towns, where every man lives like a bee in a dark unlovely cell. I will even go further and confess that some of its more distant stations might seem to those of the hive "isolated" and "outlandish". But to apply any such insults as these indiscriminately to the whole Province would be an outrage both upon the truth and upon courtesy, which I could not readily pardon; and especially will I fly out against any who use them of the near parts of the country where the rivers flow eastward, or of my own district and station, Eldala.

For who, after all, but one who has long been tenant of such a station can possibly have the nice sense of proportion necessary to judge whether it be isolated or the reverse? No one, I should imagine, who is not thus qualified by continual residence at, and knowledge of, the place can pronounce with any

weight upon a matter so essentially local. And as I have indicated my own opinion pretty clearly, it may seem a waste of time to confute any others or even mention their existence. Nevertheless I will so confute them, in order to render their imbecility the more apparent, and put the matter beyond doubt.

This, I find, can be very easily done. To those who call Eldala "outlandish" I have only to quote the fact on which they base their argument, namely, that the station lies four hundred miles from the Indian Ocean, to prove its absurdity. How, I should like to know, can any place be called outlandish that lies so near, nay almost alongside, that great highway of the world? One need hardly say anything more on a point so obvious. But to put it beyond dispute I will just add that a railway runs from that highway within a few yards of my door, and by bringing me my mail within a month from St. Martin-le-Grand settles the matter for all time. Outlandish! The word is ludicrous.

The term "isolated" is equally unhappy, and its unreason equally obvious. For if no less than three white men—I myself, the *Bwana 'Mkubwa*¹; the Doctor who is, so to speak, part of the station; and an English trader who has his house of merchandise close at hand—all make the place their permanent abode, it can scarcely, I should think, be considered lonely or unfrequented. If there be any further doubt upon the matter, I may add that, besides this important white community, Eldala is the home of

¹"Great Chief," i.e., principal officer of the district—District Officer.

many other men of a different but none the less estimable hue. There is Nawab Ali of the Punjab, a great merchant, who lives by the railway station, thence selling *ghi*, curry-stuff, and rice to its myriad coolies. There is the station-master, Sujan the Babu, his two signallers, and other odd men. There is a gang of a dozen coolies only a mile down the line. And apart from all these leading citizens of the place there are often above a hundred native "boys" in waiting upon the merchants; not to speak of my own staff of mail porters, "local labourers" and "transport men"; my head man, interpreter, and carpenter; and my Company of the Lunda Rifles—one hundred and ten bold Swahilis; as well as the Doctor's staff, of smaller but still of notable size. Isolated! Why, the place is a centre of busy life. What can be more central, I should like to know, than a district whose northern border I cannot visit without crossing the Equator?

Well, that point is finally settled, I think; and we can go on to observe the place in detail.

My house, to render its superiority to those in the hives still more pronounced, is not sandwiched like ordinary street houses between a number of fellows of equal size, with a view of similar houses and a great lack of light, air, and space. It stands upon a low hill overlooking a plain and a lake of a dozen miles square. It lives in its own grounds—two or three acres girt about with a stout wall and ditch, named in the language of the country the *boma*. It is of three rooms, stoutly built of stone, plastered on the outside with red clay and on the inside with a dressing of chalk. It is twice roofed, first with a thick bed of

earth laid on reeds across great beams ; and secondly above that with a saddle of thatch. The latter, bestriding the whole house and resting on wooden pillars which stand out beyond its walls, forms a verandah on all four sides. The floor of this verandah, as of the rooms, is raised two steps above the level of the ground, to be free of all damp and miniature floods in the rainy season. And the rooms themselves, thus guarded by wall, roof, and verandah against both sun and rain, are laid side by side with full use of the abundant land available, and so loftily built as to let plenty of cool air muster under their ceilings. On the stone floor stand a table or two and a few long folding chairs. The white walls are decorated with horns—eland, harte-beest, water-buck and antelope—besides a few long spears, the gift of my tribe, the Marai. The fireplaces are broad enough to contain great logs of juniper on chilly evenings. And, for the rest, both doors and windows, which are indeed not windows but gaps, equipped, in the absence of glass, with the lids of effete packing-cases, all look towards the setting sun : because in dry times a great wind blows out of the East, bearing with it a whole sky of dust ; and this would speedily make sand-bags of the King's servants, did they not turn their backs upon it and solidly wall it away.

Beside the house, at a little distance, but still within the *boma*, stands the office. This is a lower but in other ways similar building, of two rooms—the outer for Manuel, the clerk, who has to endure the first buffetings of that sea, the public, for me ; and the inner my own private sanctuary, open only to those

who are able to pass through the sieve, Manuel. Here is the shrine of justice, the seat of government, the fountain of all order and peace, the hub and axle-box of the district; a place of pains and terror for evil-doers, but of security and redress for all good men. Behind the office and the house stands a row of meaner buildings, framed in the same style, but without windows, and with doors always locked. These are the stores—for grain, tools, rifles, ammunition, equipment and tents; and for trade-goods, *i.e.*, the beads, cloth, etc., which are the currency of the tribe. Lastly, alongside these stand the kitchen and boys' huts—mere hovels of stone admitted by me and all who have occupied Eldala to be a disgrace to any Government, and best left unvisited. And over all the flag-staff tapers—and shakes horribly in a breeze—the whole forming a fine symbol of the Crown's omnipotence and sign that it cannot die.

From the fact that it contains all these buildings the *boma* derives a somewhat complex character. For it combines within its walls the traits of a garrison, an arsenal, a police court and a temple, a market and a customs house, a place of justice and a private garden. Every day at dawn, noon, and evening the bugle blows there, testifying to the presence of brave Swahili warriors, who—on paper—might defend it against any odds, but in practice would fly at the smallest provocation. Every night sentinels are posted, more for form than necessity, at the gate and four corners of the wall; whence at intervals they shout to each other and to the dim wastes about them, "A—all's well," parrot-like, and without much idea of the

phrase's meaning, but uttering it nevertheless according to orders, whether it be true or false, and so upholding the *boma's* character as a formidable garrison by night as well as by day.

This aspect of the place is supplemented by the arms and ammunition store; which, containing a couple of hundred rifles or more—all of a reverend and dignified age, Sniders, Martinis and the like—together with a thousand rounds or so for each type, adds the impression of an arsenal to that of a garrison. And the respect thus inspired is intensified by the office, a place which frowns as darkly as the Old Bailey upon evil-doers. But not only by the office. For my house incites an awe fully as deep as any criminal court, and much more extensive. Why? Because it is girt with bastions or loop-holed for rifles? No. Simply because I live there, the *Bwana 'Mkubwa*, who, though I may not be actually related to '*Ngai*' (God), unquestionably come from a country neighbouring his; and have learnt from him to do wonders beyond the power or understanding of common men. How else, for example, can I and my fellows have invented the smoking horse which draws *gharris* without fatigue, or the awful *bunduki* (rifle) which can slay at a thousand yards? How else can a man tell by a tiny machine where the sun should be in the sky, and by a piece of paper when the time of rains is at hand? No, there is some power greater than human behind all this: it is beyond the comprehension of plain men. So when I ask them to explain my Lee-Metford's performances, or the workings of my watch, they grin with amazement and chuckle, "It is '*Ngai*'".

And so my dwelling gains the character of a god's dwelling, and the *boma* that of its precincts.

Yet it is no place of terror for the innocent. Men come thither daily with no fright at all to sell grain for beads or cattle for cloth. Those who desire a customs house rather than a market enter freely to pay their dues; indeed we welcome them with open arms—how else shall a revenue be gleaned from the land? Litigants bring their suits to me without hesitation—would that they did not!—and with as much reliance on my judicial acumen and honesty as have some people on that of the House of Lords. And those of the tribe who are my personal friends come with as little ceremony into my house and office as into each other's homes; chaffing me at my work; fingering, open-eyed, my dearest properties; or tasting with never-ending astonishment my wonderful food. Add that the motto over the gate would read, if it were written, not, as in neighbouring parts of Africa, "Here lives a bully with a big stick who will beat me if I do not avoid him;" but, "Here lives a friend whom I can trust, but who will use me horribly if I give him cause;" and there you have the attitude of the *boma* towards the world that requires food, justice, commerce, redress, chastisement, or peace.

To me in conclusion, it is, besides a place of business, also a garden and resort in times of leisure; not indeed fulfilling my ideas or one quarter of them as to the proper nature of such a retreat, but satisfying to some degree the needs of an African whose memory runneth not to the contrary. Regarded in this light, its chief drawback is, that the individual who cares

for his garden must never forget that he is primarily an official in charge of a fort. So that though the personal heart of him may desire to plant trees about his house, the official brain has to remember that in case of attack, unlikely though it be, he will need a clear space from which to direct his fire. And though the person may like to plant flowers, the official will have so little time to give them that they are doomed very soon to fade away. At Eldala, in any case, the *boma* is but a poor flower garden, because it is set among a hill country and the soil is stony and unkind. But it is a place where the grass is at least tended to the point of decency in contrast to the rankness of the ungoverned plain without; and up the pillars of the verandah and the palings which join them, a cloud of creeping nasturtium has spread its soft films of green and scarlet flowers, hiding entirely the hard lines of the house in rainy seasons, and living bravely even through dry times by the care of Hamis, my much-enduring boy, and bearer of water.

Outside the *boma* gate, to the southward, where the ground slopes gently away to the plain below, there are ranged about a square the prison, the barracks, the hospital, and the Doctor's house; all buildings of solid stone, one-storied, double-roofed, cooling to the eye without, and within defiant of the fiercest heat. Eldala is, indeed, rich in such buildings. Other stations may be poorly furnished with mere sheds of wattle and thatch, and some may be even so ill-found that their tenants, though hard-working servants of the King, must risk fever and death by living in them. But we, at any rate, are able to grin comfortably at the

heat and other ills outside from the shelter of massive roofs and walls. And, more than this, we are not a little proud of the beauty of our buildings and their symmetry of design. For the sad grey stone and soft bosoms of thatch accord well with each other, and with the staring lights of the country about us; and there is a dignity in their form and appearance which catches the admiration of the white man as well as the reverence of the black. The pity is that their comeliness cannot always continue. Even now the Doctor, who, to my mind, should not be allowed building money at all, vows that he will use corrugated iron, should he ever be given the means for setting up his new dispensary. And to make the prospect still darker, there is a terror that this violent device will some day be forced upon us by the powers that be as the one true faith of builders; in which case Eldala will become as one of the cities of the plain—to wit, the railway stations, which are already the eye-sore of this part of Africa.

The time passes quietly enough in these latter years. For no tribe in my district, and few in any other part of the Province, have any taste now for further differences with the '*Msungu* (European). His power is coming to be reckoned unquestionable, miraculous indeed, by most men, now that it is fully known; and though he still keeps his station armed and policed, on the alert for turmoil, he has little need except in a few half-tamed districts for anything but tact and vigilance in his dealings. At the worst he will only be called upon to act as Chief Constable, not as Field Marshal. And though the

savages who call him *bwana* may, as do mine, appear to be constantly on the brink of war, walking stealthily in single file whenever they move abroad, and carrying spears of monstrous length and sharpness, they generally have little in their character of the terrible implied in their name and demeanour. The Marai, at any rate, are far more inclined to tend peacefully the thousands of sheep and cattle, which are their wealth, than to any fighting or rebellion. Sometimes the old passion for raiding their neighbours may break out, and they will come to me asking leave to indulge it. But when, as a matter of course, I refuse to allow this, the chiefs who rule the tribe accept and enforce my ruling with ready though perhaps with melancholy obedience. None but the outlying families, which I cannot visit owing to the work of the office, give me any anxiety; and then only because they may forget my power and go raiding without my leave. The loyalty of the tribe as a whole is assured. And their four or five hundred spears and wonderful quickness in the field are a source of confidence rather than fear; for we can always rely on them as auxiliaries if we need their help, to subdue or punish more unruly subjects.

The days, then, pass without serious worry, though not without the need of constant vigilance. Peacefully, if with little change; rapidly, because they are consumed by business; contentedly, if too seldom lightened by the coming of white men.

MY DAY'S WORK.

A.M.

I.

AT six o'clock, when I am aroused by the bugle and look from my window, the dawn is just breaking through a sky of passing shadows, surely and gradually winning to victory, but as yet unable to chase them quite away. Dark clouds still hold their own above; a chaplet of mist rests upon each mountain peak; a grey veil floats over the lake; the plain lies hid beneath a robe of haze. For a moment darkness lingers, fading but not defeated, and the light grows but slowly to its strength. Then the moment passes, and with a joyous sudden charge the day is upon us. Rosy lights flash out across the sky; the mists fade swiftly into space, revealing a sheet of glittering water, mile upon mile of tanned prairie, and behind all a range of grim mountains. From every corner of heaven the last shadows are caught aside like a curtain: infinite blue dimmed by the tawny glare of day takes their place, and I know that far behind me in the east the sun, spurning all gorgeous ceremony and flinging his crimson robes about him, has stepped forth to run his course, fully and vividly astir within a moment of his rising.

As yet, however, he has but little power of heat

to shed, and there is a hint of frost in the air, which makes me shiver as I pass along the verandah to urge Hamis to action. We stand five thousand feet above the sea at Eldala; and the sun, for all that he can bake us to 120° at mid-day, can do little at this early hour to change the 45° of the night and unborn morning. As a result of this I am in a mood to call down fire from heaven on any who fall short of their duty; and until the natural sources of warmth gain ground it is very unwise for my boys to provoke me. Nevertheless they frequently take the risk, and this morning is one selected by them for a trial of my patience. There is no smoke or sign of life about their huts. They are asleep half an hour longer than my law allows.

"Hamis," I call—with toleration as yet: he may just be astir.

No answer; he is not.

"Hamis," I repeat, still calmly, but with such acids in my tone as will consume him if awake. A long pause. Then the ineffably drowsy sound—

"S-a-h."

He hears me, but only in his dreams—an unsafe environment at such a time.

"HAMIS!"

"*'Ndio, bwana* (Yes, sir)?" is queried slowly and with some surprise. The dreams are passing.

"*Maji moto; upessi* (Hot water; hurry up)." This is thundered, and awakes him thoroughly to the sense of panic and impending disaster which I desire him to feel.

"*'Ndio, bwana; baada kidogo* (Yes, sir; directly,

sir)," he snaps back with an air of reassurance and conciliation intended to persuade me that he has for long been watching my interests and the water boils.

It does not; the fire is not even laid. I rate him soundly for a few minutes, to his great terror and temporary improvement; then return to feast my eyes on the great scene before me.

The sun is soon on his way, gathering power with each rushing step, and pouring abroad a flood of light as he hastens up the sky, with a promise of white heat in later hours. The lake, under his rule, has changed in hue from iron to steel, from steel to silver, from silver to unruffled glass; till now at length in the still radiance of the morning it is able to drink in and flash back with unerring accuracy every line of the clean-cut mountains that guard it, every tree and feather of the papyrus brakes that fringe it, every film of the soft flesh-tinted clouds. Far away round its shores, and round each of the islands that float upon its central waters, it shows a deep duplicate of reed and rock, bank and bush, and in the midst a sky as bright and vivid as that above. Only on the hither side of its broad face, near to the hill from which I am looking, is there any dimness to spoil the mirror. Here, right up to the rocks beneath my feet, and stretching far out into the deeper waters, there lies a great garden of water-lilies, whose broad leaves roof the surface against all light, and carry the lines of the sweeping prairie out beyond the shore. Here are great purple blossoms opening from their sleep as the sun touches them; here too clusters of white egrets sunning themselves after their morning bath: and all along the

waterside tribes of birds—teal, coot, spoon-bill, ducks, geese, and a hundred more—fluttering from bay to bay, splashing, feeding, playing among the shallows. A fat white pelican is waddling through a bank of mud in search of food. Beyond him a line of white flamingoes stalk arrogantly, apart from the common herd, on a cape which they have made their own. Guinea-fowl call and chatter from the bushes close at hand, and a bell-bird rings his strange notes among the larger trees behind them.

To the brown caked shore too comes a string of huge hump-backed cattle, filing slowly over the bright green marsh-land into the water, to cool their lips before the sun becomes too hot for movement. Behind them, on the edge of the plain, hundreds of scattered sheep and a senate of thoughtful donkeys crop busily at the rich grass of the meadows. A few herds of goats, a team of mules, and a pony or two are dotted here and there amongst them, making the most of their pasture while the dew still hangs heavy upon it. And when I take a telescope and scan the long plains which sweep away, on the right to a low line of jagged hills, on the left to a gaunt volcanic peak, I can see a host of varied kinds of game. Quite close at hand are two herds of gazelle boldly feeding in the open, the broad fringe of black from shoulder to loin plainly distinguishable on their rich brown coats; a few *fisi*¹ are slinking cautiously home after their night feast of camp remnants; a pair of bustards are quarrelling angrily over food. Further away, close to a belt of trees, stand half a dozen brick-red

¹Hyena.

'*mpala*;¹ beside them a cluster of grey zebra, whose dim rounded outlines suggest through the haze a cloud at rest upon the plain; and still further, in the open ground, a score of tawny harte-beest, guarded at each corner of their pasture by a sentinel on the alert for danger. Beyond them again are more and more gazelle, more and more clouds of zebra; a knot of water-buck moving slowly among the trees which line the river; and just within the glass's utmost sight a dark spot of black, which by all the laws of Africa should mean a pair of ostrich.

After a long look at this scattered assembly of the plain, I turn to the day's business. The water has at length boiled. I dress speedily in the thinnest of flannels and take my *chhota haar*i (tea, toast, and bananas) in the verandah. Hamis attending me too closely, as he always does when anxious to propitiate me for his sins, receives a rough reminder of his error, and retires to his right place round the corner, within a call. Another offender also forgets that the hour of breakfast is not one of peace and goodwill to all men with me, and barely escapes condign penalties, in the person of Mahamadi Winyamwezi, *askari* (native soldier), who, being in charge of a chain-gang *en route* to the lake for water, unwisely suffers it to lag and even to stop for a while in conversation before my very eyes. I am up a little earlier than usual this morning, and he does not think of me. He chats to another *askari* who is passing, gazes carelessly over the lake, chats a little longer, yawns, and is actually on the point to sit down, when suddenly he turns towards the *boma*,

¹ A larger type of antelope frequenting thin bush country.

and behold I am standing up to look at him! I can see him positively shake, here at eighty yards' distance, as he hastens to urge his charges to movement; and he almost breaks into a run as he drives them on their way out of my sight. A second offence of that sort and Mahamadi will infallibly suffer *hamsi-assharini* (twenty-five), the last penalty of the law.

Breakfast finished, I issue flour, sugar, and oatmeal sufficient for the day's needs to 'Mpishi (cook), who is a Swahili and has no eighth commandment, nor would obey it if he had; and then at half-past seven it is time for the day's work to begin, and I stroll to the office with a cigarette and a comfortable sense of independence and virtue.

I want you to understand this very clearly, whose daily fate it is to rise early, snatch a fleeting breakfast, and spur in hot haste and steaming crowds to the city. I stroll to my office. It lies ten yards from my front door. I can smoke there without interruption. My work is done as, when, and in what raiment I please. And if it languishes for a moment I have but to pass from my chair to the window to see a land blazing with light, and rich with life of plant, bird and beast; a sky that is never clouded, majesty of hills, the flash of silver water, and long dignity of the rolling plain.

In the outer room of the office Manuel, a man of Goa, is already at his desk, making out forms and documents of all sorts for a horde of Indian traders who stand at the door, desiring to pass their goods into Lunda. With affected reverence and real fear and malice in their eyes, they break off their murmur of

talk as I approach, scatter, and salute me gravely. Hosain, head man of the station, who is Joseph to me Pharaoh, a long, lean Somali, daintily appalled in white linen garments and patent leather boots; and Majaliwa bin Suliman, Swahili orderly, by nature's design an ape, by man's and a blue uniform turned into a peacock, to himself an idol, to me Ariel and scapegoat in one, leap from their seats like corks from a pop-gun to do me honour. I acknowledge their greetings, have a host of papers thrust into my hands by Manuel, and pass into the inner shrine, thereby relieving the assembly, who promptly resume their seats.

For some reason or other I can never enter the inner room at this hour without expecting to see the ghost of a former chief seated in the *Bwana 'Mkubwa's* chair. Long ago laid in the grave by fever, his memory will yet live long in the minds of all who served with him, so wintry were his tempers and so summer-like in proportion his gentler moods. Perhaps it is because the former were more shrewd and nipping in the early morning than at any later period of the day that I seem to see his image more clearly than at any other time. He would be sitting, as I entered the room, overwhelmed in a great snow of work, ominously silent, and plainly in a very brittle mood. How the world went with him—for there were many degrees in this mood—you could soon tell from his greeting. If he had not broken his fast he *could* say "Morning," and often would, though it was with an obvious effort. But after breakfast he seemed unable to trust himself in speech, and all white men who approached him had to be contented with a barely perceptible nod, unless,

that is, they came on matters of business. In that event he was a different man. He showed himself able to speak, not only with absolute composure and with a smooth icy polish, but even at times with geniality and a smile. The latter, indeed, he held to be a necessary supplement to, if not actually part of his official duty, and he was most punctilious in producing it when required, though it was only by a powerful forcing of the lips that he managed to do so; and even then the eyes remained set like steel, as though trying to compensate by their awful stillness for the back-slidings of the mouth. But he *did* smile. And no business man could possibly demand more. I think the natives who were about him would have liked him to attempt less; for it was upon them naturally that the full force of his rage, rendered all the greater by confinement, would afterwards burst. At any rate none of them ever liked to be seen by him during the morning; and even I, who soon grew to understand his moods, and learnt to converse with him by signs rather than speech, felt no real confidence in being within his reach before mid-day.

After that hour, however, the whole man began to change. Luncheon was the first point in a journey of improvement which lasted till a late hour of the night. A deep but gentle melancholy took the place of his anger as he ate; and he would talk with gloomy resignation of the changes and chances of the service—the iniquity of such and such a promotion, the impossibility of getting leave, the unfitness of men with whom he had quarrelled for their posts. About the beginning of the afternoon's work he cast even this

off, brightened in temper and countenance, and showed some faculty of long-suffering in his decisions. If things prospered he even acquired a grim humour and occasionally laughed—litigants always strove to have their suits postponed till three o'clock. The ineptitude and baseness of the natives with whom he had to deal tickled the cynic in him. The number and weight of his tasks became at times so huge as to fill him with amusement and goodwill. And the end of office hours bringing him relief, leisure, and the calming influence of tea, he so progressed gradually from strength to strength till at length by the time of "pegs" and pipes he was a spring of hilarity and good stories, revelling in the day's humours, breaking his hearers with the strain of continuous laughter, and convincing all who came near him that he could never again by any possibility frown.

The next morning would speedily show the fallacy of this conviction; for then he would be once more as formidable a ruffian as ever, full of terrible silences or savage abuse of the world about him. Yet one soon came to judge him by the evenings rather than the mornings of his life. And taking him at his worst, he was never so ill to bear with as another *bwana* of whom I have heard, who could by no means whatever be induced to break silence except officially until the end of the day. Nor so embarrassing a companion as that notorious fellow—gifted with a temperament something similar—who had the happy practice of exclaiming, at the cheeriest point of a cheery evening, when the day's events were passing under humorous review and all moods were softened in a mist of amity,

"Yes, it was a stormy morning, wasn't it? Puff—puff. By gad, old chap—puff, puff—how I *loathed* you this morning!"

II.

Accounts, correspondence, law-suits—which shall I take first this morning? The correspondence strikes me as the most unpleasant task, and, therefore, the first to be tackled. I settle down to finish some long outstanding letters and answer those which have just come in.

Of the many waiting for my reply one in particular has been shouting to me for days, "You must answer me," while I have as often returned, "Not so; you may wait till to-morrow". It relates to the case of Private Mongorora bin Hassan, of the Company of Lunda Rifles in my charge, who has created an insoluble problem. At the present moment he is lamentably useless to the King, owing to a legion of disorders, pronounced by the Doctor incurable; and I wish to discharge him. But this apparently cannot be done in a moment, if at all. Once upon a time Mongorora was a deserter; then he was recaptured, found to be ailing, re-made in hospital, taken back into the ranks, and given the wages of his calling from that date onwards. Now he is what a young American of my acquaintance (a man, of course) once described to me as a "goner for keeps;" and to retain and pay him as a soldier of Edward VII. would be to waste twenty-two excellent rupees belonging to the latter every month. Yet, despite this waste, and

for all His Majesty's apparent power, he cannot, as it seems, say to and of the man, "Go; and he goeth". When I write to the officer commanding Lunda Rifles and recommend his discharge, he is all afire with indignation, and snorts back that it is impossible.

"No," he writes, you cannot discharge a man who deserted. Mongorora deserted on March 21, and ceased from that date to be part of the army."

"But he was taken back," I reply. And the correspondence proceeds on the following lines:—

O.C.L.R. "He should not have been taken back."

Self. "He *was*."

O.C.L.R. "That is a mistake on your part, which must not occur again. As it is I shall probably be compelled to bring it to the notice of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

Self. "I regret the error. But civil officers placed in charge of military work cannot be expected to be infallible. The man *was* taken back, and is now incurably ill. He ought not to be kept."

O.C.L.R. "He cannot possibly be discharged. He deserted on March 21."

Self. "But was recaptured March 28."

O.C.L.R. "Is that on the books?"

Self. "Yes; and since then he has been paid his wages and ration allowance."

O.C.L.R. "How much, in all?"

Self. "Six months' pay, 120 rupees; and rations, 15 rupees."

O.C.L.R. "Has he drawn all his money? Can't you get some of it back and strike him off from March 21?"

Self. "No ; I cannot recover the rations, and as for his wages, he has been fined fully half what he earned by me, sitting as a criminal court, for a criminal offence."

O.C.L.R. (furioso) "You cannot possibly try a member of the Armed Forces in this Protectorate except by court-martial."

Self. "I am sorry for the error ; but as a civil officer I felt some diffidence about forming myself into a military court."

O.C.L.R. "That is beside the point. The only possible course now is to consider the trial as having not taken place, and for you to refund the money."

Self. "I cannot possibly do that, as it would disturb the accounts for some months past."

O.C.L.R. "I cannot take that fact into consideration. The error was yours, and I must ask you to pay in the money without delay."

Self. "Such a course of action would cause widespread confusion throughout the books. I cannot admit that your demand is correctly founded, and I must decline to accede to it."

O.C.L.R. "If you fail to transfer the money within a period of two months, I shall have to request H.M. Chief Commissioner to set the liability for it against your private account."

Self. "I dispute the liability, and adhere to my former contention. Besides the records and entries in my own books the man is down in the Doctor's as having taken quantities of medicine. As he is now pronounced incurable, the only possible course is to discharge him."

O.C.L.R. "A man who has no official existence cannot be discharged. As you persist in your refusal to set the matter right I shall now place it in the hands of H.M. Chief Commissioner."

So far, up to the present. It looks as if I have but a poor chance of victory. But of Mongorora bin Hassan I must and will be rid. I contemplate the whole correspondence for some time to seek an outlet, then give up the search in despair and send in my version of the history to headquarters, hoping that I may there find an ally, and gain peace with honour. But let no man suppose that I am likely to do so. This is but a common example of the risks to which a civilian's pocket is exposed when he has to undertake military duty as well as his own. No one complains much of the additional work, for in Africa a man is Jack-of-all-trades, and does—as, indeed, he must do—all that comes to him, whatever its nature, as best he can. In point of fact many civilians have spent quite as much of their time in the field as in office, and though receiving on the average but half the soldier's salary have frequently proved themselves of far more value than he by solving military difficulties which he could not. But considering the low rate of their salaries they might surely be held free of loss arising from such extraneous work as this either in the field or the station—work that is put upon them entirely owing to the paucity of military officers. The latter are too few because the Treasury will not pay any more. Is it fair that the civilians should suffer for the Crown's love of parsimony?

The other letters laid before me do not take long to

answer. Two of them, I can see at once, come from Indians, for I know the hand of Haku, writer of petitions to the nobility and gentry of my District, as well as I know my own, depend upon him indeed for half the amusement of my life.

The first explains itself—for a wonder; Haku is seldom able to express his meaning at the first attempt.

“HONOURED SIR (it runs),—With utmost possible respect I beg to pray that it is now many days I apply to you for a licence to shop to which your goodness replied sanction will be obtained now we shall feel divine if your honour will inform us with the result and grant us a leave which to gain we send rupees one hundred and fifty and shall ever pray for your long life and prosperity.

“Your respectful servants,

“RAM DITTA and KIRPA SINGH.”

Trading licence issued—the evidence tending to show that this is what they want—receipt for Rs. 150 made out in triplicate; caution given to the applicants' messenger against their selling liquor or opium; the whole transaction entered in the day-book; rupees counted through twice and placed in heaps of twenty-five in the cash-box.

Haku's other effort is less lucid.

To the SUB-COMMISSIONER AND MAGISTRATE.

“ILLUSTRIOUS SIR,—I most humbly and respectfully beg to pray to bring to your kind notice that

Allah Din late Jemadar of first earthworks sub-division has complained against me falsely of Rs. 270, and I beg to state he is a player of tricks and was dismissed by his misconduct and mischieves and I beg to pray that I am a poor man kindly go through the matter and kindly inquire from Allah Din that for what purpose he gave me the above mentioned sum of money. I am not a gambler and your honour can inquire about my conduct and about the money from the men of Din for which he complained against me and if he has any false receipt with him kindly let me know the writer of it and I beg to state that kindly inquire the matter fully whether who is liar and who is true. For which act of kindness I shall ever pray your long life and prosperity.

“WADHAWA

“(Coolie of Ram Surru's gang).”

What does Wadhawa require? Who is he? Where does he live? To whom has Allah Din complained falsely? And is his complaint false? All these questions occur to me as being, on the face of the matter, obstacles to the execution of justice in the complaint of Wadhawa *v.* Allah Din. In addition, who am I that I should try a case of defamation of character between two Indians? Solomon himself could not solve such a tangle as this must be, and I am not even Oriental by birth or training. The letter is docketed and filed—put in preserve, so to speak—and I pass on without further consideration to the next.

It is in a hand unknown to me, and I open it with the feeling of flatness which I always experience

after reading one of Haku's letters or an intensely exciting story. But, though Haku's mark is not on the title-page I find it to be a work of even richer material than any which he has yet produced. It comes from a railway camp lying eighty miles away, just beyond the limits of my district, and properly it should have been sent to the next Station. But I read it, in spite of all the laws of red-tape, and soon become exceedingly glad that I have done so.

"Honoured Enormity," it begins, thereby arousing my interest at once; for though I have been approached as "Respected Magistrate," "Most Gracious Light," "Sanctified Effulgence," and, of course, "Honoured Presence," and "Protector of the Poor," I have never before encountered these exact terms.

"HONOURED ENORMITY,—I beg to pray that Fazel Din promised me for Rs. 25. But when I ask him for the sum he denies and has a mind to kill me: and the whole gang is of his district and only I am poor, being a other district man so that I go in fear of my life: wherefore plaintiff solicits the honourable Court to put a mark on eight asses belonging to the defendant so that your poor petitioner may be benefited by your renowned justice. Even your own holy Church teaches that those who help themselves will be helped. Therefore I implore with much hope that you would be kind enough to give me a judge for which act of kindness may the almighty whom your honour much resembles send to you a long life happiness and much prosperity from your most most respected servant,

"IZAMDIN."

Poor Izamdin! I feel that he is not leading a very comfortable life; and I should like to assist him if possible; for he is certainly respectful, even respectable if his own evidence may be believed. More than that, he has given me a laugh such as I too seldom experience in this valley of pigeon-holes and dockets, and therefore he undoubtedly has a claim upon me. Yet he does not live in my district, and, strictly, I ought not to interfere. Can I do anything to help him? "No," says my official conscience, "let him apply in the right quarter." "No," also would say the inexperienced who read his letter; for considerable knowledge and wisdom are required to detect what he means. "Yes," however, say I, very wrongly obeying my personal conscience. The man has made me laugh, and he comes from a camp lying only just beyond the border of my district. Equity itself demands that I reward him, even though I risk the displeasure of my neighbour by doing so. This, as a matter of fact, is not likely to be very terrible, for he would go down on his knees to thank me if he knew that I had taken even one from his load of Indian law-suits; as would I to him. So I determine to do him this illegal kindness, and write to the District engineer, under whom Izamdin serves, asking him to explain to the latter the process whereby he may bring the law to bear upon Fazel Din.

A few more letters have to be finished before I feel justified in laying down my pen: then I am ready for the receipt of custom, and any fees, moneys, or dues which the public desires unwillingly to bring.

First come three Indian traders, who are reported

unwilling to pay the road dues demanded of them by the law. Manuel lays bare their iniquity, eloquently, lashing them with his tongue. Hosain takes them by the shoulders and solemnly sets them in a row before me, bidding them be silent till I give the signal for speech. They fold their hands as for prayer, and then, at my word, begin to whine out their complaint, half in Hindustani, half in bad English, Hosain interpreting into Swahili, and I listening to both.

"We have come from far over the sea to this foreign land to make some livelihood——"

"Stop that bunkum; what do you want?"

"We hoped that the honourable court would have taken notice that we have lost caste by crossing the sea and——"

"Stop it, I say."

"May it please the honoured court we are poor men——"

"STOP IT."

"And is it fair that we pay the dues?"

"Fair; why not?"

"Because we have brought up our goods only by the *gharri* line, and we only desire to go upon it to our own shops, and till then we will not leave it, nor at all go upon the honourable court's road."

"Well?"

"We hoped that it would have been considered by the court whether it is justice that we should pay—we are poor men——"

"You will pay."

"But, sahib——"

"You will pay."

"We desire to do no evil, but——"

"You will pay. Go."

"But, sahib——"

"Out. You will obey the law."

"We are poor men, sahib."

"OUT!"

They are summarily ejected, wafted away by Hosain, and I am left to reflect upon the just laws of my Province, which demand of every man a due of eight annas upon each load of goods he brings into its borders, for the protection of roads he does not use, though he has already paid portly rates on the railway which he does. I am sorry for those traders; but when in office I am a talon, not a man; and as I am here to administer the law and not to expound it, I eject rather than explain.

Fees for gun licence and trader's licence, deposit on their porters, and customs-dues, besides the disputed road-dues, I take from each of the three, and from half a dozen more of the same calling—a pretty haul for one morning's work—and then throw aside my *rôle* of collector and become a judge.

III.

A dirty brown man of the country, his clothing one ancient rag pitifully unequal even to the light task it was ever set to do, and his whole expression grinning out, "What fun life is—full of surprises!" is brought in by Hosain, arraigner of criminals, and set in order for trial. Majaliwa and Manuel assist Hosain—though the man seems as mild as a sheep and

certainly means no harm—and Mahmoud, sergeant, and guardian of the railway-station, who is the one witness, takes his stand beside them, theoretically at attention, but in practice trembling with dread lest his evidence should be found imperfect.

"Found on the *gharris*" is the prisoner's offence as stated on the charge-sheet, which lives, like Homer of old, not in writing but on the lips of men, principally those of Hosain. I take paper and prepare to jot down the particulars.

"Who is this man?"

"*Mshensi, bwana.*" A stranger, that is, a foreigner, a vagabond, a rough fellow, a man of no name or status; worlds lower in the scale than those glorified apes who have caught him. When it is added that the word, used of an Englishman by an Englishman, signifies "a man who has been out too long," you have some idea what it means to the native.

"Well, what is his name?"

"*Sijui, bwana* (I don't know)," says Hosain, and "*Sijui*" sounds in arpeggio from all his satellites—safe enough, so long as they can echo his remarks.

"What is his tribe? Where does he come from?"

"*Sijui, bwana,*" once more in rippling chorus. Then Hosain explains that he has tried many tongues on the prisoner without success. When questioned, he gabbles wildly in a dialect that no man can understand; and his origin and history, being untraceable, can only be the subject of speculation.

At my bidding Hosain urges him to talk, and he does so, volubly, with much gesticulation and laughter. But as this does not help matters on we soon stop

him, with some difficulty, and elect to judge him on the evidence before the Court. Namely, Mahmoud's testimony that he found him on the train without a pass. A somewhat slender basis this may appear upon which to deliver a verdict of "guilty" or "not guilty"; for "found" is not a criminal offence, and though Mahmoud has orders to arrest all natives thus travelling, the arrested seldom receive anything but a solemn warning. But in this case there is evidence of blacker guilt beneath the surface; for the prisoner carries a rifle—an unlawful act for any native who is not, so to speak, "organised," and part of some white man's following; and obviously he must have committed some sin to acquire so rich a prize.

It is true that the breech-bolt is missing, and that he cannot do more with his booty than excel in the eyes of his fellows as a man of substance and consideration: but this does not lessen the illegality of his being abroad with the rifle in his possession; nor does it weaken the presumption we derive therefrom that he is a porter by trade who has deserted his master's caravan and left his load—possibly a case of whisky or something even more invaluable—in the heart of the thirsty wilderness. If so, the man merits death by some slow process; and if it can be proved he will actually get at least a year's hard labour, for we are rightly inexorable to deserters. But proof, alas, always difficult to obtain, is altogether lacking to-day. And though I am morally certain that he is guilty of the great offence, I can do nothing but send him to prison for a month, there to wait lest his master, afire for vengeance, and

seeking his whereabouts, find me unable to help him.

"Next."

Next comes Maula Bux, Indian merchant and rogue, with a piteous complaint against Nur Din, coolie on the railway—who comes not. He is a tall, solemn, weak, melancholy man, clothed in dirty white draperies and turban to match, his shoes left outside the door, his silky black beard twirled into horns. Grave, handsome, treacherous, vicious, loathing me and my race, and yet cringing to me as to a god, he curtsseys as he enters, puts his hands to his forehead, murmuring "*Ji, sahib*"; then folds them together in an attitude of prayer, whines out his name with a hundred "*Misereres*" in his tone; swears by the Koran that he will not lie, and, at my signal, proceeds to do so. He has lent Nur Din Rs. 700, it seems, and Nur Din will not pay.

"Who is Nur Din?"

"Lately a sweeper of Jemadar Khuda Bux, Second Earthworks Division, Mr. Doone's camp."

"When did you lend him the money?"

"It is now ten months."

"And why?"

"He pleaded with me; he had debts."

"What interest?"

"Three annas in the month on a rupee."

"What security?"

"He promised with me."

"What does he earn?"

"Twenty rupees in the month."

"You knew that?"

"Yes, sahib. But he is a gambler, may it please the honoured Court, and a wicked man, and——"

"You knew that too?"

"Yes, sahib."

"Where is he now?"

"Who can tell?"

"Then how in thunder do you expect to recover?"

"You will perhaps, I beg, find the man, sahib, and take the money from him."

"I! Go to blazes! Turn him out, Hosain. Manuel, make out the summons and tell him we'll serve it when he finds his man. Next case."

The next case is sent in—that of Kirpa Ram, also an Indian trader, known throughout the length of the railway as a fierce and ready litigant. He has a great portfolio of documents under his arm, and a host of witnesses (all well paid) outside the door. Plainly the twenty defendants whom he hopes to meet will stand a poor chance against such testimony. But, as it proves, none of the latter put in an appearance, and I am reluctantly compelled to give judgment against them by default. I know full well that Kirpa Ram makes his living, and a rich one at that, by bringing actions, against all and sundry, and would rather give him two years' hard labour than a favourable judgment. But to-day, as on every day, there is no proof against him, and he must go on and flourish in his iniquity. He goes on.

A period of peace follows upon the departure of Kirpa Ram, and I settle down once more to the endless task of correspondence and the invention of a Monthly Report. I say invention, because I know

that the report has not only to be constructed, but created. Nothing has happened during the month; nothing ever does happen. And out of this void the two queries arise—How am I to compose a record of any sort? and how am I to put colour into a narrative which does not exist? Both problems seem insoluble at first sight, for there is never anything to record which could possibly be of value or interest to anybody, and this month there seems to be even less material than usual to start upon. However, I go to work bravely, and record such details as I can find. So many pounds of flour and corn have been taken in; so many more have been issued. The revenue exceeds that of last month by a hundred odd rupees. The road to the railway station has been finished. The tribes have been quiet and friendly—that is a stereotyped phrase and might be omitted. Official tours? No, there have been none. How can I make tours round my District—as I ought—when my nose is glued all day to law-suits and account-books? My chief knows that they are impossible, and must remain so till he is given a Civil Staff approximately equal to the management of the country. Indeed he has probably dwelt on this fact himself both with Foreign Office and Treasury till he is sick of the subject. So I must not, in common decency, cover paper with complaints like this. And how am I to cover it? Is there nothing else? Ah yes, there is one item which has often served me before, and will yet do much good work if I do not press it too hardly. “The need of a new prison is beginning to make itself felt at Eldala, and the matter merits

early attention. I have some doubts as to the possibility of controlling any large number of prisoners, should occasion arise, with the present limited accommodation, and I beg to submit that a new building be erected in the near future."

That is, I find, a safe form in which to put the suggestion. No one will give me my prison on such a tepid appeal; and instead of what I ask I shall obtain the far more desirable opportunity of asking for it again—and again. So the report shall end. The rest I will invent.

Monthly Reports are presumably intended for those of our children's children who will write the history of Africa; for they can certainly be of no interest to any contemporary reader, and, if the truth were known, are perhaps not even glanced at by those who ask for them. Nevertheless they form an interesting study to any one who has the instincts of artist or diplomatist; for when their matter is of importance their composition requires infinite delicacy of touch. What is their object? To inform the Chief Commissioner of all that has taken place in the District during the month, in order that he may give advice on its management? So the uninitiated might guess, and so officers who would go to heaven ought to believe. But very different in fact is their real conception of the matter. To them the chief object is to conceal rather than reveal the month's history. Not that they wish to hide sins which will not bear the light of day, but that the more truth they divulge the less power and independence they are likely to retain. If they let the Commissioner know that they are making a

road or a prison ; that owing to rinderpest they have put restrictions on the removal of cattle ; or that they have amended a deficit in the Mail Staff estimate by using the surplus on that of the Native Staff, it is ten to one that the next post will bring them instructions, remonstrances and questions by the score. Most of which, being conceived without a thorough knowledge of the circumstances, will be worse than useless, and all of which will require answers and explanations. This not only detracts from a man's freedom and authority, as well as spoiling his plans, but also wastes his invaluable time. So he soon learns that if he is to retain control of his dominion, his Monthly Report must make general statements which will not arouse the reader's curiosity rather than detailed descriptions which will ; that he must record episodes only when they have passed with all their results into history, not as they happen step by step ; that in order to obtain the quantity of men, rupees, or material he requires he must ask for thrice as much ; and that, when bent upon a certain course of action, he must refrain from suggesting it or expressing his view of the case, but merely present the latter in such a way that his Chief will form the same view and return it as his own.

Lord Curzon is said to have remarked upon a report which was sent up to him soon after his arrival in India, " Yes, this is deeply interesting, but it tells me nothing whatever ; " and that is just the comment which a wise District Officer would like to arouse. Of course in important matters he gives all details and asks his Chief's advice. But there is nothing to be

gained and much to be lost by writing of trivial affairs about which he can decide much better on the spot : in nine cases out of ten he would only be impeded by outside interference. So it comes about that no task in the month's work requires such a high standard of brain-power as that of recording without revealing its history. The artist's faculty of selection and arrangement must be blended gracefully and surely with the tact and cunning of the diplomatist ; and a man must learn to tell the truth with such subtlety that it bears exactly the impression he wishes to suggest. Some facts must be suppressed and others expanded. Statistics must be arranged so as to form a petition for future favours rather than a thanksgiving for what crumbs one has. The needs of a District must be presented as mountains and its financial successes as molehills. And if any one questions whether these tasks, especially the latter, be so difficult as I have implied, I can only ask him to come and try. He will seldom find work requiring such delicacy as that of dwelling on the penury of a District, month by month, with such emphasis as to secure the reader's attention, and so little importunity that he will not be unduly harassed and purposely forget it.

The Report is hard to come by to-day, both in matter and manner, and I spend an hour's tough work upon it before getting even to the heart of its difficulties. Long before reaching them I am interrupted by Majaliwa, who enters with a sheaf of telegrams, and stands before me at the salute, desiring my instant attention. He does not get it, for I am at a critical point when he comes in, and much to his annoyance

and improvement he has to remain standing for more than ten minutes while I conclude a paragraph. But when at last I turn to him and take the telegrams I am well rewarded; for, though most of them are requests for "adjournment of case" from Indians—surely that fine Greek edifice, ὀρθρο-φαιτο-συκοφαντο-δικο-ταλαιπωρος, "early-rising, base-informing, sad-litigious, plaguy knave," was expressly built to describe the Indian—there are two pearls among the sand which make up for whole hours spent on Monthly Reports.

One is from Mulki Ram, Jemadar of an Indian coolies' camp, eighty miles up the line. He does not waste words.

"Issa run away with my rifle anywhere," is his simple message—no need for comment or instructions. I shall presumably throw aside all other business on hearing his news, and without waiting for further directions scour the district till I have run the villain to earth, divining by instinct such small details as his nationality, profession, appearance, and line of flight.

Mulki Ram must lose another of his ideals, I fear. The British Empire has larger affairs than his to occupy its servants' time. I docket and treasure up the telegram in the Eldala archives, and hope for the best. But Issa is left running.

The other telegram comes from Nawaz Khan, signaller of a camp neighbouring that of Mulki Ram; and is equally flattering to my omnipotence, even at eighty miles' distance.

"Ram Singh escaped with my wife and property. Please return property."

Serious business becomes impossible after this. I look at my watch, consult the sun, find that it must be almost mid-day, give the order "*Piga 'ngoma*" (Blow the bugle), by which it is *made* twelve o'clock, and prepare to lock up the office and retire to lunch.

IV.

But not so easily do I escape. For just as I am closing the safe, Manuel enters with faltering step to tell me that our stock of paper is running low, and that the King's business cannot proceed much longer without a further supply. No lunch for me just yet, that is plain.

The difficulty is not a new one; it has troubled us many times before; for the chief storekeeper, with the loftiest designs can, owing to some dark reason, never keep us adequately furnished with the means of conducting our affairs; and I, personally, who have lately put him to rout in set battle, suspect him of doing far lower than his best for me. His apology for "a subordinate's error" still lies on my table to remind me of my victory—I like to keep such little souvenirs of my successful battles—and I am convinced that he might have served us better had he the will to do so.

Chief storekeeper or no, however, here is the problem staring us in the face, and we have to solve it. Neither I nor Manuel have any doubt in our minds how this will ultimately be effected. We shall obtain a temporary loan of railway paper from the station-master, Sujan the Babu, and thereby ward off

famine till the chief storekeeper cares to replenish our shelves. But this cannot be done without great care and delicacy; for I have no right to demand paper of Sujan, and he, while living in wholesome fear of me, might, in order to shine among his fellows, screw up his courage to the point of refusing my request—a thing not to be borne. So I am constrained to go about the matter with the help of Manuel as go-between.

The latter, to strip the position at once of all decency, knows and loves Lachmi the wife of Sujan; and Lachmi, while loving Manuel and not Sujan, is yet able on occasion to set her snares for the latter with such effect as to win from him favours of almost any value, even the gift of shining golden nibs—the property of his employers—or the loan of a few quires of foolscap. So it is through Manuel and Lachmi that I must approach Sujan, if I am to approach him with any hope of success.

Even here, however, I must walk with considerable care; for Manuel does not always command the smiles of Lachmi, and I have to find out whether her attitude towards him is favourable or tempestuous, without hinting that I know anything of her share in the transaction. I approach the question quietly, throwing out inept suggestions as to the chances of procuring a supply of paper from some other source. Both of us know this to be quite impossible. But both like these preliminary skirmishings, I because I wish to see how the land lies before coming to the point; he because he would always entirely avoid all points if he could, and is anxious to gain time.

"No paper?" I say cheerily; "then what is to be done? Are we to stop business altogether?"

Manuel grins. "There is not enough for a few more days, sir."

"That's bad."

"Yes, sir, it is difficult."

"Difficult! It's disgusting. If the Stores will not send us paper regularly what are we to do?"

Manuel grins again. He always grins. This time he says "Who knows?"

"I wonder whether Mr. M—— at Lumia's would lend us some."

"Ah! Yes, sir," cries Manuel, "he promised last time we asked him to send us what he could spare."

"I doubt whether he would have any now. He must have used an exceptional quantity during the last few weeks."

"But it would be worth while to ask him."

"Even if I do, and he can spare any, it cannot reach us for a month."

"I think we can manage till then with what we have." This very wistfully and with some anxiety.

"Using ten sheets a day for correspondence, and twenty or thirty for summons, forms and customs passes? That won't do."

Slight pause. Then, plaintively—"We might use half sheets, sir, as we once did before."

It is pretty evident how Manuel stands with Lachmi.

"That was most inconvenient," I reply.

"It would only be for a few days, sir."

"No, it would be for six weeks at least; and it would put me out detestably. I shall write to

Lumia's; but meanwhile we must get some paper elsewhere. Now what are we to do?"

Manuel sinks into a deep study, looking very uneasy and depressed. He feels that we are getting dangerously near the point and that I have him almost in my grip. But all is not lost yet. He shoots out a brilliant proposal on his side, which, if it is old and quite unlikely to be adopted, will at any rate gain time. His voice is low and apprehensive as he suggests—

"Nawab Ali sells paper, sir."

"Yes, I know; but it is no good and——"

"I will go at once and order some." In a flash he has caught up his pith helmet and is half-way to the door. But I am inexorable and call him back.

"No, no; that will not do, Manuel; he only sends us mere tissue-paper, and the ink goes through it."

"Yet perhaps he has a new kind. I will at once go and see."

"You said that last time, but it was worse than the old."

"I think—perhaps he might order some more."

"From India, I suppose?"

"Oh no, sir. From the coast."

"No; we cannot wait so long; and besides that there is no estimate for buying paper."

Dead silence for a moment. Manuel at his wits' end. But I do not leave him long in doubt; there is plainly nothing to be gained by fencing, and we may just as well get to the point without further delay.

"We must get some paper at once," I continue.

"How did we manage last time we ran short of it?"

"I don't remember," says Manuel, lying flatly.

"Did we not borrow some from the railway?"

"Surely no, sir; it would not be according to rule."

"Rubbish. The paper I have been using to-day is railway paper."

"Indeed no, sir; we have none."

"But here is the mark—Lunda Railway. How else did it come here?"

"Who can tell?"

"You, I should think; you asked the station-master for it yourself, I believe?"

"No, sir, really not."

"You did; I remember it clearly."

"I think no, sir."

"I tell you, you did."

"Oh, sir! My honour."

"D—n your honour!—you did. Don't contradict me."

"If you please, sir, I—I—think really not; but I will try to remember." Tears well into his eyes, and he turns the latter towards the ceiling in feigned effort to call up the forgotten, really to invent a new subterfuge. But none comes, and he is constrained to reply weakly:—

"Ah, yes, sir; I believe I remember now. But he never liked to lend, and I fear will not again."

"Why not?"

"He says that we never paid back."

This is very probable, but cannot be held to affect the main question; and I continue:—

"We must have the paper. Tell him that we will pay him back when we have a fresh supply."

"He has not always paper to spare. I think I have heard him say that he has none."

"You have always managed to get some before."

No reply. The battle is almost over.

"Well," I continue, "I must have it this time, at any rate."

Again no reply. But instead of obeying and going about his business he remains in the room looking like a boy who is going to be whipped. At last, after some shuffling of the feet, he blurts out:—

"Perhaps, sir, you would—I mean—he might lend if you asked him."

The case must be very bad indeed.

"No. I want you to do it."

"It is a doubtful thing. I will try in three days."

"No, I must have it at once." Manuel's "three days" are of the Orient, invaluable to a man on leave, but not useful in business.

"But how shall he answer to his auditor?"

"As he has before."

"But the auditor may demand reasons. He may say that paper is an expensive thing."

"Bosh! The railway is not particular."

"Perhaps no. But paper may be expensive just now."

"Paper—expensive! What do you mean?"

"Nothing, sir, nothing at all, but yet——" Here he breaks down completely, and I have to wait in stony silence for him to recover. There is obviously some unusually grave trouble at the bottom of all this reluctance, and I must ascertain what it is.

When at length he is able to face the question once more I question him more gently.

"Now, Manuel, what is it? Paper is cheap enough; where is the obstacle?"

"Yet not many things do not cost something."

"What do you mean? The ordinary paper is about an anna a quire."

"Yes, sir, perhaps yes: the price itself is not great—but—perhaps."

Light at last, though only a glimmer.

We are both silent for a moment, while I reflect whether my guess is correct or not. Then I answer laconically—

"I see. How much?"

"Only a little; a very little, sir," cries Manuel, leaping eagerly at the idea and showing me that I am right. "Quite a very little would be enough; but—but something."

So at last after long travelling we come to the heart of the difficulty. Lachmi will not act for us again without a *quid pro quo*. This is a new development, and full of dangers; for the grant of a bribe is sure to be used as a precedent and is, therefore, to be avoided. But as the case stands there seems to be no alternative. Somehow or other the paper must be got. And if she be really obdurate it can only be procured by means of a bribe. On the other hand, if her demand be merely a piece of bluff, and her services be in reality obtainable by the use of a little more boldness on the part of Manuel, I shall not only lose my money, but also my reputation as a person who cannot easily be tricked. So the question re-

quires some thought, and I ponder it for a minute or two in silence.

No amount of cogitation, however, seems likely to be of any use ; for I have no means of ascertaining the truth ; and soon I am compelled to acknowledge defeat, believe Manuel's statement for what it is worth, and accept the position with all its dangers. Putting three rupees on the table I come, without further delay, to the essential point.

"Will that be enough?"

"Surely yes, sir."

"She—I mean you can get the paper by this afternoon?"

"I think yes, sir."

"You must."

"Nothing shall be mistaken, sir." And with this assurance the dialogue ends, Manuel goes to his task, and I am at length free to close the office and retire to lunch.

MY DAY'S WORK.

P.M.

I.

THE sun has come to his full height now, and is blazing down with a fierce violence that drives every living thing to shelter, and bakes the rocks till they cause all who pass them to shun their neighbourhood. No wind is astir : lake, forest, and plain are all quiet ; birds, cattle, and all wild creatures of the plain are lying at rest. Peace reigns over the land ; and I, too, who rarely taste her favours, set aside for the moment all thought of affairs, and lie in a chair, revelling in my freedom and satisfied with my world. I call it my world with apparently undue self-reverence, because, to state the case quite simply, all that I can see is mine. Over fifty miles and more on every side I am Moses, Samuel, Solomon ; Consul, Tribune, Aedile ; Thane, Marshal, Abbot ; Viceroy, Sirdar, Premier. Within them no white man may sell, or hunt, or till the soil without my leave ; nor any black man fall upon his neighbour, wife or enemy ; nor any man at all strike another, steal or do violence. Over them no traveller, trader or missionary may pass without my approval. Into them none may bring goods without paying me great dues ; nor out of them take ivory or precious things

without giving me a share. I am Postmaster-General, for no mails can move but at my word. I am the Supreme Court of Judicature, for it is my affair to try all law-suits; and Chief Constable, because I must see that no crime goes unpunished. I am the Board of Agriculture, because upon me it lies to keep all disease away from the cattle within my borders; and the War Office, for I am not only, in the absence of military officers, acting Commander-in-Chief, but also have power in their presence to send them at my discretion upon my wars. In a word, I am everybody—Chancellor of the Exchequer; First, Second and Third Lords of the Treasury; the Home Secretary; the Foreign Secretary; the Board of Trade; the Master of the Rolls; all conceivable Lords of the Admiralty; and the permanent staff of these departments, as well as their rulers. Only to Caesar am I subject, namely, the Chief Commissioner of the whole land, who receives (and possibly reads) my monthly reports; theoretically, at any rate, acting on the advice I give therein. But, fortunately, I am able by long practice to forget even his existence, much more that of the higher powers outside the Province; and so am able to attain a very fair degree of conceit—one of the few enduring pleasures of life in Africa.

Luncheon is brought to me in the verandah by Hamis, sedulous to earn my favour—soup of gazelle-meat, guinea-fowl, sweet potatoes, and bananas. All of these, being for the moment all that is within reach, he expects me to consume without leaving a morsel behind. For to him it is the act of a fool

not to devour every atom of food procurable, at every meal, however vast, and at any hour however unseemly. I, on the contrary, should be a far greater fool to eat any but the barest necessities at mid-day in the tropics, especially with a hard afternoon's work before me. So in spite of his alternate grins and frowns at my waste of good opportunities, I bequeath my dishes almost untasted to my household. And to-day, as on most days, I accompany the legacy with threats of vengeance should they ever send me such excess again. But I might just as well spare myself the trouble; for both Hamis and 'Mpishi are fully aware to whose lot the excess will fall; and despite all risks they are sure to continue the offence, their ideals being of a low and enviable, but unvarying standard—"Food, food, and yet more food!"

Luncheon finished, I snatch a short half-hour for reading; and—please do not let this escape you—gather a sevenfold enjoyment from my book, because it has come many thousand miles to reach me, and will find but few companions here. You who live in crowded towns, where books not only teem in shelves and shops, but are thrust upon you by every one you meet, have no chance of catching the true joy of reading. What is it to read in such a place of milk and honey as a town? You are not only able to order books, *en masse*, in the plural, from your library close at hand, and taste the cream of the day's fare in a moment of time. You live in the midst of such cloying and indecent plenty that, apart from selecting, you are actually able to reject books. Printed matter of every kind is spurned by you as tedious,

as dry, as "unreadable!" *Printed matter*, if you please, *unreadable!* Body of Bumpus, what is this? Do you think that there is any imaginable pleasure in reading among such satiety? Is there any real joy to be got from a volume which is only one of many available? No, no; away with these raw ideas and learn better. That is no way to enjoy your books. Come into the far wilds, where there are no shops, no bookstalls, no libraries; where there is so little possibility of buying or borrowing literature that you may travel for days without seeing print, except on an office form. That is a promising place in which to begin. And if, in addition, you are so poor in books that you make excuses for not reading rather than for reading them; if your home be so far from the world that a month must pass before you know what wares are in the market, and another two months before your order, anxiously debated, can be fulfilled at your door, then indeed may you drain the solace of reading to the last drop. There lies the Holy City of all readers' dreams.

I read feverishly for what seems the mere ghost of an honest half-hour. Then Majaliwa stands before me once more, abominably punctual, importunately saluting, and murmuring "*Fungua*". *Fungua* is a Swahili verb by birth, meaning "to open". But it has changed its sex and become a substantive since England came to Africa, and now means, when occasion demands, "a key". To Majaliwa it means the office key. He salutes until I rise and hand it to him with a grunt of disgust at the interruption; then carries it with extreme care to the door of the

office, which he tries to unlock. But this is no light matter with him: for though he has learnt to insert the key and daily hopes to acquire the art of turning it, as yet his efforts prove entirely ineffectual. When I follow, a moment later, and with one turn of the hand solve the mystery, he grins applause and confidence that he will be able to do the same on the morrow. But the morrow never brings any better result, and the happy faculty by which I succeed so easily remains to him an everlasting riddle.

I allow him but little time to linger over the matter to-day, for the month's accounts have to be made up and sent in within a week, and experience shows that if they are to be finished by then they must be begun at once. No pen can describe the anxiety and sense of imminent doom with which I approach this task, for it is one of awful tangles and incalculable length. But not a hint of my real feelings must be allowed to reach Manuel, lest he yield at once to the despair that always overcomes him before we have advanced far into our difficulties. During the first few hours of our journey he is often of infinite value as a fellow-traveller, warning me against false steps which would lead me into sloughs and pitfalls, and giving me a hand out of thickets which would otherwise imprison me for life. To let his spirits droop thus early in the day would be to rob myself of invaluable assistance. So, as I enter the office, I assume an air of irrepressible buoyancy, and address him with the breeziest confidence: "Come along, Manuel," I say, as though I had not said it fifty times before in the same circumstances; "we'll

polish off the accounts this afternoon; then we shall have a clear day to-morrow for the law-suits."

Manuel's only answer is to turn on me a face full of foreboding and woe, trying to make out whether I really mean what I say; and he looks as though he would like to attempt an excuse. But I decline to allow any vacillation or brooding, hail him into my room without delay, and bustle him into the thick of the work before he has time to think of its terrors.

An hour passes, an hour and a half, two hours. Do we make any progress? No, we seem on the contrary to lose ourselves more and more completely in the thicket. Manuel's mouth begins to droop like a weeping willow. Even I cannot help admitting that the case looks desperate, and the question arises—What is to be done? Press on and make the best of it? No, there is nothing to be gained by that; our brains are tired and muddled, and we shall only stray further and further from the path by driving on. There is nothing to be done. So we admit defeat to-day and leave the difficulties till to-morrow, when we can attack them with fresh energies. An additional inducement to do this, if any were needed, arises from the fact that a mass of other work has accumulated during our two hours' struggle, and now clamours for our attention.

The paper, by the way, has made its appearance.

II.

Having laid aside my duties as accountant, I find that I have the choice between those of an African judge, an Indian magistrate, a bishop, or a publican.

The first two matters are those of a Marai's theft, and an Indian coolie's theft and assault respectively; the last concerns an Indian trader. The bishop's function is to receive and answer a soldier of the Salvation Army who desires to hold camps, parades, and general alarums in his diocese.

The latter instantly strikes me as being first in order of interest, for I seldom have a chance of wearing the cope and lawn sleeves. So the soldier is hailed into the office, which now becomes a chapter-house, and given as good a welcome as I am able to offer. He is a tall gaunt man, black-bearded, broad-browed, great-voiced, built on a large scale in every way; and being clothed, to his obvious distress, in the thick dark and scarlet uniform of his calling, he fulfils to the last detail my idea of the hot, the uncomfortable, the out-of-place. Rumour adds, through the agency of Manuel, that he is travelling without luggage of any sort, and has even come all the way from the coast—four days' journey—in a third-class carriage full of Swahilis, which confirms my impression that he must be either a hero or a lunatic. Sight of the man convinces me that he is a little of both. But the blaze of force and enthusiasm in his eye telling of very high, if fanatical, character and purpose, one cannot but regard him with considerable respect. He comes straight to business, h-less, but throbbing with zeal.

"Could you kindly give me some information as to the numbers and distribution of the Marai?"

"Certainly. I suppose you wish to propagate your teachings among them?"

"Yes; we have left them too long. I suppose there is nothing to hinder us from beginning at once?"

"One moment. In the first place, you are no doubt aware that no missionary is allowed to travel about a district without the approval of the official in charge?"

"Er—no. I did not know that. I imagined that there could be no objection to our presence. Is there any here?"

Oh, soldier, soldier! If only you could imagine the unprintable objections which surge into my brain at this! If you could but peep in and see more than the colourless official formula with which I have to make answer.

"No, there is no objection in this particular instance. Very often, however, there is decided objection. In some districts, for instance, there are unsettled tribes among which you would not be allowed to go, owing to the possible risk of attack."

"We are ready to take all risks."

"Quite so. You all profess that."

"But I assure you it is one of our first principles."

"Exactly, it is that of all missionaries; and very admirable—on paper."

"Do you mean to say that there are risks, in your district or elsewhere, which we will not take?"

"Not at all. I don't doubt your courage." I wish he had less. "But in point of fact that question doesn't arise, for you will not find any risks."

"None whatever?" Soldier seems quite disappointed.

"None at all." ("Unless you sing hymns near my house," I would like to add, but mayn't.) "The Marai are perfectly quiet and friendly, and you can begin on them to-morrow if you can satisfy me that you are not likely to disturb the peace."

"Peace, sir, peace! It is one of our first duties, as soldiers whose cause is peace, to keep it."

"Certainly, I quite appreciate your spirit; but, somehow or other, you missionaries don't always manage to put your motto into practice. Excuse my speaking plainly, but apart from the trouble which your internecine quarrels often produce, you are all apt to let your enthusiasm run away with your discretion. You go out with the idea of evangelising at all risks, and rather make it a point that you care nothing for life and will take all the results of your action on your own heads. But you don't always remember what this means to the officer who is responsible for your safety. When he tells you, for instance, that a certain territory is safe if you go so far and no further, you sometimes forget in your zeal your obligation to him and do go further. With the result perhaps that you cause offence to some tribe and give him no end of trouble in allaying it."

"But I assure you I have no thought of doing anything contrary to your advice and approval."

"Well, that's right enough."

"And we pick our men with the utmost care."

"So I believe. So do a few other organisations, notably the Universities' mission. I wish they all did; but that is the weak point about most of them. And so many come out with no knowledge of the

customs and traditions of the people with whom they are to deal—a deficiency that is bound to cause trouble sooner or later. To my mind, every one who is going to live among savage tribes—soldier, engineer, civil servant, or missionary—ought to go in for a short course of anthropology before he leaves England, in order to acquire some rudiments of this knowledge. The missionary especially is bound to have it, because part of his duty consists in upsetting native traditions and prejudices, and he can't be too careful how he goes to work. As it is, he often thinks his zeal a cloak for every kind of shortcoming, and is quite likely to do more harm than good. You can't wonder that we look on him somewhat coldly, though we pay him no end of compliments in official reports."

"Well, you are candid enough, I must say."

"I think it is better for all parties that you should understand what harm you may do; though I don't imply for a moment that you are one of those who are likely to do it. So much by way of preliminary. Now, what can I do for you? Information or advice?"

"Both, please."

"Very well. I think we had better begin with the advice. If you want my candid opinion about going out to teach among the Marai, it is simply—Don't."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because it would be sheer waste of time."

"Waste! No time spent as I spend it is wasted."

"I beg to differ. I say 'waste' and repeat it, because no missionary organisation has ever thought

it worth while after a preliminary experience to continue its efforts among this particular tribe; and you will, as I say, be throwing away time and energy if you attempt any permanent work here."

Soldier laughs heartily. I am afraid that I have whetted his zeal instead of blunting it.

"Is that all you have to tell me?" he says with a note of scorn and defiance in his tone. "If that sort of experience were to discourage our Army we should never have gone far."

"I wish you had gone further," I reflect, irritated by the man's unthinking fanaticism. Blind inability to select possible, and reject impossible fields for their work is at the bottom of most missionary failures. But I must not say so, and continue sedately—

"Well, try if you like. You may just as well try to teach them skating. But if you value your time and money, go where you have some chance of success. There are plenty of tribes further up the country, who will welcome you for what you bring them—your schools, technical training and anything they can get out of you—but this particular tribe won't look at you even for that."

"You are not very encouraging."

"No. I believe in stating the facts as they stand. There are certain tribes in the Province who value the "mishni" because he can teach them to read and write and make things. All that is, to my thinking, admirable and useful work."

"Is that the end of it, then?"

"So I gather from the universal report of all un-

perpetrated misdeeds. When our natives have gained this realising and see that there is nothing more to be got out of the teacher, they leave him and his schools and services and enclosures behind and retire into private life. They appear in the missionary's report as "converts," and thus help to make a splash at Easter Bazaar, but they don't appear in his *boma* again."

Solicher is furious: I have put myself beyond the pale of salvation by telling him the truth.

"You sit there as a Christian man and tell me that all this spiritual work, this bearing of good tidings to our dark brothers, is wasted?"

"It isn't pleasant to contemplate, I know. But I am rather afraid that is the truth; and what is more, few missionaries really retain any illusions as to the results of their work. The education and training are valuable, civilising influences; but for the rest—well, you'll see for yourself what really happens."

"I shall. Your account sounds incredible. I won't believe it."

"As you please; I am open to conviction."

"The people cannot have been properly taught. None of these missions can have approached them in the right way. I don't believe it. I won't!"

"Well, they haven't tried drums and hell-fire yet; the people are very fond of drums."

"Sir, you are not treating this question seriously."

"I am endeavouring to tell you what you seem disinclined to believe—the truth."

"But it is incredible; these tribes cannot have been

properly handled. They are not lost. I cannot believe that they are all lost."

"I wish to heaven they were—in another sense; but that is by the way. As to your side of the question I can only tell you what the real results up to the present have been. You may alter them. Try for yourself."

"I will, I will: I am not convinced. I think you will see a difference within a few years."

"I hope so. I am afraid not."

"Believe me, sir. Now, could you tell me some particulars about the Marai?"

"Anything in my power to help you."

"How do the numbers run?"

"From three to four thousand."

"Oh, I expected ten thousand at least. And the principal towns?"

"Towns?" I am sorry to think that I wink myself at this point. "There aren't really any towns."

"No towns! The villages then, where shall I find them?"

"There aren't any villages."

"Are there no centres of population?"

"None whatever."

"Bless my soul; where do the people live?"

"Nowhere in particular; they wander."

"Wander! Where?"

"Anywhere there happens to be good grazing."

"But have they no homes and gardens or enclosures?"

"Nothing more permanent than mud huts and a *boma* of thorn bushes and felled trees."

"Then, where do they raise their crops?"

"They don't."

"How do they live? They must eat."

"Precious little."

"Do they starve?"

"Not they. They have plenty of blood and milk."

"Blood!"

"Yes, they are awfully fond of blood; raw blood for choice."

Soldier turns a little pale and hesitates as he asks—

"You—you don't mean that they are cannibals?"

"Oh, no; it's only beasts' blood. When they kill an animal they don't eat the meat, but make a hole in him and suck his blood."

"Impossible!"

"Not at all. You'll soon find out if you travel among them."

Pause. Soldier seems to be taking breath, aghast at all these surprises, and not quite confident in my veracity. At last he continues—

"Then, if these people are so intractable, it looks bad for the commercial future of the country."

"Oh, they aren't all like that. Some of them are very keen on educating themselves. But I'm afraid that in any case they wouldn't affect the country's commercial future, because, as at present directed, it hasn't any."

"I always understood it was so fertile and full of possibilities, as well as being splendidly suited for English settlers."

"So the English Press says, and the Foreign Office

'hopes' that the territory will some day prove self-supporting."

"You don't think so?"

"We don't deny that it may have a future under improved conditions. There are plenty of possibilities, no doubt. Tobacco, tea, coffee, cotton, sugar, cocoa, rice, any number of tropical things would grow here; and there is no end of fine timber, and a good chance with rubber if you can only get men who really understand its culture. But how are you going to make the majority of these pay in any market when you have to add to the cost of production the cost of five hundred miles' railway journey to the sea? There is no water communication; the railway is awfully expensive owing to the enormous hills it has to climb; and the labour difficulty is as serious here as anywhere in the tropics. How are we going to make these African beggars work when they have only got to wait for the bananas to ripen to live like kings?—and the bananas are always ripe."

"Surely you will be able to get over that difficulty in time. We shall help you."

"What! To keep the bananas unripe? I wish you could, for that would solve one of our social problems. No, I am afraid you can't manage that. Even if you could, the transport difficulty would still remain. You see, most tropical products are now cultivated under such competition, even when close to that cheapest form of transport, water-carriage, as to leave a very small margin of profit in ordinary years. Add our five hundred miles of

rail, with prohibitive traffic charges, and where are you?"

"They'll never be lowered."

"I don't see how they can ever be low enough to make plantations pay. And who is coming out to a bad climate like this if they can go elsewhere?"

"I thought the climate was supposed to be so wonderful."

"So it is—in parts. Up here, for instance, where we are six thousand feet above the sea, it is first-rate; and there is a huge tract of country like this where you can live as healthily as in England. But that isn't the part where the products can be cultivated."

"Well, then, what is the use of the country to us at all?"

"Commercially, very little. Minerals have been found and may turn out well. Rubber could undoubtedly be cultivated with profit and success, even under the present railway rates. But, apart from this, I don't think any one really expects anything more than a little local commerce; and the railway can never pay its way; in fact it will always be a drain on the British tax-payer."

"Then, why are we here?"

"There are other points to be considered besides £ s. d. We are here partly for philanthropic purposes—to stop the slave traffic and the revolting cruelty and savage wars that went on before we came; partly for strategic purposes, to keep other nations out. We must hold the country round the head-waters of the Nile. Ergo, we must build a railway to reach it and take us about, even though

the latter will cost a thousand pounds a day for the next ten or twenty years."

"That sounds rather alarming."

"Yes; but we couldn't hold the country without it, much less stop the slave caravans, whose routes it severs."

"Then John Bull can pat himself on the back, even if he finds his purse a bit lighter."

"That is about the truth. And though he does lose a little money, he makes it up in other ways. One likes to feel that he is something more than a land-grabber, and stands for good government and humanity as well."

"I quite agree, though, of course, a good many people would not. It seems an enormous sum to spend every year without any tangible return."

"If it were bigger it would tend to grow less."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, if John Bull would only spend enough to keep his African household secure, he would not have to spend twice as much on punishing those who attack it because of its weakness."

"What is the cause of that weakness? Lack of men? Or of money?"

"Both. The staff is hopelessly inadequate in number; and if it wasn't, it would be completely crippled by lack of money. If we only had a few thousands more—say ten, or even five—and a few more men, we could at least keep the country safe, and might possibly do something towards developing it. As it is, we can't do the one, much less the other, nor ever shall till we are better treated."

"When will that be?"

"Oh, don't ask. 'Greek Kaland's' is the only answer you ever get out of the Treasury. At present the position in which they have put us is this. We have a territory about the size of France, full of tribes who, though quiet enough as a rule, are always liable to give trouble unless they are carefully watched. And to keep them in order we have little more than a dozen stations, with one man at each, whose work prevents him from watching them at all."

"But, why? Can't he leave his station?"

"No. He daren't leave the accounts. The Foreign Office—at the instance, no doubt, of the Treasury, which rules us all—insists that these are the most important part of his duties. If he leaves them for a day he stands to lose money; and these alone, apart from other office work, keep him from making tours among his outlying tribes."

"That sounds a very poor policy."

"Of course; it is false economy of the true British type. If we had two men at each station, one to manage the office and the other the district, it would only cost another three thousand a year in salaries, and it would save, say thirty thousand, in punitive expeditions and 'little wars'."

"Now, that is England all over. But who is responsible for this miserable state of things—the Foreign Office?"

"No, not entirely; but I mustn't talk about that to you. It is no secret, but I can't discuss it with non-officials."

The point that I should like to explain to him is that the Foreign Office is only responsible in so far that it does not fight our battles with the Treasury so actively as it might. The latter body would appear, according to all experience, to exist for the sole purpose of starving the administrative framework of the Empire. At any rate no public department can ever obtain from it one half of the sum it really needs to maintain a proper standard of efficiency. And, consequently, a department like the Foreign Office, which has several sub-departments, dare not press for an increased grant on one of them lest it be deprived of a proportionate sum on the others. Since it cannot gain a living wage for all, it naturally stints those which are least exposed to public scrutiny and criticism. And Africa, being practically beyond the range of Parliamentary vision, has to suffer more seriously than any of them. Whether this be sound policy or not is a matter for the sage men who settle these things. But that John Bull is not honestly assuming the responsibilities attached to his estate is only too clear to those who live on it. Leaving on one side such large questions as the occupation or non-occupation of Somaliland, where his shilly-shallying and half-hearted advances have brewed such a peck of trouble, we may well take as a good example of his ineptitude the—to most people—comparatively trivial matter of official salaries. In the Indian Civil Service the guiding principle on this point is that you cannot get an Englishman fit for Government employment under three hundred and fifty pounds a year. In Africa, where living is at a

somewhat higher rate, the Treasury thinks that two hundred a year will buy a dependable man. That it may do so in practice is no justification for the unsoundness of the theory; and there are unfortunately not a few cases showing that even in practice the sum is quite insufficient for its object. Is this wisdom?

"But," continues Soldier, who is horribly well up in these matters, "you'll pardon me saying so—but, has the Treasury any more reason to confide in the F.O.'s business capacity as an administrator than as a railway builder and contractor?"

"Ah! there I must admit a weak point. Of course, the machinery of the Foreign Office is not adapted for either kind of work, and why it was ever given the charge of these enormous tracts of Africa is a mystery. But here it is, with all its faults, trying to make the best of conditions which are alien to its spirit, and it deserves to be supported. Adequate support, I say, we don't get. The Railway Committee has, no doubt, made a number of very expensive mistakes, and the Treasury is, perhaps for that reason, justified in distrusting the F.O.'s business faculties. But, mark you, we only ask for one thousand where they ask for fifty; only for the bare necessities of life, where they ask for and get far more than this; and where their mistakes might cost thousands, ours would only cost hundreds, for the reason that our whole expenditure is on a much smaller scale. Our country is not capable of any extensive development, and we don't want to spend very much on it. But we do want a living wage. At present lack of money hinders us from

carrying out half the schemes we should like to carry out for the safety of the country. And, as you may imagine, it is difficult to put one's heart into any work which is liable to be continually stunted and interrupted by order of the Treasury. If only we had a few more thousands a year we would very soon show ourselves fit to be trusted with them—and more. The investment would not be unremunerative: for it naturally costs more to remedy mistakes than to anticipate them; and a punitive expedition costs more than would the salaries of one or two additional men; who might, and undoubtedly would prevent the need for it."

"That seems a sound answer. Yes, you certainly have a good deal to complain of. But I suppose much of the British Empire is managed under similar conditions."

"Probably; but I doubt if any part of it skates on such thin ice as this—to use a clumsy but expressive metaphor."

"When do you hope for thicker ice—to continue it?"

"For any improvement? I'll tell you. Central Africa will be properly administered when English political moves cease to affect every farthing expended on it. Our occupation is always unpopular, because it is not properly understood. And a party which depends for its power on conciliating the taxpayer is not likely to offend him by demanding money for which the return is, at best, obscure. Any Foreign Minister who asked for, and any Chancellor of the Exchequer who granted, an increased estimate for such an unproductive country as this would pro-

voke a storm of criticism; so they leave it alone, or rather stint it more and more."

"Party government! Well, I must not keep you talking politics all day: I have kept you long enough as it is."

"No, no; it does one good to 'growse' occasionally. One can't growse to the Marai."

"By the way, where shall I find some of those gentlemen? Have I got to wander about the woods looking for them?"

"No, it is not as bad as that," I reply with a laugh. Then our eyes meet, and suddenly the whole mad humour of the difficulties lying before him darts into his mind, and, all zeal and seriousness thrown for the moment to the winds, he makes the office echo with his shouts of laughter. When we are both once more in a state for conversation, I reassure him as to the last difficulty, and explain that he can find material for his labour as easily here as in England, if it is of any value. He asks for further direction, and I take him out to the corner of the *boma*, where there are half-a-dozen '*manyattas*' (villages) within sight, upon which he may begin his attack to-day. He is all fanatic again at seeing these, and gazing hungrily at them, and all round him with the hope of finding others, gasps out, "Thank you; I see, I see. Thank you: poor souls!"

"Well, there are the Marai. Now, is there anything else I can tell you?"

"No, thanks. That is quite enough, thank you." I expect it is.

"What shall you do?"

"I—I don't quite know; I have no definite plans at present. My headquarters will decide what steps to take. I must move on."

"Stop and have dinner. I'll put you up for the night."

"No, thanks. It is very good of you to ask me, and I am grateful for the advice; but——"

"You won't take it?"

"It is my duty not to. I must be getting on now. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, and good luck." With which greeting I see him out of the *boma*, and he "gets on". Poor Soldier! I doubt if any new-comer ever had his home-made illusions so quickly disturbed as he in this short conversation. But it is no part of my function to preserve them. My episcopal duties, to my thinking, include the grasping and dissemination of hard facts about my flock, as well as the effort to dissuade its members from thrusting spears through each other when they disagree. I know that they are too content with their present mode of life to desire any other; for many have tried to teach them and many failed; and if the new Soldier will not accept the truth from me, he must find it out for himself. He is replete with good purposes, and has all my good-will; but he is doomed inevitably to failure if he remains here, and I wish he would stay at home where his zeal and other estimable traits are really needed. A profound belief in my own omnipotence is the principal creed in my diocese; no other is really necessary; and no attempts to modify it are likely to have much effect.

III.

A very different task, and one far less congenial, falls to me now. Two Marai are brought before me charged with theft of metal from the railway. Their spears are made from bolts which bind the rails to a bridge close at hand, and they must suffer.

The evidence is clear; they have been caught in the act of robbery; they hardly attempt any defence; and the sentence, one month's hard labour and twenty-five lashes, follows almost as a matter of course. The latter part of the penalty is carried out without delay. *Askaris* take the prisoners in turn, strip them and lay them flat on the ground, two holding them at the head and two at the feet. I go out to watch that the punishment is properly administered; and at my word Hosain raises the *kiboko* and strikes—twelve from one side and thirteen from the other—with the aptitude gained by long practice and the zeal born of a protracted search for the culprits. The *kiboko* is a rounded strip of hippopotamus hide, three feet long, an inch tapering to half-an-inch thick; and in the hands of a master it just fails to draw blood at each stroke: it is the duty of the officer to see that it does so fail. I watch the punishment indifferently, knowing that though I, the white man, should faint before a fourth of it had passed, the two dark scoundrels who are suffering it have a callous hide and unflinching nerves from going naked all their days, and are little disturbed by any such small number of stripes. They bear them without a sound or a sigh, except of relief

when at the end they rise from the ground to make their way to prison; and I know that though I have made them tolerably penitent for their sins, I have not done them real justice. Still it is a matter for satisfaction, at any rate, that I can give them the feeling of penitence in the positive degree; for there is never any certainty that some ill-balanced humanitarian may not come to Lunda and try with bland meddling ways to take from me and my fellow-rulers the one means we have, not of ruling, but of creating that respect for the Criminal Code which can be instilled in no other fashion. I can hear the soft-minded whisper, "How shocking!" "How cruel!" "Why cannot you rule by kindness, by influence, by force of character?" But I beg most respectfully to submit that no person is fit to speak upon this question, much less to be listened to, who has not been to Africa, striven to avoid using the punishment and come reluctantly to the conclusion that it is essential. Let any who desire to argue by all means argue among themselves in seclusion; but let those who are not thus qualified keep silence, at any rate in the market-place.

The next case is one which I should like to treat in the same way. It is that of an Indian coolie who has also been caught stealing railway material, and has, in addition, fallen with a spade upon the Jemadar who caught him, making such chaos of his face as is likely to spoil his love affairs for some time to come. I long to chastise him as I chastised the Marai who went before him, for there is no other penalty, in my opinion, which will fit the offence of

so base a man as he. But I may not do so. Half the virtue has gone out of me since I began to pronounce judgment upon an Indian instead of an African. The chair in which I sit may appear to be the same, and the office may show no sign of change to the closest scrutiny, but both are in reality as different as the two sexes from their condition of five minutes ago. Then the chair was that of a magistrate under the African Order in Council, and the office the Judicial Court for the District of Eldala, Criminal Jurisdiction. Now both chair and office have passed under a change and become the symbols of the Indian Penal Code. I who occupy them am an Indian magistrate administering a different law; and if I do but tap the prisoner with the *kiboko*, the Indian Government will howl like the winds in anger about my ears, and remind me in round terms that its subjects may not be struck or even touched with that useful instrument.

I do not know my Penal Code. The Eldala copy of it has "not yet arrived". But this flood of twenty thousand Indian coolies has been poured upon us, who only know African law, language, and methods of government; and judged somehow or other they must be. It would seem on the face of things somewhat unlikely that we can do it with any degree of success, seeing that we have no knowledge of the Indian's law or language, and none of the life-long experience necessary to penetrate his intrigues. Nor indeed do I suppose that we can very often hit the right nail on the head. But still we are learning; and in criminal cases our difficulties

are not so very great. A neighbour of mine believes in (and often acts on) the principle that all Indians deserve by the laws of nature the highest penalty allowed by the law, if not for the particular offence on the charge-sheet, for others which remain hidden. And I am not sure that he is wrong. Indeed I am convinced that he is right—in equity and justice, if not in strict law. But my conscience stands in the way—it is getting to be a mere net of red-tape these days—and I feel bound to listen to its warning voice. "Six months' hard labour" is all the sentence I dare to pronounce—a poor substitute for the six years which I should like to give, and which prisoner probably deserves. The latter goes out highly relieved, though whining piteously over his fate, to be fastened by an iron collar to the chain-gang which is now to be his home: and I am left in a storm of discontent at my inability to do him real justice.

I refrain from stabbing anybody, however, though the temptation is strong and there are a score of rusted pens within my reach. I do not even set Manuel to count the "cash in hand," which was a favourite vent for his ill-humour with one of my former chiefs. I sit still, now as a publican at the receipt of custom, and take with all necessary patience dues of many kinds from the Indian merchant who has been waiting since I put on the mitre to pay the penalties of his passion for trade. He disburses without complaint, and I receive his payments without comment. When at last he has finished paying, and departed with an equipment of numberless forms and receipts, my virtue, for the first time in my

experience, brings its own reward. For as I sit wondering why Indians were ever created, much less brought into my dominions, the laggard up-mail, which should come to me fortnightly, and is now more than a week overdue, is brought into the office, and I pounce upon the Eldala bag to seize and devour my own share of it. A dozen or more daily papers, a month old but precious; invaluable letters; and by all that is perfect, a book or two tumble out of the bag, positively smelling of London; and—to my shame be it said—I take a greedy sip of more than one item among these before attending to my duty as Postmaster-General, that of checking the mails by the way-bill and sending them once again on their journey to the north.

This is not a matter which can be disposed of in the twinkling of an eye: three-quarters of an hour indeed is much nearer the time occupied. For first the mail-bags have to be laid out in a row on the grass outside the office and counted—nineteen letter-post and twelve parcel-post. Then Manuel with mighty bustle and importance—assumed because he has sole charge of this affair—announces that fourteen porters will be needed, with a sergeant and five *askaris* to protect them. I give orders in accordance with his advice, though unable to conceive its reason, there being piping times of peace and the dangers of such a journey no greater than those I incur by sitting in my office. The orders are shouted from mouth to mouth with alarming commotion and clamour. The fourteen mail-staff men are aroused, mostly from beds of sleep, and hustled before me.

Then they are passed on to Manuel who doles out to each a *kibaba* (1½ lb.) of flour for each of the six days of the journey. Follow the six warriors, gorgeous and elate in blue uniforms and very proud of having forced their monstrous feet into their regulation boots. These I promptly order them to discard, knowing full well that they are merely intended for show, and that after a mile or two they will be worn on the back, or anywhere rather than on the feet—an additional burden on the former as they are hopelessly unadaptable to the latter. Much disgust at this. But I will have no grumbling, and send them flying to the barracks to change. Presently they return with injured vanity but freer gait; receive their rifles, with five cartridges apiece—and strict orders not to use them on any account except to save the mails or their own unworthy lives—then proceed to get their rations from Manuel.

These acquired and stowed away, the caravan is ready to start, and appears in line for my inspection. Everything being found satisfactory, the postmen bind and put their burdens, 60 lbs. each, on their heads, while the soldiers—of precisely the same race, but how far exalted by their uniforms!—look on at them with supercilious scorn. Hosain puts the question "*Tidr hai* (Ready)?" The whole row thunder out "'*Ndio, bwana*," in nerve-breaking chorus. "*Hai-ya*"—mystic word of exhortation—sounds from Manuel, solo. And out of the gate they file in a frenzy of delight, chattering nineteen to the dozen; the sergeant at their head bearing the waybill and other papers of moment.

Every man of them will have disposed of his nine pounds of flour by twelve o'clock to-night, and they will travel the remainder of the distance—some forty miles—without any food at all, hoping at the end of their journey to wheedle other three days' rations out of the *bwana* at that station. But this game is old and threadbare now, though they still play it regularly; and unconsciously they bear its preventive with them in the form of a note from me requesting him to let them perish rather than have a fragment of food. This may seem a rigorous step, for it means that they will probably fast for nearly a week; but in reality it will have no worse effect upon them than to stir their lagging limbs to a reasonable speed, and reduce that unnecessary week to some four days. None fly home so quickly as those who have nothing to fly "on". And thus by hard experience they may learn to restrain their appetites, and some day perhaps to become good servants of the Empire.

The mails of the Province despatched, I turn to my own, official and private; the latter first, in confidence that its contents, whatever their nature, must at any rate be better than those "Memos," "Queries" and "Despatches" which Manuel has just piled on my table. Welcome, however, as the English letters prove, the poison of asps is under their tongue. For a bill lurks among them from my agent at the coast town—yes, there are bills even in Central Africa—including the item "Rs. 65, for carriage of six boxes from London to Eldala," which makes me feel as though I had drunk a bottle, nay, a magnum of gall.

Why? Because I must pay? Or because the bill is immoderate? Neither. The cost is reasonable enough, and we are allowed plenty of credit in Lunda—safely enough from the tradesman's point of view, since, paradoxical though it may appear, this region of Africa forms a sort of *cul-de-sac* from the coast town, the latter being its only exit. No, neither the tradesman nor the bill as a whole arouse my wrath, but only the single item of the latter which I have quoted. For this reason. All officials connected with the railway have their goods brought from England (in steamers bearing railway material), six thousand miles by sea and three or four hundred by rail, carriage free to their very doors. These doors lie, in some cases, but a few yards from our own (the Civil Officers); but such is the wisdom of the railway committee who grant this exemption that nothing will induce them to extend it to us. So that while railway men can procure all their goods, provisions, etc., at London prices, we have to pay about 50 per cent. extra on those prices for carriage.

Considerations of economy, no doubt, would be the official reason given for this strangely shabby attitude; and it is true enough that the railway management have to snatch at every anna within their reach to put a better complexion on their balance sheet. But the amount taken from our salaries and returned as Railway receipts cannot surely be so very large as to be essential to the nation's welfare. Steamers continue to sail periodically from England taking railway material (and the railway official's wine and

groceries) free. Why should they not bring ours at the same time?

Two letters which I find among the official correspondence give me more satisfaction. One comes from a Swahili who, by the very fact that he can write, detracts from his fair fame. For to do so he must have been trained at a mission school, and, unpalatable though the fact may be, boys thus trained are not regarded by the general community as models of honesty. "Avoid them," is the first advice tendered to you when you land in Africa; and in this case internal evidence certainly warrants the advice.

"SIRS (runs the letter),—

"We are making enquiries of a man named Ali bin Yussuf, who was employed by Major Langate as a cook to up country; when Major Langate was killed by the Karai people the man worked under two gentlemen for some time, when this last gentleman in his return, the poor boy died at Eldala in his hands. His brother and I Francis, wishes very much to know in what Department this poor boy whom we loved much was employed, so as we might claim for his money. The late boy's Christian name is Bartholomew Mjanza, but he is well known by the name of Ali bin Yussuf or "B" short name.

"This Man Charles Giles is his brother and I Francis stands as their father for I am a head in the mission of Kinsibu.

"We beg the honour to be, Sir,

• "Yours faithfully,

"F. J. MARKETER

"& CHARLES GILES."

I do not answer. Neither Francis nor Charles seems to have any address, and I do not remember, nor see any means of tracing Ali bin Yussuf, even by his "short name". Letter filed and docketed.

What does the other letter say? Zounds! Here is a man who wants me to marry him! Merciful Powers, am I stuck in the episcopal chair for life? Has the wind, suddenly changing while Proteus was a bishop, fastened him into that character for ever? I feel my head with some anxiety to see whether the mitre is still there, and begin to doubt for a moment whether the day's work has not been too much for me. No, there is no mitre, and I seem to be as sane as usual—perhaps not a very high standard at this time of day. Highly relieved I read the letter, which runs—

"GREAT SIR,—

"I am now five months very strenuously in affection with an English maiden" (he means Eurasian) "who desires a form of marriage at once and I am agreeable with her. Be pleased then, we pray, to assume office of deacon and join us in holy matrimony since Traffic Superintendent will not let go from work to coast, and we both thinking that soon is best time urgently wish the solemnity.

"Ever praying for your long life and prosperity,

"I am,

"PEREIRA

"(Engine Driver)."

I daresay "soon" is "best time," and would gladly carry out their wishes; but unhappily my Consular

powers, though long ago applied for, still linger in some dim pigeon-hole at Whitehall. And by marrying them without this authority I might bring on myself the malice of many generations of offspring. No, Pereira; if you would have descendants worthy of their sire, you must drive your engine further afield o'er hill and dale to some colleague of mine who is properly empowered, and seek his blessing on your union: mine will be of no value to you or your children.

I write a letter to this effect. Then, seeing that the day is far spent, I give the order "*Piga 'ngoma*" once more, whereby the time becomes six o'clock. Manuel, Hosain, Majaliwa, and other satellites take their departure; and with one or two entries in the office diary my day's work comes to an end.

Down to the lake now for peace and exercise. The sound of the wind rushing in from the east, the fading light, cooler air, and gathering clouds in the sky all show that night is waiting close at hand to take her place and drive the day to other realms. The sun in a last effort to hold his own blazes more fiercely than ever, and burnishes land, water, and sky alike with a sheen of fire. The lake is a basin of flashing gold; the river brings trembling gold to swell it; the brakes that fringe it, the islands that float on it, the plains that sweep to it are all spread with cloth of gold; and the water-lilies close their eyes amid a field of golden leaves. Only a cluster of white egrets shining like a patch of snow among the grass strikes a different note of colour, and they

serve but to point by contrast the splendour of gold around them.

As I pass along the shore hundreds of water-fowl rise into flight at my approach; the cattle who are being slowly driven home from their pasture stop for a moment to gaze at me; a couple of Marai who are following them come running eagerly to shake hands and exchange a word of greeting. Further on a rank of tall flamingoes are picking their way daintily along the waterside; and determining to make them show me the full wealth of their colour on the wing, I draw near and stop to gaze at them. White to the face where their beaks pass from purple to red; white to the thighs whence their long legs grow like scarlet reeds; white to the wing-tips where a faint blush tells of the flame beneath, they move among the shallows like kings in a subject country, disdaining the lesser birds around them. Too proud even to notice, though they cannot help seeing, a human presence, they come stalking towards me with absolute assurance, and with no sign of recognition. I draw near to them—to gain no more respect; within forty yards, and they only yield so far as to turn a little aside. Even when I am within thirty yards they give way no further than to stop, glance hurriedly at me, and debate whether to fly or stay. I move still nearer, and still they hold their ground. Only at the last minute, when I raise a shout to scare them, do they grudgingly admit their fear and take to flight. Then, with a few long strides to aid them, they glide one by one into the air, trail their legs like a streamer of red behind them, and lay bare the

full breadth of rosy flame beneath their wings. As they rise a flush of red light seems to break across the darkness—to be mirrored back in the calm face of the water. A rustle of flight sounds and dies again as they hasten away, and soon they are passing out of sight far over the lake—fading sparks of fire over a sheet of iron.

For the lake, which but a few minutes ago was like burnished gold, is all dark as iron now. The sun, dropping below the hills almost with the speed of "slow march," has left but a blush of red in the sky to battle against the invading gloom. Darkness swoops down over the land; and without an effort at resistance the daylight fades away. Outlines grow hazy and indistinct. The mountains frown moodily upon a plain of deepening greys. The woods pass out of sight—drowned in their own sombre hue. The white birds lose their whiteness, and the water its reflections. From camp, *boma*, and railway station lamps begin to glimmer, and from some high ridge among the hills the glare of a forest fire. Hurrying home before it be too late to find the path, I arrive just as the first stars are taking their place in the sky. Soon they shine out in full force, bright, gentle, uncountable. The moon rises slowly from the horizon, struggling beneath a hood of clouds. Dim lights form over plain and mountain. The lake sleeps softly, hidden beneath a quilt of mist. Then the night-sounds—distant bark of *fisi*, cough of hippopotami, croak of frogs, hum of moths, and chirp of innumerable cicadas—begin to whisper through the darkness. And at last Night, with all her courtiers—

mystery, faintly broken silence, light murmur of the wind, and cool airs to quell the heat—holds undisputed sway over the world, to reign there in sheen of silver and moonlit blue till conquered by the brighter glories of the dawn.

HAMIS.

HAMIS BIN ASMAN is the name written on a counterfoil of my cheque-book, and followed by the entry, "Seventy-five rupees; far too much".

There is nothing particularly remarkable in the latter clause; for the sum was far too much; and, my counterfoils being my only form of diary, the presence of the comment in such a place is not such an outrage as it may appear to gentlemen of business. No, it is the first part of the entry which causes me some surprise. I had forgotten that the person known to me in common life as "B-O-Y!" and only when he stood before me for solemn rebuke as "Hamis," ever had a name to distinguish him from the innumerable Hamises of his time. Nor indeed does it accord with one's expectations that the young bucks of his somewhat inorganic sphere of society should think it necessary to attribute themselves to any parentage in particular. Asman, however, is evidently the person whom Hamis regards as the head of his family; and it is as the son of Asman—though he always protested when in danger of punishment that I was his father and his mother and all that he had—that I now beg to introduce him.

He was radiant in white robes when he first came to me to treat for employment—a man of some seventy inches; trim, clean, dignified, smiling, deferential, alert.

His face shone like a dully polished fireplace. His gait was stately and reminiscent of court life. And his manner said, "Here am I, a man who has had the charge of vast interests in my time and am now disinclined to undertake further responsibilities. Nevertheless if you have matters of trust requiring really first-class management, are ready to give me sole charge, and can afford—which I don't think *you* can—to pay me a salary proportionate to my talents, I am open to consider the question of entering your employment." Withal he gave the impression of being an extremely kind and considerate man, anxious not to strike terror into the heart of a new-comer in Africa by an overwhelming display of his talents; and, though bearing himself with the hauteur of a London butler, he beamed and smiled at me very graciously, as though expressing sympathy with, rather than contempt for, my pitiful inexperience.

This, as a matter of fact, was even more serious a drawback than he supposed, for I knew no word of Swahili, nor he one of English, and a chill of foreboding ran through me as my agent began the negotiations, and I began to realise how far I depended on him for my intercourse with Hamis and hence for my peace of mind.

Haggling, it soon proved, was not to Hamis' taste. He would serve me for twenty-five rupees a month—three months salary prepaid—or not at all. There was, so my second informed me, no possibility of beating him down; and though neither he nor any man of his race could be worth one half the wage he asked, yet his "chits" (letters of recommendation)

showed him to be of some value—more than could be said for any previous applicant we had come across—and he would probably serve me as adequately as any of his sort. In short, Hamis had the whip hand of me. If I wanted a fellow of any merit whatever I had no choice but to take him at his own excessive valuation. So, full of admiration for his celestial impudence, and at the same time despairing of any better solution of the problem, I tumbled to the bargain, and Hamis became my man.

To have a man bound to you, however, by laws as stringent as the Feudal, and to know what to do with him when you have got him, are two very different matters. Here was I, by the mere writing of a cheque, placed in possession, body and soul, of a Swahili man named Hamis, of whose antecedents, inclinations, habits, temper, bodily needs and mental characteristics I knew nothing whatever; and with whom I was totally unable to communicate except by gesture. The soul, indeed, being apparently of trifling weight and extent, might be easily disposed of; and I think and trust that it was, with as much security as dispatch; for directly we reached the open street I consigned it solemnly to the care of definite philanthropic institutions; and from all subsequent observation I gather that they must have kept it in strict seclusion. But the material part of the man, standing motionless by my side, in patient expectation of orders—and doubtless highly amused that I could give none—was harder to manage. For the life of me I could not tell what to do. I had no plans. I had no orders to give. Nor could I have given, had

I had, any. What was to happen? Fortunately my agent saw the predicament, and suggested that Hamis, like all boys, would demand a pair of boots and change of raiment sooner or later, and I might just as well give in and purchase them at once: it would give us something to do. Hamis' counsel being requested on the point, he exclaimed indignantly that I not only lacked clothes for him, but also many other things without which I should certainly die. If this was really a matter of business; if, that is, I positively meant to go "to up-country," I must be properly provided without delay.

I noticed with some interest, in the first place, that all the purchases which he recommended were connected more or less nearly with his own comfort and convenience; and in the second, that without ever having entered my house he had an accurate knowledge of the details of my kit, with all its defects and shortcomings, such as I myself did not possess. It seemed as though there must be some great system of espionage which made known the affairs of all new *bwanas* to the whole Swahili world. However, I made no remark on the subject, partly because I could not, and partly because there was nothing to be gained thereby, and started submissively to make a tour of shops, Hamis leading the way like a nurse in charge of an infant, and I following meekly with a cheque-book.

The method of purchase was perhaps not all that would have been looked for by Justinian in a bonus *paterfamilias*—that sublime model of prudence, for the sight of whom, if one ever existed in the flesh, which I do not believe, I would cheerfully give a

pound of tobacco. It might in fact have been expressly designed as the reverse. For whenever we entered a shop Hamis merely put his hand on the things which attracted his fancy and left me to strike the bargain—with results that must have obviously been suicidal. However, we pursued our business without disagreement—how could I possibly disagree with him?—till the end of the day, when the question arose, which he had plainly kept as a tit-bit to the last, of buying him some boots.

There, it soon appeared, were the very wine and light of Hamis' existence. Love, a brass watch and chain, sugar, drawing-pins, or a pair of khaki breeches might all be exquisite delights: honey was poetry, and a mirror the subject of sweet dreams; but all these could be but half-toned joys if the sun did not gild them from above (or rather from below) with his ineffable charm. Boots were the very light of day to his life, and other precious things only gained full value when brightened by their presence.

The shop, then, where boots were obtainable—there was apparently but one right shop—was no sooner reached than Hamis' eyes began to flash with unnatural brilliancy. He beckoned to me eagerly to enter, and, the anxious feat of winning me inside once accomplished, flew like a bird of prey at some brilliantly polished brown boots which adorned one end of the room. Their size was so diminutive that only the smallest of dandies could have worn them; and their shape so exquisite that even he must have gone through long and careful training to achieve his purpose. Such a training, I need hardly say, Hamis

had never experienced. He had, on the contrary, gone unshod all his life, and now flourished in the part of his person concerned with the luxuriance of tropical foliage.

But none of these considerations seemed, in his opinion, to present any hindrance; and in a moment he was sitting on the ground, carefully trying the boot's sole by his own to see if it were really small enough. Yes, it proved to be just right. The cloudy outline of his own sole showed up in voluptuous folds all round the arrowy curves of the boot. The heel just reached his heel and the toe came within an inch of his toe. He was satisfied: the size was right: he would wear that boot.

I was content to watch him for a moment or two as he strained and battled with his new purchase. It was a fresh experience, if a melancholy one, to watch a black fool emulating the achievements of the white fools I had left behind; and a source of pleasure to contemplate the Nemesis which would follow his success. But after a moment or two the spectacle began to pall; and turning away, I searched the shop for a pair that might suit him. Having chosen the largest I could find I informed Hamis summarily, through the interpretation of the shopman, that the pair into which he had forced a few of his toes would not be his. "Let him take them off," I continued—he had by this time, fearful of my intentions, almost succeeded in getting them on—"and try the pair which I had selected for him."

But I was too late. For at this Hamis not only managed to dispose of his feet finally in the boots,

but actually stood up in them without a sign of pain, and indicated that they fitted him perfectly. Would I be pleased to pay for them now, and complete the transaction?

"No," said I, growing impatient; "the boots do not fit perfectly; they do not fit at all. Take them off."

I pointed out to the shopkeeper that only lyddite or some wild shock of emotion could have forced them on to any human foot. Hamis had, no doubt, succeeded owing to a sudden access of fear lest his ambitions should be thwarted.

But no thought had he of resigning them so easily. When I told him that in my judgment the boots were too small and would not suit him, he leant forward and assured me earnestly that I was wrong. When I pointed to the gigantic pair which I had selected for him and hinted the need of instant obedience, he pretended to take it as a joke, and made towards the door with a smile of appreciation at my wit. When I stamped my foot furiously, indicating wrath to come, he still smiled and bowed, unable to conceive that I was serious. And it was not till I had seized him sharply and pronounced an ultimatum through the agency of the shopman, that the whole horror of his position dawned upon him and he realised that I really meant what I said.

Then, before there could be any chance of intervening, the whole strength of his emotions burst forth in a sea of tears, and simultaneously in such a storm of eloquence as I had never heard before. There was no possibility of checking him. His words gushed out in one continuous torrent; his eyes shone;

his voice rose and fell, now in melodious pleading, now in indignant protest; his chest heaved; his hands darted about like shooting stars, now held aloft in earnest invocation, now clapped together in angry emphasis, now locked in piteous appeal. And still through all his moods the ardent periods rolled on as though his very life were at stake, and not a simple issue as to the size and shape of his toes.

Finally, he seemed to remember something, and came to a sudden stop, looking at me with undisguised contempt. It had dawned upon him that I could not understand one word of the language. Pah! What matter? He would instantly run and fetch his little son, a fellow of parts, who had learnt "Inglesi" from the "mishnis," to speak for him. And there and then he would have started, to race two miles and back regardless of time, had I not arrested him smartly by the arm and put this out of his power. That he should instantly recommence his speech, despite the fact that I could not understand one word of it, was no more than I expected; and I was quite prepared for his new outbreak of eloquence. But stop it I could not. I made several attempts to silence him, without any success, and was finally driven to order that his boots should be removed by force.

This order, however, so easy to give, was by no means easy to execute. For Hamis had not only to be reduced to subjection; he had, if we were ever again to know any peace of mind, to be put to silence. And even the latter part of this task proved to be one of some difficulty. For the tide of words still flowed on as rapidly as ever. Remonstrance was useless.

Threats only drove him to take up a safer position behind the counter. Riding-whips seemed to have no effect on him whatsoever. And we began to think that he was really beside himself and would never stop speaking again if he would, or could if he would, when at length, by dint of hard work and perseverance, we managed to drive him, still protesting, against an alcove of biscuit tins which stood at one end of the shop. And the majority of these, falling upon him in an avalanche of angles, so diverted his attention from all other subjects to the dints they made in his head as to stop his flow of ideas. His speech came to an end with a jerk; and he sank to the ground, silent at last, buried beneath a mausoleum of "Huntley and Palmer's".

Here obviously was an ideal opportunity of removing the boots, and, at the same time, teaching him a lesson in obedience. The number of tins that had descended on him was so great as to envelop him entirely but for his feet, and their weight so vast as to make him immovable except by horse-power. So the chance of carrying out what we had to do was altogether an ideal one; and, directing the shopman to take all necessary steps, I sat down to wait.

The shopman committed the task to his boy. But it very soon proved to be far too much for him alone, and we prepared to assist him. First, however, we listened for a moment to hear if Hamis had anything to say. Yes, it appeared he had a good deal. A series of muffled sounds issued from beneath his tombstone; and though from the majority of these I could gather no distinct impression, the shopman

declared that they conveyed an offer of two months' salary and all out-of-pocket expenses if we would only cut the boots off instead of pulling them.

No, I decided; this was a kinder fate than Hamis deserved, or could possibly expect, after giving us so much trouble. He had insisted on putting the boots on; it was our obvious duty to take them off. And take them off we would. So we formed ourselves into a sort of team, the boy pulling at Hamis' feet and we at the boy's; and at last, aided by a little ditty of encouragement from the shopman, and a deal of hard pulling by all parties, we managed, in spite of occasional sedentary disaster, due to our boy-rope unwisely giving way, to twist and wriggle the boots from Hamis' feet, blown and swollen indeed, but still unburst, and saleable—as a size larger. We won the battle: the victory and the boots remained in our hands.

Subsequently Hamis was disinterred—a little down-cast but uninjured—and instructed to put on the large pair of boots and come away. Would he do so? Not he. What? Wear other boots than those he had tried—a good fit too as they were? Not for any consideration. Nothing would induce him even to try them on. So I did not waste any time attempting to persuade him. I appeased the shopman, urged Hamis into the street; followed myself; and we went home, bootless, hot, and surly.

Perplexing and tempestuous, however, as this experience had proved, it was but play to the difficulties which began to arise when I found myself alone with Hamis, unaided by the willing mediation of

shopkeepers, and not only incapable of telling him what I wanted, or when, or where; but still worse, unable to tell him when I did not want him. This incapacity, and particularly the last part of it—for he was always on the alert for orders—promised a whole winter of troubles; and troubles, as I had foreseen, soon began to come.

They were not caused by any lack of goodwill on Hamis' part: quite the reverse. The tragedy was that nothing could stem the flow of his good intentions. I had only, for instance, to leave my lodgings for a few moments to find, on my return, my camp-bedstead carefully folded up in one corner of the room, the mattress and blankets forming a neat roll in another, and any clothes which I had happened to leave about snatched away for ablution. It mattered nothing that I wished to lie down on the bed, use the mattress to encourage my siesta, and change into the clothes: all this lay outside Hamis' view of his duty. If he were beyond the reach of his own criticism he felt himself to be beyond the reach of any; and if I had been able to offer it, he would merely have told me politely that I was mistaken, and gone away laughing. As it was I could not even criticise, except in the physical sense, which without some sort of explanation was plainly useless. So the strong current of his zeal had to run on unchecked, and I suffered in silence.

Buttons flew from me one day to be replaced before the dawn of another in entirely inapposite spots. Flannel shirts fresh almost from the loom were shrunk by frequent washing past all possibility of service. Wet boots were seized upon as I entered my front

door, and dried by such methods as convinced them of the theory of eternal punishment, making them gape in cracks of despair. Everything was carefully taken from the box in which it was bound by all the laws of my packing to remain, or produce endless confusion. And because I had unpacked but two coats, and always had one of them on my back, the remaining one was subjected to such relentless brushing that a hole appeared at one of the elbows, where Hamis had endeavoured by ceaseless perseverance to obliterate the signs of age.

With all this I bore patiently for some time, particularly as I had no choice but to do so, and contented myself with shaking my head and repeating, "*Hapana*" (which is Swahili for "Not," "No," "None," or any conceivable negative) whenever Hamis did anything wrong, and "'*Ndio* (Yes)" if he chanced to do anything right. I thus hoped by a process of elimination to render him inert or at any rate innocuous. And I did indeed attain partial success; for though the word "'*Ndio*" might have become obsolete had it depended solely on my use of it, I managed with frequent use of "*Hapana*" to reduce him at least to a state of negative subordination; and by the time we left the coast town for my Station, had him in some sort of control.

But a whole system of new troubles arose as soon as we reached our permanent home. For now I called upon Hamis to perform a certain daily routine of duties instead of the irregular services which had hitherto been required of him. And to observe my orders in this respect was apparently a feat not only

contrary to his desires, but literally outside his capacity. The reason of this shortcoming was not that the tasks were arduous or that they were beyond his normal power: it was simply that he had learnt a certain series or round of tasks from some former *bwana*, and these, having been driven into his head so frequently that he could not forget them, had there taken root to the exclusion of all other ideas and become "Custom". "Custom" ruled his entire day—and mine. Nothing could fight against it, nothing even check it. In vain did I endeavour to teach him a new system, in vain strove to persuade, to browbeat, to chastise the old man out of him and drive in the new. Nothing would induce him to swerve from his unvarying rule of life; nor any remonstrance as to the unreason of his actions gain any response but the three words, delivered with a pitiful smile at my ignorance, "It is custom".

"Custom," for example, decreed that he should sprinkle water on the verandah at daybreak to lay the dust. It mattered nothing that a flood of rain had already prevailed over its surface and secured it against dust for hours to come; "custom" still had its way, and the stones were sprinkled according to rule. "Custom" bade him bring me a cup of tea before I rose. I did not want it and told him so, day after day: but weeks passed before I managed to prevent his bringing it. In accordance with "custom" he daily seized my bed, bedding, and all the under-clothing on which he could lay his hands, and spread them on the patch of grass outside the house (or, worse still, on the wall surrounding it) to dry, *coram*

publico. But custom hardly ever reminded him that if rain fell they would possibly get wet; and as rain-storms in Africa are apt to resemble waterspouts in volume and April showers in frequency, the chances of my having a dry bed by the evening soon grew to be very small.

Meals were affected by "custom" no less than sleep. The practice of all former *bwanas* had apparently been to eat a vast luncheon. My own was to take a very small one. Day after day I threatened Hamis and 'Mpishi, who had learned in the same school, with condign penalties—and often carried them out too—if they ever presented me with meat before the evening. All in vain. "Custom" was against me. Day by day for more than a month a series of appetising dishes continued to appear; and when with unchanging regularity I sent them away untouched, Hamis only gazed at me with a beautiful sympathy for my failure—which must, of course, be due to illness—and brought me still choicer morsels next day. The relief when at last he was forced to conclude that my real reason was sheer stupidity instead of indisposition, and began to leave the room with a smile of scorn for my ineptitude instead of a glance of pity for my maladies, was intense. It meant indeed that my failure to eat everything available had lowered me fifty per cent. in his estimation; but it was the beginning of the end; it also meant that he had at last realised a new piece of "custom," and given in to my folly. The new rule struggled and wavered, but at last managed to drive out the old; and I doubt not that my successors in the lordship of Hamis have had as great

difficulty in avoiding starvation as I had in escaping excess.

Dinner in the same way brought its troubles. "Custom" ordained that all bottles of "wini"—I presume my predecessors only drank claret—should be warmed at a distance of three times the length of Hamis' foot—he always measured precisely—from the flames. Who could conceive that any *bwana*—even one so half-witted as I—could possibly have a new fangled kind of "wini" which did not want warming? The idea was preposterous. "Custom" asserted its authority; and, in the result, the guests at my first dinner party, who knew me but slightly and were polite in proportion, not only found their port warmed to the temperature of stale afternoon tea; but as I had neither witnessed the treatment of the wine nor happened to taste it, they had no choice but to "sit tight" and drink it. I never found out my crime till the end of the evening, and of what use were apologies then? I was more careful after that episode. So was Hamis.

"Custom," however, still continued to influence my daily life to a terrible extent: and in many matters, it must be owned, I hardly offered any resistance. Thus the daily strain of explaining to Hamis that I required my bath at 7 A.M. and P.M. and not after lunch—what odd *bwanas* Hamis had served!—soon proved too great to be continued, and I weakly gave in to the pressure of circumstances and adopted the hour prescribed by "custom". In the same way the place of the savoury on the *ménu* on "guest-nights" was a *casus belli* over which I soon ceased to hold my own.

Again and again I gave repeated orders that it should come in its proper turn, not immediately succeeding the soup. But Hamis and 'Mpishi both held it to be an anachronism except in this unseemly order, and I soon gave up the struggle and acquiesced in their traditional arrangement—which I have now come to regard as the only one suitable to a gentleman's table.

Apart from such trivial questions of precedence, however, the whole problem of supply was one of perpetual discomfiture for me ; though I blame myself less for this, since every white man I have ever known has had to brook similar defeat. The reply "*'Naquesha* (It is gone, gone bad, passed, finished, deceased)" invariably given by all boys to all questions about food baffles every enquiry, and places it beyond your power to prove your culprit's guilt. In our case mutton was the bone of contention—in the abstract I mean, though in point of fact it was little more in the concrete—and the almost unearthly speed with which a sheep could pass into oblivion was the cause of innumerable battles royal between me and Hamis. In the majority of these, being conscious of rectitude, I both spoke and acted forcibly, and gained some satisfaction from physical victory. But, on the other hand, I almost invariably suffered defeat on the actual point at issue, and so had to brook the perpetual annoyance of seeming in the wrong when I knew that I was really in the right.

On these occasions the attack would usually be made upon me about the middle of the morning, when I was sitting in the office overwhelmed with work.

Hamis would creep up to the window—he has been seen thus venturing again and again—and sit in the ditch beside it, hidden from my view, till a suitable opportunity arrived for action; when, for instance, I had disposed of a troublesome law-suit and was once more attending to less worrying affairs. Then he would gradually raise his eyes to the level of the window-sill, watch my face to observe the signs of the times, pop down again if they promised storm, and wait for a few seconds. Up again presently to spy out the land. If it still looked unpropitious, down once more. And if I continued to frown upon the world, he would repeat the process again and again; until at last there seemed to be a chance of obtaining a favourable hearing. Then, the light on my table growing obscure, I would turn round, and see a black head and shoulders blocking the window.

"Well, *nini* (what is it)?" I would ask impatiently.

"*Nyama, bwana* (Meat, sir)."

"*Nyama?* Why, you killed a sheep only yesterday: where has that gone to?"

"*'Naquesha, bwana,*" replies Hamis in pleading treble tones. I need not have asked; and know already that I am a beaten man; but determining to fight as good a fight as possible, I answer fiercely:—

"No, it isn't. You are lying. Go."

He does go—but only round the corner. Ten minutes later he again comes to reconnoitre, finds me in a more favourable mood, and after taking careful observations as before, again darkens the window; and as though I had previously been only prevented from

giving my consent by mischance, enquires in a rapid, business-like tone :—

"*Pigane kondoo?* (Shall I kill the sheep, then?)"

"No," I roar at him. "There ought to be some left from yesterday."

"Truly, *bwana*, but it has gone bad (*'naquesha*)."

"No, it hasn't. You have eaten it yourself."

"*Hapana, bwana, hapana.*" Hamis is injured innocence itself, and more soprano than ever. "It is impossible; truly, truly, you must not think it possible."

But I do, and tell him in good set terms that he will get *hamsi-assharini* if he and 'Mpishi do not cause this day's sheep to last longer. He replies with a shrug of the shoulder and a sublime look of martyrdom, expressing, "See how unreasonable and harsh this *bwana* is! Who can serve with him?" Then waits in silence for my formal capitulation; which, as he very well knows, is bound to come. He is right. After thundering a few more threats at him I yield, furious but hopelessly defeated, and he goes away smiling with satisfaction to kill his sheep.

It must not be concluded that Hamis invariably had the advantage of me in our encounters. I remember one occasion in particular when I had the better of him, and gained an enduring pleasure from my victory which made up for much of the dismay that I constantly experienced in our unrecognised but never-ending campaign. I had been out to spend the evening with a friend who was camping close at hand; and returning home sooner than Hamis expected me, saw, as I drew near the house, a dim light burning in

the dining-room, contrary to my express commands. I crept very carefully to the window, and there beheld a sight which, though disgusting to the eye, had at the same time some compensation to offer to one who lived, as I did, with the perpetual sense that I was the sport of my household. There, by the mantel-piece, propped against the wall, stood Hamis, a cupful of pounded sugar in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other, alternately plying himself with food and drink, and oblivious of all but the joy of refreshment.

I passed silently into the room, took up a suitable position beside him—he was too dazed with happiness to notice my approach—and administered so violent a reproof with my foot, that he not only dropped both bottle and cup and flew with frequent complaints into the night, but also failed to reappear within my sight, hearing, or ken for several days. This was the last occasion on which he stole whisky.

Sugar, however—and many other convenient luxuries, as I tardily discovered—were apparently regarded as legitimate spoil; and their theft, as also that of candles and matches, seemed to be not only tolerated but even encouraged by "custom". A whole code, indeed, was based upon the eighth commandment by this unwritten law, which abhorred some crimes, but allowed others apparently no less pernicious. "Custom" laid a sacred duty upon every boy not to steal his own master's rupees; he was bound, on the contrary, to preserve them, with his life if necessary, against all the world. And so stringent was this obligation considered that if he detected his own brother or father plundering them he was

bound to deliver the culprit to justice. There were, however, very few forms of property which ranked in the same scale as rupees: almost everything else might be filched from your master without transgressing "custom," if only you were careful enough to prevent others from doing the same. As for the property of other *bwanas*, why, all the world were free to take it had they but the skill to do so without detection.

On the whole, therefore, the laws of "custom" allowed Hamis a fairly wide field for peculation; and, as I subsequently found out, he showed no lack of industry in building up his fortunes out of my wardrobe and stores. But all this went on in my ignorance during the greater part of his service with me. Not only for months, for years—the sugar episode unfortunately occurred very late in our period of acquaintance—I lived under the illusion that, however dishonest other boys might be, mine at any rate stood beyond reproach. It did indeed occur to me from time to time that my store of clothes, handkerchiefs, or boots was not so large as it once had been; and the presence of lights in the kitchen late at night proved—so I learnt from the experienced—that my candles were being embezzled. But I never had either the time, the evidence, or the inclination to make a thorough inquiry into his peccadilloes, or indeed imagined them to be worthy of serious investigation. The press of other work, the difficulties of obtaining proof, and a happy belief in Hamis' comparative integrity, to which I clung with desperation if without much confidence, combined to prevent my testing him severely; and I

drifted on, untroubled by serious suspicion, till the date of my departure from the Station came round, and we made ready to leave for the coast town.

Then indeed we had a day of tribulation and sorrow. I had come to feel something akin to affection for Hamis. Despite all his faults—and these were for the most part shortcomings rather than faults—he ranked above any of the boys I had seen or heard of for cleanliness, industry, and skill. In addition to these he had gained several good qualities either by natural development or from the influence of “custom”. He was always amusing and original, a rogue staving off detection by a bold use of his wits; and I gained no little pleasure from the daily observation of his fads and fancies, as also from the indefatigable humour and goodwill, the ludicrous optimism, of his temperament.

It was true that I had discovered him in the act of stealing sugar, and knew that he grew fat on the mutton which I could not eat. But these were venial shortcomings in one of his race; one expected nothing else of him; and he could not be supposed to consider as stolen property what his conscience told him were merely perquisites. Altogether, in spite of all his crimes and his perpetual victories over me, I liked my Hamis, and our intercourse usually ran in a groove of jests.

Judge then of my dismay, when, on the morning of my departure—a time looked upon by Hamis and by all his brethren as schoolboys look upon the last day of term—he appeared before me, not only clad in a waistcoat and socks of mine, but actually flaunting them in the open to the public eye. There

they were; on his bosom the waistcoat challenging me to my face; on his feet the socks, two—no, *three*—pairs, all of different hue. Worst of all, he had so small an opinion of my acumen and so large an idea of his own that he was actually beaming with complacency over his action; and seemed to think that my admiration for his appearance would overcome any objection I might have to his crime.

This impression I lost no time in removing. There was but one course possible in the circumstances—to search Hamis' hut and boxes for further proof of his guilt. He was secured temporarily in a chain-gang, lest he should fly from the vengeance which he, no doubt, foresaw. His hut was searched—without result. But his box was brought and opened before the eyes of all men. And there among layer upon layer of precious draperies the searchers brought to light most copious and damnable evidence of his guilt. For nestling among stockings and jam-pots, among books and dusters, among napkins, pipes and candles, all of which I recognised to be mine, a whole fortune of stolen property appeared. Rupees were there—I thought these at least had been safe; collars and collar-studs; boots and scissors; biscuits and china; notepaper and cartridges; pens and ties. Little parcels of jam were cunningly hidden in the sleeves of shirts. Knives and sardine-tins were wrapt in silk handkerchiefs. An old vaseline-jar was filled with quinine and tobacco. Everything that a man could own or wish to own (as well as many things which he could not) was represented there—except soap; and above all the box was packed, in every spare corner and

cranny of its capacity, with socks. Not only were the majority of my own there—and that meant a dozen and a half pair—but also a number twice as great of odd, and (to me) unknown socks, which had evidently been filched from other *bwanas*. Foot-gear without limit seemed to be ensconced in that box, and it became plain that Hamis had not only levied toll upon me—his lawful prey—but had also taken every opportunity of plundering my guests and visitors.

The search concluded, and the contents of the box laid out in solemn array on a table, there was again but one way open to me. The law had to take its course; the thefts of years to be atoned for. With a good deal of sorrow I tried Hamis with all legal ceremony; found him defenceless, incapable of giving the slenderest excuse for his evil deeds; and regretfully decided to punish him as severely as he deserved.

Instead of starting on the journey to his well-beloved coast town, for which he had put on all this dazzling raiment, he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour; and instead of the rapturous joy of handling and spending, in a single day, eighteen months' salary—nearly four hundred bright rupees—he had the pain of seeing the date of that joy indefinitely postponed. His earnings were lessened by a fifth—destined for the Government chest as "Fines Judicial," and by a tenth, which I myself impounded as some compensation for my loss.

Of your subsequent history, oh Hamis, I know nothing. At the prison door we parted, and never since then have I seen you; nor shall, I trust, either in this world or the next. Your cunning

is now directed against some other *bwana*, and I am happily free of the strain of providing against you. But glad as I am that we shall look on each other no more, I yet feel a certain hankering to know more of your history after you left my service—and prison. How you succeeded and how you failed, I would learn, in your long battle against your *bwanas*; what thefts of jam and sugar you accomplished under their changing flags, with or without detection; and which of them you were able to plunder with which particular set of wiles. I would know how "custom" fares with you—has it changed beneath the pressure of time?—whether you have ever acquired those ideal boots for which you longed so deeply; what socks you wear; and whether, as age creeps over you, your character gains any stability, or on the contrary loses still more of the supple fibre of which it is compact. Many other details of your history I would learn, but never shall, and must resign myself to my ignorance.

There in prison I leave you, Hamis, with my best wishes for your welfare, and especially for your improvement. May the *bwanas* who follow me drive you with the rod of iron you so richly merit. May your career be as successful and unsuccessful as it deserves, and your name be honourable among your peers. Through the mist of years I think of you, the same invincible rogue, preying gingerly on the property in your charge, and gaining week by week a surer grip of your master's affairs. Farewell, my Prince Charming! I wish you farewell. No pressure of time or circumstance is likely to alter your character, and

well, for that reason, I am sure you will fare. For, as you were to me in time past, so I am sure you will remain to all who cross your path, till the end of your life—thief and Pharisee, sloven and dandy, laughing philosopher, lord of excuses ; a slave, a courtier, and a stickler for custom ; honest in atoms, the master of your masters, impervious to kindness, unconscious of the lapse of time.

A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE.

MUTINY! Mutiny! Mutiny! Borne on the galloping limbs of native rumour, swift and fearful, silent and inscrutable, the news tore through the land. Village whispered it to village, tribe to tribe, and people to people. Englishmen—traders and railway-men in camp, and officers in lonely Stations—heard it with a laugh and a sneer; then with doubt and a frown, admitting its probability; and at last with a grudging conviction of its truth.

In the end of a sobbing day of the light rains it came to John Lambert, District Officer of 'Mgali, as he sat in his office, his eyes buried in a snow of papers, his mind dimly fixed on a maundering law-suit. Suddenly the low chatter of the group at his door—Indian traders, Swahili porters, and native tribesmen—fell to a rustle of whispers and then to a nervous silence. He felt the instinct that tidings had come which were to be kept from him, and called sharply for explanations.

"Orderly!—what's up, eh?"

No answer. The silence confirmed his suspicion, and he put the question more sternly.

"Hassan! Come here. What's astir?"

Hassan came, scared and anxious, affecting surprise, plainly striving to frame an excuse.

"You called, *bwana*?"

"You know I did. What is going on? Out with it. No lies."

"Nothing, *bwana*, all is quiet——"

"Don't lie."

"Truly, *bwana*, Hassan does not lie. You are his father and his mother and all that he has, and——"

"Shut that. Tell me at once. What's up?"

But Hassan was not a man given to telling anything at once if time could be filled up in any other way; and, his excuses being now ready, he began to pour them forth—an avalanche.

"By the head of the Prophet, all is quiet. There is nothing astir. Truly, there is no news. Hassan could not lie. It is peace——"

"Out with it."

"But the news is false. Who can say what it means? The *bwana* would learn from others. Nor indeed is there anything to learn. You are my father——"

"Then I'll do my duty as such," said John, and, leaping from his chair, reached for the *kiboko* that hung on the wall. But before he could grasp it, Hassan, seeing that business was in the air, dropped to his knees, whimpering for mercy, and consented to speak.

The news, when wrung from him at last in broken sentences, came to this. Three companies of the Soudanese contingent, flicked into discontent by overwork, low pay that never seemed to be paid, and other grievances which might perhaps have been allayed on the spot if, owing to niggardliness at Whitehall, they could not be remedied, had broken into open

A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 111

mutiny. Their officers lay dead, martyrs to this false economy. Well armed and intent on raiding and murder, the mutineers were hastening towards 'Mgali. A few hours' march might bring them in sight.

The inevitable rider followed in a querulous treble, "Whether this be true or not, Allah knows. But I myself am suddenly ill and think that I need *dawa* (medicine)."

"I'm sure you will if you stay here," said John quietly, and again reached towards the wall. But Hassan recovered his health with amazing speed, and flying from the room, became the cause and centre of many anxious questions and laments among the group without the door.

His master, left alone, reflected for a moment as to his course of action. He had only too good grounds for believing in the rumour, so inevitable had he considered an outbreak of the troops; and feeling that at any rate it must be partially true, he decided to take provisional measures in case it should prove to be true throughout. Coming to the door he shouted for silence; then, being obeyed, rattled out his orders.

"Drive all the Government sheep and donkeys into the *boma*—no one else to bring any animal in or I'll kill it and him too. Burn down all stalls and huts within a mile of the Station. The Company to parade in marching order as soon as possible. The rest, you Indians and porters and boys, bring your tents, and grub, and beds, and rubbish, and camp inside the walls over there—as far away from the house as possible, mind—and get your food cooked and your fires out before dark. See?"

The Indians saw—and said nothing, but went in gloom and silence to obey, momentarily expecting death.

No. 12 A Company, Lunda Rifles, Swahili contingent, to the number of one hundred and eight men, also went, quailing and devising methods of escape from the task of doing their duty, which seemed so unpleasantly near. They carried out John's orders with alacrity: then proceeded to don the smart blue uniform trimmed with silver cord which was provided by an all-seeing Government for their use among the swamps and thorny ways of Africa. And there must have been some special virtue either in the blue cloth or the silver cord, which fired their courage and excused the absurd cost of the garments; for directly their breeches were in place their spirits rose to the point of hope that there would be no battle after all; and by the time caps, tunics, and brave white belts were added to these nether glories they were confident of victory against any odds. Possibly the fool who prescribed the uniform was no fool after all.

So much for John's dependants and followers. What of his own feelings and attitude? In point of fact these did not differ widely from those of his men: in short, they were almost precisely similar. Like them he was horribly afraid, and like them he required and found a stimulant for his courage. The only difference was that they put on their uniforms and that he drank whisky.

Let us realise John Lambert: he has hard work before him.

From his cradle he had been looked upon as a

A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 113

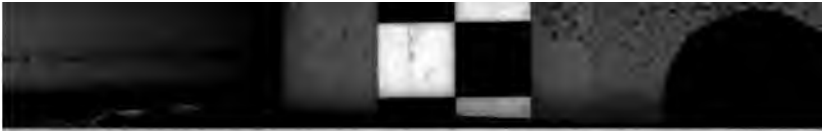
coward. As a child he had disgusted his father and earned continuous bullying from his three brothers by an eternal readiness to weep and unreadiness to fight. As a boy, he had shrunk from the active life of his school, detested cricket, shown funk at football, and been abandoned as a creature too miserable to be worth tormenting. As a youth he had shown himself, whenever occasion offered, devoid by some twist of nature of the ordinary instincts which make men delight in giving for a hard knock a harder. And as a man he had, so far from gaining any of these sterner qualities, lost even the sense that he lacked them through losing the need for displaying them: for he had become without a struggle one of those machines which, being brought daily to the City by omnibus or train, do there sit upon a stool and add columns of figures till their owners please to let them run down and return home. In which life—though not necessarily as a result of it—he had soon ceased to need, much less to develop, any pluck and vigour of body or mind; and, gradually losing what little he had of either, had become the butt of the office, a stationary character, supposed by all who knew him to be unchangeably weak and incapable of progress except along the hum-drum groove in which he plodded.

Happily the period of his mechanical servitude did not endure very long. After nine years he had the good fortune to meet a woman who saw that he was capable of better things and took enough interest in him to develop them. Her name was Miss Carpenter, a typist and clerk in the same employment as himself—a thorough and plucky woman, but lonely

and craving for sympathy and affection in her dingy life of work and poverty. In John she found what she wanted, and seeing beneath his faulty surface-character a depth of kindness and warmth which had lain neglected and undeveloped, her interest in him grew into love. This was returned and at last brought about an engagement. The search for more promising avenues of advancement resulted, after much drumming and waiting at the gate, in his entering the African Service. But as it was impossible for them to marry on the miserable salary with which he began, they parted—both to work and save money till promotion came and his first leave fell due. Now, after more than three years, this happy time had arrived. His leave-papers lay in his desk. He was to start within eight days, and within forty they would be married. A very fond and constant pair of lovers, they were looking forward with child-like eagerness to their new life, promising as it did more happiness than either had ever known.

Wasted and weak with continuous fever John was in no condition at this time to make the most of what small courage he possessed. Physical debility had sapped away his spirit as well as his bodily strength. He was unfit to do his ordinary work, much less to face danger—for the first time in his life. And the terror that came upon him as he heard the news seemed to paralyse all his faculties. He could not think; his one instinct was a longing to leave his Station with all its trouble behind him, and fly to some deep hiding-place in the woods.

For the moment the stimulus of the position, calling



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 115

upon him for instant decision and action, enabled him to ignore his fear and give his orders without hesitation. But when this had passed, leaving him to reflect coldly on the grim probabilities before him—siege and almost certain death—he felt the impulse return with double force, and he would probably have given way to it had he not ordered his men to stay, and thereby rendered his own flight impossible. From such a step as this there could as a matter of course be no going back. He felt that, hopeless as the prospect seemed, he must face it squarely; and began to reckon what it meant.

He had walls, but no men to defend them except the Swahili Company, half apes, under his command. His nearest colleague lived at eighty miles' distance, and help could not be sent even if it could be sent for. Besides the usual properties of a Government Station he had in his charge more than two hundred thousand rupees, under no better protection than the ordinary African "safe"; a mere box, easily breakable, in the office floor. A few moments of reflection convinced him that he had but a slender chance of saving either Station, rupees or his own life.

Much, however, remained to be done before night-fall, more indeed than he could hope to accomplish in the time, and soon he roused himself from his gloomy thoughts and went about his duties, hiding his fear beneath a hard savage manner.

Parade, serving out rifles and ammunition, setting sentries, extinguishing lights and fires, and giving the numerous orders necessary for the night occupied him till the sun had been for three hours below the

horizon. Then he hurried through a light meal, more whisky than food; and after it, impelled by the business instinct—the strongest influence in his mind—which bade him make all as regular as possible in view of coming disaster, he went to the office and started to bring up to date and round off the Station accounts.

These, strangely enough, had held a prominent place in his thoughts ever since the news of danger had come: and now his sense of duty, of the things which depended on him, kept him at work adding and re-adding columns of figures, counting and balancing money and stamps, pounds of beads, wire, chain, yards of cloth, the innumerable items known as “trade-goods”—and completing correspondence, law-suits, and other details of business, till the night was half spent and the moon in mid-sky. Then, when at length all the Station affairs stood ready as for a “handing over” to the man who might take his place, he took a last look round the *boma*—to find all quiet and the sentries on the alert—and giving strict orders that he was to be roused instantly in case of any alarm and at all events at the first sign of dawn, lay down to make the most of what hours of darkness remained.

When he woke it was to find not only that the dawn had come and gone, but that he had slept far into the day. The sun was high in the sky. He realised with a shock that he must have lain there for more than nine hours.

He rose with a mutter of threats against his boy, and went out into the verandah to call for him.



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 117

"Hassan!"

No answer.

"Hassan!"

The word pealed round the *boma* walls and echoed back to him: but still there was no answer.

He called it again with rising anger—and again, but with no better result.

Then he shouted in turn for his cook, for his orderly, for the sentries whom he had set, for the sergeant of the Company, and finally for the headman of the Station, a reliable old Somali who seldom failed to be within reach of a call.

But no one shouted back. Only the laughing echoes of his own voice answered him; no other sound broke the silence.

Wild with fury, he moved round the house to a point whence he could scan the whole area of the *boma* and find one of the culprits on whom to vent his rage.

But no one was there. The space which he had allotted for the Indians' camp was untenanted. No soldiers stood sentinel at the four corners of the walls. The kitchens showed no smoke or sign of activity. With a shudder he realised what the cover of night and his long sleep had allowed to take place. The Station was deserted. He stood alone.

If he stayed, then, to attempt any defence, he stayed merely to die. Why should he stay?

What could be gained by his doing so, now that no men remained, depending on his example? The Station and the rupees must be lost whether he stayed or not. Who would be the better for the addition of his death to the record of disaster? In-

numerable reasons for flight crept insidiously into his mind, and but one against it—the feeling that, come what might, his duty called upon him to stay. Even this, the one argument for the braver course, was almost nullified by the certainty that nothing was to be gained by it. He held to it, nevertheless, more out of instinct than reason, feeling vaguely that some resolution of the sort was demanded of him, and continued to debate the question as though both sides of it were equally balanced.

Which side would have ultimately won his vote, had the decision remained in his hands, it is impossible to say. Fortunately it was taken from him, before many minutes had passed, by circumstances, which not only called upon him for instant action, but also inspired him with a plan too undeniably brilliant to need discussion. For, as he stood there in the verandah, looking gloomily away to the north, over a belt of forest that ran east and west at about a mile's distance from the Station, his eye was suddenly caught by a glint of something bright just where the road came clear of the trees.

It was only a spark of light, that flashed out in answer to the sun and vanished again too soon for him to study it. But there was no room for doubt as to its meaning. "Bayonets!" was the word that rose involuntarily to his lips, and he knew at once that the moment had already come for him to decide whether to stay or run.

A few seconds passed while he hovered between the two courses. The one seemed so easy and obvious; the other so insane and unlikely to be of any use.



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 119

But soon all thought of doubt and irresolution was driven away by an inspiration that put the easy plan out of court and bound him unquestionably to the other. He saw in a flash how he might yet save both the Station and his life and honour by remaining at his post.

Action followed the thought almost as soon as it was conceived, for there was not a minute to spare. John tore round the corner of the house to the arms and ammunition store, fumbled for a moment with the lock and then wrenched open the door. In ordinary times the rough-hewn wooden racks that stood round the wall would have been well furnished with Martini rifles: but now No. 12 A Company—that Old Guard with the courageous breeches—had taken for their better protection all the rifles of any working capacity belonging to the Station, and none remained but a pile of obsolete Sniders, rusty, war-worn veterans, long ago condemned as useless, which reposed in the racks, as though in hospital, living on the memory of old deeds.

Were they useless? We shall see. At any rate John does not think so, for he plunges into the darkness, gathers up a great bundle of them under each arm and hastens out to the open space before the house. There, while he stands for a moment irresolute, thinking out his plan, let us form a clear picture of his position.

The page before you—allow the ridicule of the idea and pass on—is the *boma*, an enclosure of four walls, each six feet high, of which the front one (the top of the page) faces westward and measures some

five and twenty yards from end to end, the rest being of proportionate length. In the centre stands the house, with verandah, looking out over the front wall, and behind it other buildings, the stores for food, ammunition and tools. The mutineers, of unknown number—only the glint of a bayonet has yet been seen—are advancing warily from the north-west (towards the right-hand top corner of the page), sheltered at present by brush-wood, and likely to remain concealed till the very moment of attack. For, at a distance of three hundred yards from the *boma*, the ground drops suddenly from the level on which it is built, some four hundred feet, to the level over which they are advancing. Thereby a ridge is formed, up which they must climb before they can be seen. Even at its crest they can lie hid among the rocks while pouring their fire into the house. And the latter, being built some feet above the level of the ground, and therefore the only thing visible to them above the *boma* walls, will naturally be their first target.

John hesitated for a moment: then proceeded rapidly to organise his defences. These were simple enough in nature, but required all the time he was likely to have for their arrangement; since it was, above all, essential that they should be concluded before the mutineers advanced near enough to see their character. Time then was the chief need for his design: of all other materials for it he had plenty.

"Time?" you ask; "then where are the men, the arms, the ammunition, the reserve force in case of hard pressure, and the thousand and one necessities of a garrison?" The question may easily be an-

A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 121

swered—there were none, and none were needed. One force and one alone was to be present and take the place of all; namely, Bluff. Bluff was to act as the men, the rifles, the ordnance, the ammunition, the reserve and the etceteras. Old General Bluff, guttural and tempestuous, was to take chief command and carry the matter through if it could be carried through at all. And the task committed to him was not to attempt any resistance to overpowering attacks, but to effect by his own methods that no such attack should be made. In brief, the one chance open to John of saving the day lay in bluffing his enemy out of making an assault: if they fired a single volley, even a single shot, they were likely to guess from the non-return of any fire the nakedness of the defence, and would come, brushing it aside with a laugh, to make what havoc they pleased of the Station.

Realising all this, he flew about his work, first to the front wall, across the top of which he hurriedly laid a rank of old rifles pointing outwards, at intervals of five feet: then back to the armoury for another load and to the right-hand wall, which was similarly armed: then back again for another company of veterans to thicken the ranks; again for more, and more, till at length only the left-hand wall and half of the right-hand remained undefended. By this time there was some doubt whether the mutineers would not already have reached a point where they could see him at work; and he hesitated as to the wisdom of a fifth journey. But he decided to risk it, and a few minutes later had a good part of the left-hand wall and some twenty yards more of the right-hand bristling with

rifles ; the whole *boma*, when thus finished, hinting a fine array of soldiers in waiting behind the walls.

After settling the last detachment in place, John went to the verandah and strained his eyes once more for a sight of the attacking party, but he could see no movement of man or bayonet to give him any clue, and, assuming that they could not arrive at the top of the ridge for a few moments longer, he sank into a chair to rest, faint and panting with weakness and exhaustion. The whisky bottle, standing on a table beside him, appealed to him once more with its offer of revival and vigour, and he drank from it for a second or two. Then, living intensely again as the spirit set his blood aglow, he realised two things with a clearness that filled him with horror. Firstly, that he was sitting in the most exposed position of the whole *boma*, and, now that his enemy was so near, might be shot at any moment. Secondly, that whatever part he was to take in the defence—and he had not an idea what this was to be—he could only hope to maintain it with the aid of one ally—whisky.

This, the last remnant of his stock of liquor, was already low in the bottle, hardly reaching up to the label, and could not last long. When it failed, what would happen? How could he hope, in his feeble state of body and mind, to keep up the courage which must be needed, whatever he tried to perform? He dared not face the grim question, much less attempt to answer it: the fear that he might already be the aim of a hundred rifles excluded all other thought. And, yearning for shelter, he rose from his chair and stepped towards his bedroom, intending



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 123

there to devise some better plan, under cover of the walls.

But powers stronger than his mind and feelings were at work that day, and stepped in to make him a hero against his will. Just as he turned, his eye was caught by something, looking like a stone, that moved for an instant along the brow of the ridge and then ducked down out of sight. He divined at once that it was a human head. His enemy had already arrived. And if his plan were to succeed, he must stand where he was, affecting to be waiting in confidence for the attack, target to unknown numbers of good marksmen—till they fired.

For a moment he faltered. The terror and awful odds of his position appalled him. He stood rigid, dazed in mind and body, barely grasping the danger, unable to stir hand or foot. Soon, however, the wild craving for shelter became irresistible, overwhelming all other feelings, and he started to walk towards his room, his lips quivering and his white face lined with a heavy frown.

The thoughts of an age seemed to pass through his mind as he took those few steps. They brought him to the door. The moment for decision arrived. The next stride must be forward, or back, into the arena of battle. He took it—a short step forward; then stood irresolute for a second or two; then opened the door.

The white flag went up?

No. It was unfurled, but never raised. He did not go in. The turning point came: and he turned it successfully. Either because he saw after all no chance of permanent safety in hiding; or because he

had a vision of his fiancée, and heroic head-lines bringing a blush to her cheek ; or for the reason that more courage was found in him at the test than he had ever shown before, he turned and strolled coolly back to his chair. For the first time in his life the man realised himself. And though the terror of death seemed to shoot through and through him like a physical pain, almost forcing him to yield, he fought stubbornly against it and beat it down. Something held : and he stayed.

A moment or two passed while he leant against a pillar of the verandah trying to steady his thoughts. He could not quite realise what he was doing. The mind would not take in such a novelty as danger without an effort. But this state of paralysis lasted but a few seconds. Then there rushed upon him with all-conquering speed, that strange thrill of excitement and extra force, the joy of battle, which sets the runner, the oarsman, the lancer aglow as they dash to their work, lifting them above themselves to a sense of superhuman might of nerve and muscle. He felt his spirit fanned to a flame of strength. He rose above his fears, and revelled in a glory of assurance and determination. Scorning all shelter, and reckless of danger, he began to pace with a confident gait to and fro along the verandah, casting occasional glances over the plain as he went, or making a gesture of command to his imaginary men, as though waiting coolly for his enemy to come.

A minute or two passed ; and still he was brimming with self-reliance and courage. What a splendid fellow he thought himself as he strode to and fro !

A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 125

Every second might be his last, and yet he never flinched or wavered in his walk. The danger might be overwhelming: but he would not give in. He had the honour of England to guard, and it should not suffer through his default.

There was much of the stagey in these thoughts; and he bitterly regretted the lack of an audience to see and admire him; though gaining no light satisfaction from the certainty that his deed would echo through the newspapers. But poor as the ideas might be, they helped him to keep at his work, and he did it the more staunchly for their aid. To and fro, to and fro he walked. The minutes passed, and still he kept on, bravely, and conscious of his bravery.

But this mood of confidence could not endure for ever: and soon a feeling of uneasiness began to creep over him. Why, he reflected, did not his enemies make some sign? What was the reason for this long wait? He had looked for something decisive to happen almost immediately. They must be in position and ready by now. Why did they not attack or make some movement?

He stopped and took a long look round the land in front of the *boma*, hoping to see something that would tell him of their movements. But there was no stir or sign of action within his view. Nothing met his eye but the splendid face of Nature—tawny lights above, plain and bush and hills below, blended beauty of forest and mountain in the fading distance, and over all the glare and lustre of the sun. He continued his walk, feeling annoyance almost as strongly as anxiety. It seemed such an

aggravating and ignominious task to be waiting there, inactive, when he had made up his mind for either death or glory within five minutes. He had not foreseen the possibility of a long wait; and even now it did not occur to him as an idea that need be seriously entertained. The plunge into action, he felt sure, must come within a few minutes.

But it did not come. The minutes passed: and nothing happened.

Plainly this strain of idle waiting could not be endured for long without having its effects. And all too soon they came. He began to feel the possibility that he had been wrong. From a mood of irritated impatience he passed into a deeper one of suspicion that this period of inaction might be destined to endure some time, perhaps for twenty minutes or so—he would not admit that it could be more. And the thought was strangely abhorrent to him, for the reason that it indicated the most probable course of events. He thrust it out of his mind at once, though it was only by an effort, which he could not but feel, though he would not confess, that he managed to do so.

Gradually the effort grew harder and harder. He had to admit to himself that this contingency, which ten minutes ago seemed so improbable, was a possibility with which he might have to reckon. As time passed, still without event, the admission became a conviction which, whether he liked it or no, gathered more and more force in his mind. And at last, despite all he could do to oppose it and deny its grounds, he had to admit that it had conquered. The nettle had to be grasped. The plain facts stood



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 127

before him in stern reality. He had to recognise that his task might and probably would be, not to die on the spur of the moment, but to stay where he was, target to an unknown number of rifles, helpless, inactive, and ignorant what each minute might have in store for him, till the end came. And what would the end be? When might he expect any relief from the strain? Possibly not for hours to come. It might even last till night fell, bringing with it dangers still more mysterious than those of the day.

All the spirit went out of him with a rush as he grasped and brought himself to face the grim horror of his position. It was all so different from the picture he had imagined, so poor and prosaic beside the dreams of heroic action and glory which he had conceived. There was nothing in it to inspire, nothing to keep alive the earlier emotional sense which had fired him, that he was upon a deed of heroism, likely, whether successful or not, to make him famous. He sat down in a chair at one end of the verandah, overwhelmed with gloom. The glow had passed out of his brain, leaving him no hope, no warmth, nothing but cold ashes of thought, the full, chilly realisation of the facts. He strove again to put a mist between himself and them; to think that he might have exaggerated the danger altogether; that the men might only wish to pillage without doing murder; that his scheme might already have succeeded and his enemies have taken flight; or that help might yet come and relieve him. But no twist or turn of thought availed to give him any comfort or encouragement. The surest probability was that they were merely creeping

round under cover of the ridge to reconnoitre, or lengthen their line of fire. There was not a doubt that his peril was great. How great, how immediate, and how long it might continue he could not hope to know till the end came. Nor—and this was the most maddening thought—could he do anything to oppose or meet it half way: he could only sit and wait, without stirring, for its development, praying that this might be speedy.

The moments passed—ten—fifteen—twenty—thirty—and nothing happened. From above the sun frowned down upon him in joyous pride of strength, savagely indifferent to his trouble, seeming, as he thought, to be centring its power upon the spot where he sat; burning his brain to feverish giddiness; parching his throat; and bringing streams of perspiration out upon his body. He tried to dismiss his anxiety, to divert his thoughts from the danger by studying the movements of a little green lizard that hopped and ran among the rifles on the wall. But the effort, half-consciously suggested by stories of adventure, was unnatural and futile: he knew that nothing could avail to shut out or even lessen his fear.

Again and again he looked and listened for some hint of his enemies' intention, but always in vain. No sound broke the quiet of the afternoon; all winds were at peace; nothing stirred, nothing happened, no sign of man's presence met his eye. And when he scanned the great expanse before him, it was only to see the changing lights come and go in stately pageant over plain, valley, and mountain; only to be mocked by a distant forest fire, the smoke of which, rising into



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 129

the motionless air, seemed to taunt him with its sense of peace and security from trouble.

Harder and harder grew his task. The suspense, the terror, the craving for human companionship, and the feeling that at any moment a hundred rifles might crash out their message of death told terribly on his nerve. Time after time he made up his mind that if relief did not come within the minute he must give in, and time after time he gripped his faculties for the trial and forced himself to stay. For long he bore the strain and strove to keep down his fears. For long he succeeded and crushed them as they came. But at last a feeling grew upon him that his power of endurance was exhausted, and that he literally could not continue without relief.

Of this there was only one form procurable: namely—whisky. The bottle stood on a table at the other end of the verandah. Dare he rise to fetch it?

Any movement seemed to him likely to provoke the mutineers' fire, and therefore a danger almost too grave to be faced. But the greater fear proved too strong for the less. He felt that he could not go on for another moment without some aid, and at last he rose and walked, trembling, but with well-acted nonchalance, along the verandah to the table.

Barely two inches' depth of the spirit remained in the bottle, and this was warm, almost hot, through standing in the full glare of the sun. But it was whisky; it was life! It would give him courage, hope, perhaps oblivion, at least temporary relief. He raised the bottle to his mouth and gulped at it eagerly till it was dry.

Ah, how it brought the fire into his blood and spurred his courage! He thanked the gods that he was a light drinker, and so ill as to be easily affected. Danger! What of danger now? Who was he to run before the riff-raff of a native Company? No, no; that little dose of fighting powder was all that he required. He was a soldier now, a fighter, a hero, a conqueror, a man!

He returned to his chair with flushed face, mind stupidly elate, and jaunty walk. For a moment he had succeeded. The sense of realities had gone from him. The spirit, working more and more fiercely in his brain, gave him power to forget and to imagine. He lost the feeling of fear and began once more to think, in feverish bliss, of the wonderful head-lines which would celebrate his deed. "Splendid exploit by a British Official." "Saves his Station by bluff." "A clever ruse." "Probable reward by the Government." "A testimonial suggested"—such were the foolish flotsam and jetsam that came and went through his mind, washed to and fro by turgid imagination, shutting out all other thought and feeling. And they made him happy, happier than at any other moment of the afternoon; for he believed and was able to lose himself in his dreams, and under their spell to escape his fear.

But the illusion, after lasting its natural term, passed; leaving in its place a gloom of intensity and depth proportionate to the delight that had gone before. The fires waned, the glow faded away; and despondency, swooping upon him like a black storm-cloud, seemed to choke him as he stood. Swiftly



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 131

once more the awful horrors of his position—the fear, the long waiting, the uncertainty, the solitude which was no solitude—rolled down like a fog and oppressed him with their ghastly meaning. They seemed to suffocate him, to chill every faculty to death. Misery grew upon misery: the strain tightened; the craving for any issue, death itself rather than uncertainty, became more and more sharp and insatiable.

But nothing lightened his suffering. Calmly and without event the slow afternoon crept on, warm and smiling, as it were, and yet a rack tearing him fibre from fibre, creaking with laughter at his pains. No sign or sound of movement came to comfort him, no message of hope or whisper of possible safety brought him consolation. Nothing stirred; nothing happened; the world seemed empty of the human race.

Nothing? Were the hours altogether still and eventless?

No. One incident came, late in the afternoon, that gave him a moment of respite from the torment of uncertainty; but only to add certainty to his fear, and destroy the faint hope which he had tried to nourish that he might have exaggerated or even imagined the danger.

As he sat there, his attention was suddenly caught by a few rock rabbits, which, from feeding quietly near the brow of the ridge to his left, started to scuttle for their lives towards the *boma* wall. This was not in the direction of their holes, which, he noticed, they only sought after making a semi-circuit towards him; and the inference, only too obvious, was, that they were flying before some foe who had suddenly appeared,

climbing up the ridge. It was but a hint, but there was only one possible way of reading it. The mutineers were still prowling near him, probably extending their line of fire. Death still sat outside the door waiting for a suitable moment to open it and strike him down.

This last realisation of the danger which still threatened him completed his despair. He knew now that there could be no hope for him, and strove to resign himself to death, convinced that it could only be a question of time. But, try as he would to think of it calmly, and gain comfort from the thought that he could at least die assured of fame; the passion of protest against Fate and the craving for life gnawed at his heart as acutely as ever, excluding all thought of calm compliance with her will. He was seized, on the contrary, with a bitter sense of her injustice and the cruelty under which he laboured. The causes of his distress seemed to have been so unnecessary, so easily avoidable, so entirely the fault of others. What man of any tact or discretion, he thought with burning anger, could have failed to see that Soudanese troops could not be trifled with? A single moment's attention to their grievances would have conciliated them; a word at the right time would have made all the difference between obedience and revolt, between peace and disaster, between life and death to him.

And because, as he angrily presumed, no such word had been spoken, and the blunder, so easy to avoid, had been unpardonably made; he, a civilian, whose task it was to live peacefully doing the work of his Station, was doomed to die. His mind seethed with anger,



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 133

passion to be revenged, remonstrance against his fate and the men who had caused it. Nor did any sympathy with their disaster balance and mitigate his rage. The hermit's life of a lonely Station, morbid and unhealthy as it had been in his case, had so far developed the individual in him and extinguished the social as to stunt the growth of much *esprit-de-corps*. In happier circumstances he would no doubt, like other men, have plunged into any work, however alien, when emergency called for a pull together. But as it was, the only thought of others that entered his mind was a desire to be revenged on them, and his most prominent feeling anger at his inability to do so.

Judge him not too harshly. His life had given him little cause to love his fellow-men. If his thought of them was mean, his action was not. Few could have had a harder task than he to stay at his post in such danger. He stayed.

A happier time arrived for him when at last he became too numbed by the constant strain to feel it acutely, and passed into that state of indifference to life and death which men often experience after going through some hours of danger. Fortunately this condition of mind endured, and overcame him so completely as almost to shut out perception of his surroundings. No change or movement of the elements attracted his attention. The sun sank to the west amidst a cloud of blushes, and drove the shadows from the wall right up to his feet without gaining his notice. The lights grew weaker and rosier, and the wind began to whisper, but he never saw that the day was beginning to fail. Happy in insensibility, he sat on,

dazed and rigid with the long strain, and dead to all that went on around him. Time passed without his knowledge: he was barely conscious of existence.

Not till plain tokens—the gathering gloom and chill in the air—came to tell him distinctly of night's approach did he realise what had happened—that the day had worn to its close and his ordeal was almost at an end. Then he woke—to the old anxiety and tingling fear indeed, but now to something more—to hope, a feeling which he was almost afraid to contemplate; but which, strange as it was to him, he had obviously better grounds for entertaining now than before. About ten minutes, he calculated, remained before darkness would completely blot out the scene. In that ten minutes what would happen? Had he really succeeded in preventing the attack, and saving his life and the Station? Or was his enemy still lurking in wait for him, determined as ever upon his death? The latter seemed impossible. The mutineers would surely not have waited so long to take action only in the last moments of the day. There was something absurd in the thought that he had endured so much only to die at the end of it all. They must have gone; and yet—they might merely be waiting for the cover of night to make their attack. He grasped feverishly at the brighter forecast and strove to believe in it, but with scanty success. When coldly analysed it seemed no more probable than the gloomier one. He began to think with an access of his old despair that his position had in no way improved.

But this phase did not last for long. Hope came



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 135

leaping into his mind with a vigour and spirit which would not be denied and seemed to insist that it was based on reality. The sense that good news was in the air took possession of him. He felt the joy of battle once more, and thrust down his fears. Courage came to him with the passing of the minutes; and before long he made up his mind to fling the challenge once for all to his enemies, and ascertain what he had to anticipate during the night.

With this end in view, though it was an impulse that he obeyed rather than a deliberate intention, for he had no definite plan, he rose from his chair and began to scan the plain before him in the hope of seeing some indication of his enemies' presence. Right and left he peered through the gathering darkness—only to find it, at first, still and featureless as ever. But after a minute or two a glint of hope came into his eye, and a second later he was trembling with excitement. For there, over the road, which ran like a brown furrow across the green surface of the plain, a little cloud of dust was rising—rising and travelling away, now at some two miles' distance towards the south: and it meant—what might it not, must it not, mean?

Unable to believe in such good fortune, he rushed into the house for his field-glasses, hurried out again, and put them with quivering fingers to his eyes.

Yes, he was right. One glance was enough to show him that he had won the day. The great reward of his heroism had come. He saw all and more than all that he had ever dared to hope. The dust was caused by a straggling group of khaki-clad

men—a hundred and fifty at least, he thought—who were hurrying away, with many a backward glance at the *boma*, evidently in full flight and fearing pursuit.

A torrent of thankfulness and relief poured into his soul as he saw, and grasped, and looked again to certify, the golden evidence of his success. He burned with the joy of the man who has won against great odds, seeing his difficulties to the full, and knowing what it has cost to face and overcome them. He felt that he had devised a great scheme, risked a great danger and won a great victory. He had won it, who was known and knew himself only as a coward and weakling. No one should ever think thus of him again. He had done something. The grit and good in him had come at last to the surface. He felt that he was a man.

So, somewhat theatrically, and with a glow of pride and self-approval—pardonable perhaps in the circumstances—he revelled in the triumph of his scheme. An ecstasy of pleasure came to him as deep and vivid as his misery of the last few hours. He took a second and last glance at his enemies, now almost hidden by the quick fall of night, and satisfied himself that their flight continued. Then, passing into the house, he began to satisfy the hunger of which he now for the first time became keenly conscious.

The craving for sleep, however, very soon overpowered all other feelings; and faint with heat and fatigue he left the table for his bedroom, and flinging off his clothes, threw himself on his bed, naked but for a pyjama jacket, and carelessly indifferent to the





A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 137

risk of fever. A few moments passed while he thought once more over the dreads and glories of the day; then, spent with exhaustion, he turned on his side and sank into a deep sleep.

.

Three hours passed, four hours, five, and still he slumbered on, untroubled by dreams, tranquil as the night around him. Then towards midnight, when the moon had come to her full power and all the world lay at rest beneath a coverlet of silver haze, something seemed to break into his sleep and scatter it into a hundred flying dreams, all darkened by a sense of coming disaster. A dense gloom rolled over him, threatening, as he thought, a frightful danger which it hid from his sight. He strove to penetrate the thick veils of fog, but strove in vain. They clung round him inexorably, blinding and choking him till he gasped for breath; then, rising suddenly, dissolved into a throng of spectres, some huge as mountains, others tiny as moths, which flitted in uncountable number about his bed. He tried to dismiss them from his mind, to ignore them, to scatter them; but on and on they came, crowding faster and faster through the doors and windows; now rising from the ground; now gliding down with a rustle of wings from the roof; now creeping through chinks of the wall, now wriggling along the floor in the form of snakes that became bayonets as they drew near. "Shut them out, shut them out," cried a voice, "they are death and the press-gang of hell," and, the dream growing wilder and wilder, he ran to obey, banging doors and shutters and driving home bolts and locks, till it seemed as

though the room must be impenetrable and he could sleep without fear of disturbance.

But there was no peace in store for him. Half believing that he had beaten them, his sleep became calm, but only to be broken again almost at once. He dreamed that the room was once more thickly peopled with ghosts; and strive as he would he could not keep them out. Through chinks of the doors and windows, through the mortar-filled crevices of the walls, through the very stones themselves they swept on and would not be checked. Hammer and build, strike and stamp, fight against them as he might, he could not keep them back. Weapons went through them, walls would not stop them, closed doors and windows could not panel them out. Swift and evasive as the winds, they rushed on in ever-gathering hordes: until at last, when they seemed to choke the whole room, they ceased to move, and mustering in vague ranks about him, began to whisper some low chant. From a whisper it grew to a moan, from a moan to a thunder of wailing. Then suddenly it dropped to silence—a silence that seemed to portend imminent death. A freezing air chilled him to the bone. He had to gasp and struggle for his breath. And then, all at once, his surroundings faded into space, and he woke with a start—to realise that he had been wandering in dreams.

"Thank God, it was only a dream," he thought, as his mind stumbled back to realities; then, "Fever again. Cold—pitch dark. I must have quinine. Where are the matches?"

He reached for them upon a table that stood by



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 139

his bed, failed to find any, and began to debate whether he would not wait till morning for the medicine. But the cold deciding him against this course, he prepared to rise, and was in the act of doing so, when a sound broke upon his ears that chilled him through and through with fear—the sound as he thought of men's muffled breathing.

In the room? And real? He held his breath and listened intently, stilling all sound except the thumping of his heart. It seemed so. And yet how could it be? No one could have come in without his knowledge. Nor was there any one to come. No, no, the impression was absurd, a mere relic of his dream which the brain had not yet thrown out. Give it a moment and it would pass. He waited, to make sure that his brain was clear, then listened again more intently than ever.

The sound still went on.

Quivering from head to foot, he gave himself another moment or two, and listened once more, striving to believe that he had been mistaken.

No, there was no doubt about it. The room was full of a faint noise, unmistakably caused by muffled breathing. And the cold was due to a draught from the door, standing open!

Light, light! Anything now for light. He rose as noiselessly as possible, and was in the act of sitting up to fetch some matches from the mantelpiece, when suddenly some one moved by his bed, sought his face in the darkness, gripped him over the mouth and hurled him on his back. He uttered a wild scream of terror and tried to start up, but found that he was

powerless, his head firmly held, his mouth stuffed with a dirty cloth.

Mad with the panic of coming death he struggled and fought with superhuman power to rise, only to find every limb pinned fast by invisible hands to the bed. He strove to break away; tossed, twisted, and plunged to wrench himself free; got one arm loose and for a moment had a ray of hope, for his fist crashed into some invisible mouth and he heard its owner curse as he staggered back. But it was only for a moment. Soon he was down again and past all hope of escape, for he was irresistibly held at every point, and half smothered beneath the weight of many bodies.

Another moment passed—a moment of faintness and desperate exhaustion. Then the silence of his unseen enemy was broken by a whispered order. Some one moved, made a slight noise as though picking a rifle from the ground, and came back to his bedside. The sharp point of a bayonet touched his leg, groped its way up; drew back for one ghastly second; then lunged forward with a furious drive. And the next moment John Lambert, coward and hero, newly welded into a man, with all the better part of his life to come and the love and happiness for which he had longed almost within his touch, lay writhing and sobbing in the agonies of death. His ordeal was at an end. He had played his part. A bolt in the Great Design had been driven to its place.

Miss Carpenter sat quietly at home in a small bed-sitting room in London, reading his latest letters,



A COWARD—AND HIS COURAGE 141

and thinking with a deep joy of the happiness which they were soon to share. Now, after three years, her long wait was almost over. Only forty days had to be crossed off the calendar before they would meet. Only forty days!

SHOOTING.

To wake at dawn with the glad sense that for once in seven days no moment is due to the ordering of accounts, the chastening of black men, or the receipt of custom; to don sere clothes, worn and colourless with age and many crawlings on the plain: to find in the dim light five muffled figures waiting in silence for their orders; to hand them out their burdens, gun to one, rifle to another—with minatory instructions not to carry them, as all Swahilis will, with the butt thrown over the shoulder and a bending strain on the barrel—to the rest, luncheon, water-bottle, camera, field-glasses and cartridges; to send them on their slow way to the starting-point of the day's sport; to breakfast with the joy of freedom from work, and ride away while the sun is still cool and every blade of grass is gemmed with dew—all these are doings of great delight to heart, brain and body, bracing them with the joy of exercise, holiday and sport, soothing and healing the tired places of the mind.

The morning sky shines clearly, but without undue heat, as I finish breakfast and stroll out to find my pony waiting at the door in charge of Hamis, splendidly apparelled to celebrate this red-letter day. Before the sun has parched all freshness from the earth and air I am off and away to join the bearers

at the limits of the Reserve—a circle of four and a-half miles round this, as round all other Stations, within which by a malignant, unreasonable law no gun may be fired. I pass a herd of gazelle, a jackal or two, numberless geese who rise into flight at my approach, a few *fisi* stealthily trotting away before me with a backward glance of fear, and a host of egrets fluttering from knoll to knoll to gather their food among the deep grass of the marshes. Hamis walks behind me, his god-like dignity more pronounced than ever to-day; for has he not the charge of bearing my rifle when we begin the chase? And besides that the control of those five degraded beings—mere beasts of burden beside himself—who must carry my luncheon and other common loads to the starting-point. Truly, yes; and the varlets shall learn that though of the same breed and blood as he, they are but as slaves beside him, the skilled body-servant of the *Bwana 'Mkubwa*.

By the time my pony has walked sedately through the Reserve—which I believe he detests quite as much as I do, certainly more than Hamis and his fellows, who accept it stolidly, and with no small reason, as one more evidence of the "Inglesi's" lunacy—the sun is high in the sky, setting a roof and walls of heat about us and threatening to scorch us still more unmercifully later in the day. I catch sight of the bearers lying apparently asleep beneath the skirts of a spreading thorn-bush, and move towards them, hoping for an opportunity of startling them to life. But for once I am disappointed, they are very much awake, leap to their feet as I approach, and run for-

ward, frantically pointing to a herd of antelope at a few hundred yards' distance.

"*Thomsi, bwana, thomsi!* (Thomsonii)" they shout, with wild gesticulations and such thunder of voices that the "*Thomsi*" referred to instantly start into flight. "*Piga, piga!* (Shoot, kill, strike, have at them!)." I am supposed to give them credit for their keenness; which in point of fact certainly equals, if it does not exceed, my own. But their reason for this feverish excitement? Alas, how we descend! It is but a distant cousin to any idea of patient effort and manœuvring, paid with the golden wages of success. Meat and meat only is at the bottom of their anxiety. If I shoot well they will fare delicately on blocks of meat far into the night; and if I am really a good sportsman and slay more than one animal, there may even be meat left for breakfast. But if I stalk well but shoot ill, so that there is no meat, then the day is wasted. Common prudence therefore cries out that I be urged to slay the first game that comes to hand. Meat is business.

I am after no fierce game such as lion or leopard to-day, being indeed much more likely to suffer death at their hands than to deal it. But I decline to take any notice of "*Thomsi*" so early in the morning. If '*mpala*, harte-beest, and water-buck all fail, and I have nothing for the larder by five o'clock, these lesser antelope may be assailed with a good conscience. But they are a poor and easy prey beside the others, barely worth the powder expended on them, and must only be slain as a last resource to save a blank day. So, taking no notice of my

followers' counsel, I ride on, Hamis driving them with a volley of imprecations into line behind me, where they trudge along, silently lamenting that I cannot be brought to take a saner and more practical view of "sporti".

The plain is emptier of game than is usual to-day; for the rain, causing a sufficiency of water to gather among the hills, has taken away the need for most animals to remain near the lake; and for a mile or two I ride on without seeing a living creature except the gazelle which I have already rejected. Indeed it looks as though I shall find none at all. But at last I catch a glimpse through some scattered juniper trees of a flush of deep red, then of another, and another, which I know to betoken '*mpala*'; and pulling up at once, I dismount carefully, hand over the pony to the boys, and bid them stop and lie down.

A walk of another fifty yards brings me in full view of the herd—now a little more than a quarter of a mile distant. I kneel down, direct Hamis to obliterate himself, and take a long look at them through the glasses. They are twenty or thirty strong, and feeding quietly with all the confidence of complete security. But, alas! among them all I can see only three horned heads, the rest are does or their young—'*mtotos*', as Hamis would say—to fire at whom would be crime unpardonable: and unhappily horned heads and hornless are so inextricably huddled together that there seems but little chance of getting a clear shot at the former. On the other hand, I am lucky in my ground. Scattered bushes and trees will give me cover up to a point within three

hundred yards of my game, and after that grass a foot or two high. So I decide that they are worth trying for and set about stalking them.

Hamis gives me my rifle and glasses, and I start at a slow walk, dodging from bush to bush with extreme care to move only when none of the herd are looking. Five minutes pass. I have made some way. And as they still continue to feed quietly, I begin to have hopes of getting quite near them without detection. But I am soon undeceived. '*Mpala* are notoriously shy—perhaps the shyest of all antelope—and divine the coming of danger by instinct long before they can see it. So I am not surprised to find that, despite all my care, they begin to show signs of fear before they can possibly have caught sight of me. One doe after another raises her head, sniffs and looks intently in my direction. The bucks, less easily alarmed, feed on complacently, caring nothing for such vague dangers and quite indifferent to their family's anxiety; and the '*mtotos*, still more contemptuous of peril, trot out towards me brimming with curiosity. But the ladies of the herd are thoroughly disturbed, and spend ten or twelve minutes at attention listening and looking anxiously around them. At last they make up their minds that the danger has passed, and return slowly to their meal. I give them a few more minutes to recover completely from their alarm: then, having come to the end of my friendly shelter of bushes, prepare to cross the open ground that intervenes before I can come within a good citizen's range of my game. Here there is no sort of cover except thin grass,

varied only by a few tufts, and I have to decide reluctantly to travel the remainder of the way with the gait of a serpent and the speed of a snail.

Down on my hands and knees I go, and at first make comparatively rapid progress, the herd being still busy on their pasture. A wild hope even comes to me that I may be able to fare thus easily within shooting distance. But it soon proves too risky: the alarm spreads once more among the does: one after another looks up and begins a searching quest in my direction. And I have to resign myself to the unpleasant prospect of crawling flat on my chest for the remainder of the way.

Progress is slow; for I can only wriggle forward by inches. I thrust myself forward, now with arms and feet, now with arms alone, now with the knees and chest, now swimming fashion, now on my back; using every available combination of muscles and every means of movement, each, if possible, more laborious and unsatisfactory than the last. Every two yards I stop, drag up the rifle from where I have left it, push it out to the full arm's length in front of me; move on again, stop, reach back, and thrust it on once more. The sun beats down fiercely on my back; the dust rises in my face, packing eyes, nose, mouth, hair, ears, clothes, everything; I seem to collect thorns like a magnet; my throat is a desert. Half an hour passes, and by that time I have travelled a hundred yards—a poor result to all appearances, but not so unsatisfactory in reality; for though some of the does start up from time to time and gaze long and warily about them, they are on the whole less dis-

turbed than they were when I started. I cover another fifty yards with infinite labour; then, making sure that I am well concealed, turn on my back and take a rest.

Only a moment passes before I look round again: but in that moment, alas, the curtain comes down on Act I. of the piece. For when I turn, it is to find that both bucks and does have taken fright. They are moving slowly but steadily away from me, now walking or trotting a few paces, now stopping to look back, and giving me a vain hope that they will go no further; but never really checking their progress for long, and rendering my long journey on the ground entirely futile.

Do they all go? No, thank goodness; two of the bucks linger behind the others, happening apparently to find a patch of grass that suits them. They stop for a moment or two to feed upon it, while their families walk on alone. Will they stay long enough to give me a shot, or will petticoat influence prevail and draw them on? Hurrah! they stop. They eat steadily without looking up. Better still, one of them turns and shows me the whole breadth of his flank. Here is a chance—a long shot certainly, longer than I ought to try, for I am nearly a hundred and fifty yards away and my '*mpala*' is hardly still for a second. But this may be my one opportunity of getting a clear shot at him to-day, and it is too good to be missed. I settle down rapidly, full length on my chest to fire. No time to take a long aim. I thrust the butt quickly into my shoulder and strain for a moment to keep the sight fixed on



SHOOTING

149

the beast's shoulder. He moves. I follow him. He stops and puts his head down. I take a few seconds to steady the rifle; then a deep breath, a final grip of the stock, a touch on the hair-trigger; bang, flash, a humming in my ear: down with the rifle and up with the glasses. Alas! there is no need for them. The bullet is tearing up the dust a quarter of a mile away—in a dead straight line, so far as I can judge, over my beast's back—but well over it. And he himself is pelting off for dear life through the trees, with all his family—safe and sound, and none the worse except for a scare. I watch them with the glasses till they pass out of sight, throw out the empty cartridge, think in unprintable terms of my bad shooting and stand up to call Hamis forward.

He starts at once; but before he has come a dozen yards I hear a snort, a crash of sticks and a sound of galloping behind me. I look round, and there—by all that is wonderful—are my *'mpala* racing back, blind with terror, towards me, along the very track by which they went. Circling and swerving round the bushes, plunging to right or left, leaping fallen trees, red-eyed and panting with fear they come—a witless mob of fugitives—scattering and gathering again, leaderless and wild. I am down on the ground in a second, and make the most of such cover as I can find; but with little hope of escaping unseen, since this consists of nothing more serviceable than thin grass. As it happens, however, no further concealment seems to be necessary. For, so blind is their flight, all of them come within twenty yards, and some even so close that they almost gallop over me,

tempting me horribly to try a flying shot. But this, of course, is not to be thought of, and I have to be content with lying still and muttering earnest imprecations. They whirl and circle for a minute or two among the trees, then pass out of sight; and I rise, with no sort of feeling of charity for man or beast, to seek lunch and rest, quite resigning all hope of seeing my game again.

But there is another surprise in store; for even as I rise and turn towards Hamis, he signs to me excitedly to lie low; and creeping up shows me that after all they have not gone far, but have stopped barely three hundred yards away, where they now stand, scared and anxious, striving to fathom the meaning of the danger. The luck is with me; they have stopped in a place which is easily approachable along a deep, dry nullah. I hurry down into its bed, slip along as quietly as possible, and stop where a break in its right bank allows me to creep up to the level of the plain and take observations.

These give me a joy as deep as my despair of a few minutes ago. For I find that the whole herd are moving towards me in single file, parallel with the bank of the nullah, on a course that must bring them across my line of sight, only fifty yards away. I am well hidden, all but head and shoulders, below the bank, and have a rare chance in prospect if only I can get a clear shot at the horned heads.

But where are these? None are within sight. If they are coming at all they must be at the end of the line: and my only chance will be to wait, still as a rock, in the hope that none of the does will see

me, till they have all passed and one of the bucks comes directly opposite to me.

I dare not turn my head towards them, much less move to a more favourable spot; even now the leading does are so close that it is not safe to stir hand or foot. Nearer and nearer they draw, now stopping to eat for a moment, now walking a few paces forward, doe after doe with their young beside them, but never among them all the bucks whom I want to see. At last, by squinting desperately out of one eye, I manage to catch sight of the three horned heads at the extreme end of the file. But now the leading doe, who has taken a course nearer to me than I expected, is scarcely forty yards away, and I dare not turn a hair's-breadth to right or left. Nearer she comes—thirty yards—twenty yards—surely I am safe now: if she were going to see me at all she would have done so by this time. She stops almost opposite me; she lowers her head to the ground; she begins to eat; others move up to join her. I lie motionless, almost afraid to breathe, hoping against hope that I may still escape notice. She passes by; the little knot who are with her pass; a dozen or more follow, some scattering, some coming even nearer than she, but none of them happily catch sight of me, and now, at last, the first buck is only forty yards away.

I settle the butt of my rifle a little closer to the shoulder, finger the trigger, and decide to turn suddenly and snap at him with but a moment's aim.

Ten seconds—to make sure that none of the does are looking—then I press the trigger. But, alas! it

is never drawn home; for just as I am in the act of firing I hear a thunder of hoofs, rustle of bushes, and scamper of flying forms. At the last moment one of the does has seen me, and, wild with fear, is tearing away through the wood, followed by her sisters, and also, of course, by the bucks—whom, with but one second's grace, I might have reduced from three to two. They will travel a couple of miles or more this time before coming to a halt, and there is no chance of seeing them again to-day. My morning is a blank. The meat for which my boys looked to me is yet to seek. And nothing remains but to rail at my ineptitude and the unkind dealings of fortune.

Kill or no kill, however, it is mid-day now and time for a rest; the sun alone forces one to take shelter; and the long crawl after my game with its luckless end has given me a thirst and exhaustion which decline to be neglected. Shade, lunch, tobacco; a long and extensive drink; and then a book are what I want, and may I never touch rifle or gun again. I find a cool place beneath a spreading tree; and while my boys retire in silent gloom to a respectful distance, turn my attention, also in silent gloom, to the *sanji* (sandwiches) which my cook has thought fit to send for my luncheon. Ill-temper and discontent reign supreme over the party. Even Hamis, who is usually unruffled by any mishap, looks at me with pain and reproof. There is no meat as yet, and many chances have been thrown away. I am a fraud and a failure, beyond the reach of good advice. What in all nature is the use of such a *bwana*?

I eat leisurely and drink largely, for the dust and heat have made a desert in my throat; then summon Hamis to bring me my book. It chances to be the *Egoist* to-day, and he does not attempt to conceal his opinion that it is a disgustingly bad piece of work—weighing as it does little short of two pounds. If I really must have such luxuries with me when I am out—under contract, so to speak, to procure meat—why in the name of fortune cannot I take a really good book like *Kidnapped*, which (in small print and on bad paper) weighs but a quarter of that figure, being, to make a confession, the product of a New York den of pirates. By way of registering a protest, I suppose, against such infamous self-indulgence he affects inability to find the book at first, determined that if I get it at all I shall at least be made to wait for it. But I am in no mood to stand delay; hasten his movements with a dire threat; and, the *Egoist* once in my hands, settle down to it and a pipe for a good hour of rest and relief; feeling, if the truth must be told, far more inclined to follow the fortunes of Sir Willoughby than to face another crawl under the immolating mid-day sun.

At length, conscience beginning to growl at me that I have had my share of ease, I give the word "*Hai-ya!*"—which means so much more to a Swahili than its bald English brother "Come on!" that I dare not attempt to translate it. My boys instantly leap to their feet; dance round each other, laughing and playing like dogs fresh from their kennel; leap upon the face and stomach of one of their company

who is still asleep—and now no longer sleeps—shoulder their loads with a jest, and display themselves before me, in readiness to march, with such spirit and buoyancy as come to most men only after a good night's sleep. Such is the result of "*Hai-ya*" on them, and from this you may gather some notion of the word's true significance to the Swahili. Though not by any means all; for how shall white men understand a word that imbues him with superhuman zeal and energy for nearly half-an-hour? Only *kiboko*—that Kitchener of the Swahili language—has such powerful effects, and this is a threat of violence. "*Hai-ya*" obviously has in it some element of the supernatural.

"*Hai-ya*" having been sounded, we leave our lunching ground and start with new hope and energy, Hamis disposing his inferiors in single file as before, with menacing instructions to keep their distance if they would keep their skins whole, and himself taking up a position half-way between them and my pony, as though to provide a breakwater between them—the abominable common people—and me, the representative of all power. Some distance is covered thus without our catching a glimpse of any game; and the sun frowning upon us with intolerable force, I soon begin to wish myself back under the trees with my book and pipe. But at last, unexpectedly, the luck changes. As we mount to the crest of the ridge we see a sprinkling of sandy dots—*harte-beest*, unmistakably—only a mile away on the dun grey plain before us. Instantly, but slowly, and with considerable caution, since a swift movement on



SHOOTING

155

the sky-line might startle them to flight, we bend to the ground : and lying down among the stones begin to take stock of what we have seen.

The glasses show a herd of two dozen harte-beest or more feeding quietly together, guarded at each corner by sentinels posted at about three hundred yards' distance. One of these by ill-luck is facing us : indeed it looks as though he had already taken fright, for he raises his head and walks a few steps forward to make out what we are. Then, though unable to see any sign of danger, he trots to and fro in evident alarm, and finally stands looking at us and listening so intently and for so long that we almost despair of escaping his notice. Will he see us? The question hangs in the balance for a minute or two; for though we are lying low, we are in a very exposed position on the brow of the ridge; and if we stir at all he is almost bound to see the movement : in which case he will at once be off and away to warn his fellows and set them travelling further than we can follow this afternoon. Five minutes, ten minutes go by before he relaxes his vigilance. Then at last he slowly bends his head to the ground, and sets himself once more to his pasture. Good, we are so far unseen. We creep carefully down our side of the ridge till we are hidden from his view, then "park" the bearers and the pony, and I and Hamis creep back to the crest and take a look at the ground.

We find that we can move safely within half a mile of him by making a detour round the end of our ridge. The wind, such as it is, favours us.

And we make all haste to a point where the lie of the land can no longer serve us. There we part company, Hamis being ordered into concealment, and I starting upon my long journey over the open plain.

I begin by walking forward very slowly, with my rifle at the trail, stopping absolutely still for minutes together when there seems to be any risk of detection. Harte-beest can often be more easily approached thus, in the upright position, than in any stealthier fashion; and to-day, the luck apparently favouring me, I get along so well as even to form hopes that I may not have to crawl at all. But I am soon disillusioned, and have not travelled more than a hundred yards when he suddenly divines my approach. I see him look up, turn, stretch out his head towards me to the full height, his whole neck and body stiff and alert with excitement, his eyes straining to discern the danger. He sees nothing, for I am down on the ground and motionless long before his eyes have turned in my direction; but he has taken fright now, and keeps them fixed on the ground about me. I lie still for a quarter of an hour or so, hoping that he may regain confidence and settle once more to his pasture; but I hope in vain: he trots a few paces to one side, stops, whisks his tail about—a sure sign of disturbance—trots on again, again stops, peering towards me; and finally settles into a position directly facing me—a development which means that I must crawl the remainder of the way on my chest.

There is no cover to help me but the thinnest of thin grass, barely a foot high. He will keep a close

watch upon me every inch of the way; and the question arises, is he worth so much trouble? Let us have a look at him with the glasses. Yes, distinctly. There is a fine pair of horns branching out over the great ears—a cow's horns one might guess them to be, over a mule's ears. He is well worth the effort: and deciding to try for him I start at once upon the abhorrent task of creeping like a reptile to within firing distance, surly and full of anathemas that I must wriggle all the way. Nor do I think any better of the journey when I find that it must be performed even more slowly than usual, since my beast scarcely relaxes his watch for a second. Once in five minutes perhaps he looks aside, and I am lucky enough to win a dozen yards or so on my feet; but then for twice as long he keeps his eyes fixed intently on me, and I must lie still as a log, with even my face glued to the earth lest he catch sight of some speck of colour among the grass. So I progress with unbounded tedium and discomfort for nearly forty minutes.

Then I am within about as many yards of firing distance. Which is satisfactory, but means that I must exercise even more care than hitherto, since the nearer I draw the more likely I am to be seen. For minutes together the brown face with the keen eyes remains set in my direction; and, lying inert half the time, I seem to make hardly any advance at all. I do, however, get over the ground by degrees, and at the end of twenty minutes find myself at length within the distance required of a gentleman fighting a gentleman.

The luck, too, favours me this afternoon. For as I arrive within range, my beast is so good as to turn aside for a moment and show me his whole flank from end to end. This is a good chance indeed. I am not so near to him as I ought to be—two hundred yards away at least—but I am never likely to get any nearer, and feel that this will probably be my one opportunity. I decide instantly to make the most of it; and, drawing up my rifle, put it to the shoulder and take a long, long aim.

Now, ten seconds more. My beast has been standing on this particular spot for nearly an hour, in this broadside position for a hundred seconds. Surely he will stay for a hundred and ten. No, it appears, he will not. Just as I have steadied the sight securely on his heart, have put my finger to the trigger and am almost in the act of pressing it, he tosses his head jauntily aside and begins to trot away. Further and further, hang him! he goes, moving only at a trot, certainly—which means that he may not travel far—but still at a steady trot. Trot, trot—a plague on him—how he trots! I am up and after him the instant he starts, and manage to make fifteen or twenty yards occasionally at a run, while he is still trotting; but the risk of doing so soon proves too great, for he looks back from time to time, and if he saw me now would certainly give me no second chance of coming near him. I still have to spend the main part of my time flat on the ground, and he trots on relentlessly till he has left me fully three hundred yards in the rear.

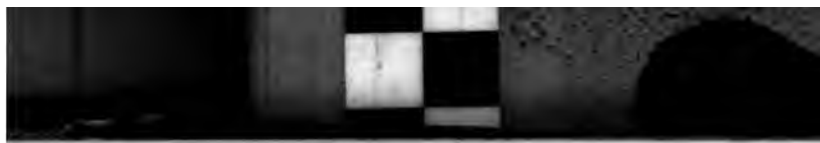
Then at last he stops, feeling that he is safe;

and I toil after him as before with infinite labour. In the course of twenty minutes I have covered a quarter of that distance. Nearer I dare not go. I find a little friendly cover behind a tuft of grass, and wait patiently in the hope that he will give me a broadside shot. Ten minutes pass, and still he is looking out anxiously over me, giving me no better target than his face. But still I wait, and at length I get what I want. He turns his head, his neck, his body, his whole flank towards me. Now is my chance. I put the rifle to my shoulder without a moment's delay, and give him, I should be ashamed to say how hasty an aim. Ten seconds pass—in fifteen he may be off and away. The rifle rings out. Flash, crack, echoes, and, praise to all the gods, a dull thud. I have him at last. He starts frantically, stands shivering for a moment, then reels round on his hind legs and plunges into a wild, stumbling gallop. Is he only wounded, then? Have I still a long journey in pursuit? No, thank goodness, no. The glasses show that he can never travel far, for his shoulder is maimed and will do him no more service. He keeps going for seventy or eighty yards, losing strength with every stride, then comes to a sudden halt. Running after him, I kneel and give him a second bullet, which proves to be all that is needed. He tries to stumble on, but sinks helpless over his wounded shoulder, and by the time I have come up has ceased to breathe.

I watch the remainder of the herd, for whom he has died so gallantly, bounding away over the plain, terror-stricken but safe. And I suppose I ought to

feel deeply sorry for my victim. But, let it be frankly confessed, I do not feel anything of the sort. My first instinct is one of relief and satisfaction at having triumphed at last, all the deeper because my success has come so late: and my second, and only other, is a monstrous thirst, which, happily, is relieved without delay. For Hamis soon makes his appearance, rising, it would seem, out of the very ground behind me; and he gives me my flask with rare good will, murmuring excitedly, "Gooshot, gooshot!" Then he sets to work with his knife; and I turn away to avoid seeing the carnage.

Unfortunately this is the last thing in the world I should do; for Hamis is least of all men to be trusted upon such a task; and I have had enough experience of his vagaries with the knife to teach me never to trust him with it again. But I forget my experience in the joy of victory, and when I look round it is to find that he has cut the beast's throat so close up under the jaw that the head and neck are already ruined as a trophy. Oh, Hamis, Hamis! If only you could occasionally forget this function—the only evidence I ever see that you have any religion. And oh, Mahomed! How many more trophies will you spoil through the hands of your devoted but clumsy worshippers? Cheerfully would I give tithes of all I possess to any mission which would abate this nuisance and substitute a less troublesome faith. But to-day, as too often, the mischief is done before I can intervene: the neck is spoilt; I shall only have the horns and bare skull without the mask; and only the skin of the body



SHOOTING

161

can be saved. I enjoin the utmost caution upon the bearers, who now rush up, beaming with delight and anxiety, to assist in the happy task of cutting up the body. They assure me that it is impossible for them to go wrong. And though I know that it is almost impossible for them to go right, I decide to take the risk. I wait a moment to see that at least they begin properly; then pack up rifle and cartridges, mount my pony and ride away *bomane* (home), tired but jubilant, and well satisfied with my day's sport.

THE GREAT WAR¹

BEING a document purporting to record history, found among the papers of one Jones, lately a District Officer in the province of Lunda, Africa; who describes a series of events in which it is difficult to believe, at a time which it is impossible to trace. The writing is now presented for the first time in a form suitable for family reading, together with an introduction by the Editor.

THE INTRODUCTION.

The Province of Lunda, though far more generously endowed by nature with the means of welfare, governed by officers of higher skill, character and daring, and in every way more deserving of attention and expenditure than her sister Province, is yet at a great disadvantage beside her in point of situation: for her eastern border, her sister's western, lies very remote from the sea; the latter's alongside it; and her capital, 'Nkedde, is situate eighty miles from a railway, five hundred from any harbour, and forty days' journey from London. Sombama, on the contrary, her sister's capital, lies within twenty days' journey from England; it is the principal seaport of that coast; and forming, in addition, one end of the railway that runs to Lunda, comes to be the only entrance of trade and travel to

¹ See Preface.

the two Provinces. It has a garrison, a cricket ground, a church, a bank, a market and, above all, a Club. As a town which has been well known for hundreds of years, and for many years the capital of a Province far older than ours, it is naturally the most important place in this quarter of Africa; and though we of Lunda can afford to look down upon our rival's poor country and pitiful ineptitude in the art of administration, we cannot deny that their capital is our metropolis, and the Sombama Club the golden centre of these regions.

In all this, however, we are unable to see any reason why they should regard themselves as standing upon a loftier plane than us. Because they have a longer tradition and a more developed system, is that a matter that justifies them in sniffing at men far more capable than they? Are they to be credited for the chance that Sombama lies nearer England than 'Nkedde? Though Lunda is but a child in years beside her sister Province, and has not yet outgrown the maladies of youth—such as tardiness of mail and transport service, and native risings—does this give them the right to brag of their own administration at the expense of ours? Certainly not. If any one is to do this, we are surely the persons so entitled; for no one, least of all our neighbours, could have done so much as we have, with little means and less time, in the task of pacifying and organising our territory. There seems little ground here for an attitude of condescension and insolence towards us. One would have expected, rather, a display of friendly respect and a desire to profit by our example. But in vain do we look for

such treatment. It is, on the contrary, their habit and pleasure to rail perpetually at our staff and country ; scoffing at our Budget ; sympathising with us, unmasked, on our sad distance from the world ; questioning whether a land can be adequately ruled under such difficulties ; and at times even passing to open insults, such as the question—often repeated, though none the more sensible for that—why the very small moiety of money allotted for both Provinces should be mainly expended upon ours. This last complaint, I need hardly say, is totally unfounded on fact ; but it is, nevertheless, worthy of mention because it is so typical of their attitude towards us—one of antagonism and bitterness—and so obviously a result of the sentiment underlying this attitude—jealousy. It is jealousy of our higher capacities and finer country that really makes them so aggressive and malicious. And it is this feeling that has influenced them to provoke our ill-will. Their one object in life seems to have been to pick a quarrel with us.

Now it takes two parties to make such a quarrel, and for a long time, being as determined upon peace as they were upon war, we managed to avoid it. Month after month they strove to provoke us ; but month after month we met all their attacks in a spirit of friendliness and courtesy. To their open insults we replied with soft answers ; to their pin-pricks without recognition of any sort. And so for a number of years we managed by a wonderful display of tact and good temper to avoid any breach of the peace. But of course we could not go on making concessions for ever. They were bent on war, and

war was bound to come. We did our best to prevent it, but we could not do more. And at length the series of encounters began, which owing to their unusual duration and bitterness—they lasted for more than four years and were conducted with unparalleled ferocity—earned the collective title of “The Great War”.

I will now without further preamble present Mr. Jones’ eloquent, searching and scholarly account of this huge campaign—the last, as it happily proved, of its kind, and the herald of an enduring peace. Our author will be found a pleasant companion, an accurate and reliable historian, and an impartial commentator on the events he describes. No fault can be found with his arrangement of the facts; his conception of history shows at once originality, power and breadth; his knowledge of the period and his sense of values are alike beyond praise. Obviously a man with a conscience.

Indeed for my part I have been able to find but one defect throughout his work, and that is rather a merit than a defect—arising from the fertility of his brain. His style, always cogent and expressive, does at times display a native vigour so marked that it might even appear to some indelicate. And in view of the fastidious taste of the age I have occasionally found it necessary to soften down or even omit expressions and passages of an unusually powerful character. The loss of lucidity and strength thus caused is certainly grave and to be regretted; but I can assure Mr. Jones’ readers that they will lose nothing of his matter and only a very little of his manner. The historical value of his work remains, as it always will remain, unchanged.

THE WRITING.

FOREWORD BY THE AUTHOR.

I, Jones, *Bwana 'Mkubwa* of the 'Nsai District, who record these things, had at the time of the Great War my Station upon the boundary which divides the two Provinces, and I was keeper of the gate to Lunda, because both the road and the railway thereto ran by my office and under my surveillance; and no man, sheep, whisky-barrel, cattle, provision, ivory, pig, pie-dog or Indian coolie might pass into or out of the land without my knowledge.

I, Jones, saw the whole course of the Great War and write what I saw—and heard. I hope that I shall be considered impartial.¹

ORIGIN OF THE WAR.

Certain corrupt and unscrupulous writers have asserted—at the instigation, no doubt, of our adversaries—that the Great War was started by the men of Lunda. They lie. The truth is that hostilities were opened by the men of That Other Province: but they arranged the attack in such a way as to make me appear to be the aggressor. I was not.

The origin of the War was a small matter. That Other Province had for many years been troubled by the presence of rinderpest; and every succeeding year had told a gloomier tale of pestilence and death. Efforts were made to stem the progress of the disease,

¹ Small doubt of that.—*Editor*.

but all in vain. The outlook grew blacker; the plague spread and spread; the officials responsible for its outbreak were unable to check its advance. Nature seemed to have done her worst, and the darkest hour of African history to have arrived. But it was reserved for a human agency to surpass nature, and render the hour still darker. The men of That Other Province, not content with neglecting the plague at its outset or preventing its spread, refused to admit its existence within their territory. No warning was issued to travellers. Not a line appeared in any Annual Report as to the state of the country or the number of cattle affected. Even Parliament, in a matter so closely concerning the stability of the Empire, was kept in ignorance of the trouble. And the secret was so well preserved that for years no one outside the two Provinces suspected the truth.

Plainly, however, such a state of things could not last. And at length, during my rule, at 'Nsai the plague became so virulent and extensive that its ravages could no longer be concealed: and it became necessary to take measures for guarding our own Province from infection. Therefore, I, Jones, *Bwana 'Mkubwa*, made it law that no beast, be it sheep, cow, goat, dog, mule, pig, horse, donkey or cat, should be allowed to pass over the border from That Other Province into Lunda; and the Gate was closed to all who would bring up cattle either by road or rail from the corrupt country. Which, as I have said, was a small matter. But the end of it was that Very Great Men resigned their posts, and a Question was asked in the High Court of Parliament.

It happened at the time I made this law that the men of That Other Province were already smarting and a little insolent in their tone towards us of Lunda, because a Supplementary Grant had been given to us lately, which to a narrow and untrained mind might have seemed unnecessary. That it was necessary I need hardly say; and I should not have mentioned the matter at all, but that it may in some measure have accounted for the peculiar bitterness of our adversaries' first attack upon us—their cable-gram to the Imperial Power. No sooner had I published the prohibition order than they sent such a message, containing the monstrous falsehood that their own Province was free of the plague, and that Lunda, being widely affected with it, had no cause, right or reason for excluding cattle from her borders. They cabled secretly. Their statement was untrue. But the Imperial Power did not know this, and merely replied, "Settle locally," without adding the stinging rebuke that seemed to be called for in the circumstances.

Failing thus to injure us by underhand methods, the enemy now appealed to me in person to revoke the order. I replied that I would resist to the utmost any attempt to hinder me in my duty. They renewed the appeal. I declined to notice it, hoping at all costs to avoid a rupture. They again repeated their application, and again I ignored it. No less than three times I warded off hostilities by refusing to answer them, and to the last I strove, and hoped against hope, for a friendly solution. But at length it became plain that this was impossible. They sent me a fourth

appeal; which I had no choice but to regard as a hostile act. The Great War had begun.

PERIOD No. I.

In the first beginning of the campaign there was only a time of local skirmishing. Having met with a reverse in their appeal to the Imperial Power, our adversaries were for a moment unable to find any effectual method of attack; for my order could not be questioned by any person outside the Lunda Administration or altered by any one at all except Mr. Smith our Chief Commissioner. So that beyond sending an impertinent appeal to him to revoke the new rule they could not take any legitimate action against the Province as a whole. Still, a great part of their object was to strike at me in person as well as at the service to which I belonged; and while waiting for Mr. Smith's reply they looked about for an opportunity of making such a personal attack.

Before long they found what they required. There is a third Great Power in these regions besides the two Provinces, namely, the Railway; which has in its constitution certain independent rights and liberties, whose limits, being vaguely defined, are capable of loose interpretation. Among these were certain special exemptions—the privilege, for instance, granted to engineers, of passing their goods over the frontier free of duty—which might easily be taken advantage of and used as a weapon of offence.

Naturally our enemies soon saw the value of such an opening, and hastened to use it to the utmost. They suborned certain engineers working

on the railway to claim exemption from my order for their cattle. Would I, these creatures had the impertinence to ask, allow them to import cattle by rail for the purpose of maintaining their supply of meat?

Would I, indeed? Was it likely that I should fail to see through their infamous scheme? Of course I refused to contemplate any such idea; and when they protested against my decision I told them very plainly that I considered their protest a grave breach of decorum. They continued to protest: in fact their repeated letters to me became quite a nuisance. But I stuck quite firmly to the course of dignified reticence demanded of me; and when the inevitable announcement came that they should appeal to Mr. Smith I merely replied that they had my permission to do so.¹

Their appeal was made with astounding mendacity. They had the insolence to allege that if it were not complied with they would not only suffer grave inconvenience but would even risk starvation. I am afraid that if this statement were true they must have suffered no little discomfort; for Mr. Smith, who never liked to form a decision without mature thought, was unable to answer them for some weeks; and during that time they must either have lived on the richly flavoured meat of the indigenous goat or gone without animal food. I do not know which they did, it was not my duty to ascertain.²

¹ Here the MS. has much stronger words.—*Editor*.

² Those writers who assert that on reading the engineers' appeal Mr. Smith exclaimed, "Can't get meat indeed? Skittles! Let 'em do without," are not to be read with any confidence.—*Editor*.

Mr. Smith replied in due course, fully supporting my view of the case. But before proceeding to quote his dispatch and to narrate the events which arose out of it, I must make one brief remark with regard to his pre-existing relations with Brown, the Chief Commissioner of That Other Province.

Brown had preceded Mr. Smith in the management of Lunda, and, having failed there, ever afterwards regarded Mr. Smith's proportionate success with jealousy and rage. Brown had been unable to control the country even with the expenditure of vast sums: Mr. Smith soon rendered disturbance and insecurity things of the past. Brown had shown extravagance and financial chaos: Mr. Smith reduced the Estimates by one-half. Brown had been lax in business: Mr. Smith was prompt and accurate. Brown had been discourteous: Mr. Smith was conciliatory and polished. Brown had gained nothing by his experience, and never developed any capacity either for fighting, administration or finance: Mr. Smith, after a single year's service in Lunda, had shown himself fit to be Secretary of State for War, Chancellor of the Exchequer, or Prime Minister of England. Hence there was all the bitterness and vindictive hatred of a defeated man in Brown's attitude to Mr. Smith before the war began; and the latter, though naturally feeling nothing but goodwill, together with no little compassion for his predecessor, could not bring himself to regard the man as a friend.

We may now pass to the first important events of the war. The tone of Mr. Smith's letter (sent direct to Brown, as the real mover of the attack) was firm

though scrupulously polite, direct though, as some may think, unnecessarily amiable.

"SIR (it ran),—

"With reference to the order recently made by my assistant, Mr. Jones, prohibiting the entry of cattle into the Lunda Province, I have the honour to inform you that it has my full approval, and I propose to resist to the utmost any attempt by you or others to interfere with his action. Such an attempt has been made by one of your junior officials, and I am at a loss to know why gentlemen in their position are allowed, in contravention of the strict rule existing on this subject, to address me in person. The irregularity is especially obnoxious to me, since the writer's object was apparently to question my own authority and my assistant's judgment, and I must ask you to secure me against a repetition of the outrage, that is, unless the letter was written at your instigation. If this is so, I shall, of course, know what steps to take to defend myself. In the meanwhile please oblige me by placing the enclosed notice in the *Gazette*. The public, at any rate, shall be informed that despite all your efforts no cattle are going to be admitted from your infected Province into Lunda.

"Yours truly,

"H. SMITH."¹

¹ There will, I think, be ready agreement with our author that Mr. Smith, though naturally anxious to avoid any semblance of a quarrel, did on this occasion carry his courtesy to the verge of weakness.—*Editor*.

The notice repeated in effect, though more comprehensively, the order which I had made prohibiting the entry of cattle.

The answer to this letter was evasive and impertinent, Brown's ill-bred nature showing itself distinctly in every line and phrase. It may be said at once to have done more than anything else to render war inevitable.

" SIR,—

" I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, unnumbered and undated, which I gather from the postmark on the envelope was dispatched on the 2nd ult. I note its contents, as also those of the notice enclosed therewith. In reply I have the honour to inform you that the letter addressed to you by one of my subordinates regarding the entry of cattle into Lunda was not, as you suggest, written with my consent or approval. I have to apologise for its being sent direct to you. The irregularity shall not occur again. With regard to the main question, however, I feel that I must take a view contrary to your own. While in no way doubting the wisdom of your assistant's order (though, as this Province is now free of rinderpest, its reason is not obvious), I question whether the Lunda Administration has jurisdiction over Railway officers to the extent suggested by Mr. Jones' action. The condition of these men is now one of extreme distress, no meat having been allowed to reach them for some eight weeks. The delay experienced in obtaining your answer has not rendered their necessity less acute; and in view of this fact I

have taken the responsibility of advising them that they may take up sound cattle by rail in sufficient numbers for their immediate wants. I have also delayed the publication of the notice which you sent me, as I think that if you were in a position to grasp the situation as an eye-witness you would hesitate to insist upon the course you have adopted.

"I have the honour to be,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient

"humble servant,

"MATTHEW BROWN.

"To H.M. Chief Commissioner Consul-General

"and Commander-in-Chief for Lunda

"and the adjoining territories."

Now the *Gazette*, though it is printed and published at Sombama (for the mere reason that there alone are the means of printing it), is, so far from being subject to the control of any official in either Province, a paper intended for the service and use of both collectively. Therefore the exclusion from it by the man Brown of matter sent for insertion by Mr. Smith was not only a boorish and outrageous insult to the latter, but also a grave breach of law. Most men would have shown annoyance at such a high-handed disregard of their rights. Mr. Smith, however, was a patient and tolerant man—too tolerant to my mind; I think he had a little too much of the dove in his character to show at his best on an occasion like this—and he merely replied by restating his view of the case without pressing it.

" SIR (he wrote),—

" I am in receipt of your letter informing me that you refuse to insert my notice. Your refusal only confirms my pre-existing suspicion that your subordinate's letter was written to me with your consent and approval. That, however, is a point of no great importance. The question upon which I should like enlightenment is this. Since when has it been your duty to decide what I may or may not insert in the *Gazette*? I have hitherto believed it to be the joint property of both Provinces. If you have received notice of any alteration in this matter from the Imperial Government I am, of course, prepared to give way. But until I receive official information of such a change I must insist upon your leaving my affairs in my own hands. Please to insert the notice without any further delay.

" Yours truly,

" H. SMITH."

The substance of Brown's letter to Mr. Smith was as follows :—

" I am sorry that I should have felt bound to delay the publication of the notice. I did so and shall continue to do so because it is both unnecessary, unreasonable and impolitic. The Province under my control is entirely free from rinderpest, while yours is, to say the least, in a most dangerous state of infection. This being the case, the railway officials have my permission to continue importing cattle into Lunda ; and I shall support them in this course should Mr. Jones make any attempt to prevent it."

By the time Mr. Smith had received this letter the case had been rendered infinitely more serious by an outbreak of rinderpest, which, as my report to him showed, was the direct result of an infringement of my order. The original *casus belli* had, indeed, disappeared before this event. For, though I did not think it worth while to mention the matter to Mr. Smith, I had come to an amicable arrangement with the railway officials, allowing their cattle to enter our Province subject to medical inspection.¹

But an unmistakable outbreak occurred a few days after I had made this concession, and it was my first duty to report it to Mr. Smith. Some partisan writers have, I believe, asserted that the outbreak was limited to one case, and that a doubtful one: but their statement is unworthy of credence. The cow to which they refer may have been in a critical state of health at the time from other causes; but her symptoms undoubtedly indicated to me a grave attack of rinderpest.

Mr. Smith at once wrote to point out the grave results which were likely to ensue from this disaster, couching his letter in terms which Brown could not possibly misunderstand.

"As a consequence," he said, "of your refusal to

¹ Of course, Mr. Jones' decision not to communicate this fact to Mr. Smith was, from his point of view at the moment, entirely proper and advisable; his one object being to bring about harmony between the two chiefs. Unfortunately, however, it must be owned that on this occasion his judgment did prove defective. Had he taken the alternative course, much strife and bitterness would have been saved, and the continuation of the war itself might have been prevented. It was an unlucky decision: but there—criticism after the event is very easy, and there can at any rate be no doubt of Mr. Jones' sincerity.—*Editor*.

carry out my request, and of your malicious and unwelcome interference in the affairs of this Province, we are now threatened with the rapid extension from your territory of rinderpest. A serious outbreak has already been reported to me from 'Nsai. Unless you take immediate steps to prevent further infection and enforce obedience to my order by the railway officials, I shall have no other course but to bring the whole matter before the Imperial Government."

The correspondence then proceeded on the following lines:—

Brown. The matter has already been referred to the Imperial authorities.

Smith. Your statement is interesting and valuable. May I ask you for a copy of their answer?

Brown. "Settle locally."

Smith. What right had you to refer the matter to them without consulting me?

Brown. The delays and uncertainties of the journey to 'Nkedde render it advisable that, in cases where the Imperial Government's decision is urgently required, it should be obtained without reference to you.

Smith. There would have been no more than a few days' delay at the utmost; and the journey to 'Nkedde is entirely free of uncertainties.

Brown. Pardon me, but recent experience leads me to believe that native risings are liable to interrupt communication with 'Nkedde, from time to time, for periods of two or three months. This being so, I should have been unwise to wait for your answer.

Smith. Your statement is absolutely untrue. The natives who were during the year preceding my

administration a constant source of trouble have, since I assumed control of the country, remained quiet and peaceable. In view of the disastrous effect which your interference is likely to cause to this Province I have felt it necessary to refer the whole question to the Imperial authorities.

Brown. As the Imperial authorities have already directed us to settle the matter locally, I fail to perceive the utility of this step. Your letter has been seven weeks *en route* from 'Nkedde; and, since the receipt of it, I have heard rumours of a considerable native rising near the road over which the mails pass. May I ask if these rumours are true?

Smith. No, they are not. There have been some slight symptoms of unrest among a section of the Karai tribe; which was, as you will remember, during your tenure of office a constant source of danger to travellers. But no rising has taken place or is to be expected. A military force sufficient to crush any movement of the kind is always patrolling the road. And as the latter is consequently free of danger I would request you to publish the enclosed notice to that effect in the *Gazette*.

Brown. My latest information—a telegram reporting the murder of an Indian trader and fifty porters by the Karai *on the date of your last letter*—does not seem to bear out its contents. Instead of inserting your notice I have felt bound to insert one stating that the road is open to travellers when accompanied by a Government escort.

Smith. Your interference in the affairs of this Province is perfectly intolerable. The road is, as I

stated in my last letter, and have wired to the British Press, "absolutely safe". According to all reliable versions of the affair you mention, the attack on the Indian trader was due solely to his aggressive attitude towards the Karai people.

Brown. Your statement is no doubt based on sound and reliable testimony which I have not been able to obtain. I was not, for example, aware that any members of the caravan survived to give "versions" of the massacre; and it is the first instance in my experience of an Indian trader assuming an aggressive attitude towards anybody. For these errors of judgment I wish to express my regret. But you will pardon me, I hope, if I still feel it to be necessary to warn the public against any incautious use of the road, in view of a telegram I have to-day received, recording the death of two British officers, and thirty rank and file in a night-attack by the Karai.

Smith. I have full and accurate reports of this attack. It was a trivial affair, which has been much exaggerated. If you do not instantly withdraw your notice and insert one to the effect that the road is secure and passable, I shall request the Imperial authorities to demand your resignation.

Brown. You are at liberty to adopt any course that seems advisable to you. For my own part, my duty is obviously to protect the public. And as further telegrams and letters confirm my surmise that the rising is a very grave affair, I have issued a notice in the *Gazette* stating that the road is *impassable even with an armed escort, and is officially closed till further notice.*

In other words—what language could be plainer? —“The hatred which we feel for you and your staff has got beyond our control. Consider your food supply stopped till we choose to raise the blockade!”

“The crisis!” you will exclaim. “The zenith of impertinence!” “The highest peak of malignity!” Yes, my readers, you are right. You may well cry out with horror and disgust at what you read. The summit of human presumption, mendacity and malice had indeed been reached. The climax had arrived.¹

It is questionable whether the meanest offspring of the criminal classes could have displayed a more terrible range of evil instincts, or a more inhuman cruelty than did Brown in this dastardly attempt to do us to death by slow starvation. I believe that it was not unexpected by those who had carefully studied him. They know him to be capable of monstrous crime, though with the reticence which we all feel to be right when speaking of others, they had never disclosed their convictions. To us, however, who had no knowledge of the man's true character I must confess that his action came with something of a shock. Irredeemably selfish and unscrupulous in all his dealings; criminal and vindictive in his relations with

¹ Here and throughout the ensuing passage it has been found necessary to alter the original text of the MS. to some considerable extent. The modified version, giving the substance of the author's meaning without, alas! his native vigour of style, will, I am afraid, be looked upon as a very weak substitute for the original: but it must be remembered that the literary taste of the age is too delicate to allow of any real strength either of matter or manner. Palates which can only take milk and water must not be forced to imbibe strong liquor.—*Editor*.

Lunda ; vitriolic in his spite against Mr. Smith we had always known him to be. Jealous he had openly confessed himself—witness his petty attempts to detract from Mr. Smith's reputation. Dishonest, you will have easily gathered from this scrap of history, he could not help becoming under the most trivial temptation. A hectoring, cowardly bully he had been from birth. A liar and boor we have seen that his nature made him. Even his letters did not conceal that he was ever ready for speculation, cruelty and fraud. But that any human creature could have stooped so low as to attempt the murder of his friends by a lingering and horrible death was beyond our powers of credence.

This, however, was plainly the scheme which Brown had had in his mind since the war began. And that he did not succeed in carrying it out is rather due to our own admirable foresight than to any absence of ill-will or energy on his part. He was a traitor of the lowest and most determined type who would have bartered his immortal soul for gain. And as for conscience, why you might as well have expected him to show honesty! But there—the less said the better, perhaps. I feel a certain reluctance about pursuing the subject any further. For without noticing it, I, like any other man, may find myself abusing a man whom others may think more an insolent and undisciplined puppy than the mean, cold-blooded, vindictive, treacherous, and accomplished scoundrel which he undoubtedly was ; less a cruel, unprincipled felon than a cad, whose mistakes were due to his low breeding and ignorance of the decencies of life.

PERIOD No. II.

As to the effects of his action, it is enough to say that they were very limited. There was, so I am informed, a small rise in the cost of jam, spirits and a few other luxuries at 'Nkedde, but not in any of the necessities of life. And it is not the case, as some writers ask you to believe, that flour rose to fifteen annas a lb., and whisky to thirty rupees a bottle; or that a box of groceries including ten lbs. of tea, six of sugar and a few other delicacies realised five hundred rupees when sold by auction. No: at its worst Brown's infamous deed had but petty concrete results; it was the spirit lying behind the deed that shocked and pained us so intensely. And soon—as was to be expected in a world where, thank Heaven, virtue and vice usually meet their due reward—the effect of this spirit recoiled on the man's own head.

For news of the outrage reached the Lunda Staff at 'Nkedde; men who however patient they might be of attacks upon themselves, were little likely to forgive one upon their beloved Chief. And their first instinct was to devise some immediate punishment for the offender.

Mr. Smith, however, when approached on the subject, advised them to await further developments. He had, he said, informed Brown that, if he were to apologise (by telegram) within twenty-four hours, no steps would be taken to punish him. There was not perhaps much hope that the man would take this course; but at the same time there was no reason to

despair. Let them at any rate wait till the end of this period before taking action. For his own part he had done everything that lay in his power to maintain peace; and now, as ever, he would continue his efforts to the last.¹

Recognising the wisdom of this advice, though not without some discontent, the Staff decided to await the hour when Brown's message would become due, and spent the evening in weighty, if somewhat heated, debate on the situation.² Perhaps there was little gained by such discussion at a time when every brain was over-wrought and almost reeling with excitement. But it at any rate fostered the sense of mutual confidence which is so invaluable at times of stress. And it certainly aroused a very keen spirit among the disputants; for not till midnight did their brilliancy begin to show any signs of flagging; and the small hours of the morning had come before this brilliancy gave way to a dignified calm, and at last to an impressive silence.

Sleep came at length to soothe the troubled brains

¹There would seem to be some doubt if it were possible for Mr. Brown to reply in so short a time. For according to other accounts there was no telegraph within eighty miles of 'Nkedde at this period: and it must be owned that a certain probability is lent to this statement by the fact that the wires still stop short of the town by about that distance. Doubtless, however, Mr. Jones would be able to explain this inaccuracy if called upon to do so: and in any case it would ill become us to cavil at so petty a mistake when the whole narrative is so instinct with grandeur, liberality, and truth.—*Editor*.

²Partisan writers have made the odious suggestion that this evening was spent, not in such grave council as I have described, but in wild and unseemly intemperance. Need I deny such an obvious falsehood?—*Author*.

and wearied bodies ; but it proved, alas ! unsatisfying and broken in many cases, so intense was the excitement : and in the morning signs of strain and anxiety were only too apparent on the faces of men who had during the debate shown their usual buoyant spirits.

The day passed, like the night, with no news to quell the uneasiness. No work was done. Men tried in vain to employ their throbbing brains upon their usual routine duties ; it was impossible to shut out the stirring thoughts of war. The afternoon brought no relief ; the evening came and still there was no news. As the hour of eight, which had been fixed by Mr. Smith for the promulgation of his decision, drew near, the last hope of peace began to depart. Slowly and soberly the Staff gathered before their Chief's house, and there waited, while the clock ticked relentlessly on, dropping at every motion another grain of earth upon the coffin of their hopes. At last the fateful eight strokes rang out,¹ and the long period of strain and uncertainty came to an end. Punctual to the moment the Chief stepped on to his balcony, and announced in a few quiet words that the inevitable had occurred, that the wires had brought no message of withdrawal or conciliation from Brown, and that a state of war had therefore begun.

He had now nothing more to add to what he had said on the previous day. Time had spoken for him : the dreadful logic of events had rendered it as unnecessary as it would be painful for him to make any further statement. It only remained for him to express once

¹ It is absolutely false that the clock struck fourteen at this critical juncture.—*Author.*

more his supreme confidence in their loyalty. He already trusted them, as they knew, to stick to their duty till the breath passed from their bodies; let him assure them now of a fact which their modesty might forbid them to conceive. Namely, that their ardent devotion to himself, to the cause, and to the great Empire which they served, would give him courage through many a weary hour of stress and storm, and inspire him with a confidence which he could not otherwise hope to acquire, much less to maintain.

Noble as these words were, they were for a moment received in silence—the silence that voices more eloquently than any applause the emotion of loyalty. But it was only for a moment. No sooner had the speaker turned his back than the pent-up enthusiasm of the meeting burst into open expression. Cheer after cheer rent the night; hats and helmets were flung madly into the air (regardless of all risk of fever and catarrh); and the excitement which had lain repressed in every bosom asserted itself wildly, ferociously, without restraint. The Commissioner acknowledged the greeting with a proud smile on his worn features, thanked them warmly for this display of loyalty and wished them "Good-night". With intense admiration for his firmness the assembly dispersed by degrees and spent the evening, as that of the previous day, in discussing the lines on which hostilities should be carried out.¹

The men who went to their posts on the following

¹ Another unreliable author has asserted, "There was another big drunk *that* night". Pah! Does he think that our lives at this critical moment were one long carnival of excess?—*Author*.

morning were animated by but one spirit—a cool, grim resolution to do their duty or perish in the attempt. There was no feeling of ill-will; merely a quiet determination to do all that might be asked of them. Throughout the several departments—the Audit, the Public Works, the Treasury, the Deputy Commissioner's, the Chief Accountant's, the Post-master-General's, the Secretariat, the Transport and even the Lunda Rifles, who look upon civil business as work for women and children, but one desire prevailed—to fight, to the last gasp if necessary, for the integrity of the Empire. With the harsh, hard joy of battle in their eyes, men replenished their ink-pots, grasped their pens, called upon their clerks to stand firmly to their posts, and waited for the inevitable attack.¹

It soon came. The official in charge of Lunda Transport at Sombama reported that he was unable to obtain porters for his service because the men of That Other Province discouraged natives from entering it. The Transport Department instantly took the matter up, and instructed their Sombama representative to arrest and punish all natives who declined to work for him. He replied that he had already taken this step, but that the Sombama magistrates declined to admit his jurisdiction in that town.

Mr. Smith directed an official remonstrance to Mr.

¹ I need not enlarge on the merits of this magnificent passage describing the tensiety of the situation at 'Nkedde: they are patent to all. May I, however, mention a fact but little known which makes the author's feat still more extraordinary? *He was not himself an eye-witness of the scene he depicts!* Was there ever finer testimony to a writer's reliability and skill?—*Editor.*

Brown requesting him to look into the question without delay.

Brown had the insolence to leave his letter unanswered, and threatened to imprison the Lunda Transport Officer should he make any further arrests.

The latter felt it his duty to continue doing so.

The incident ended in a manner throwing such disgrace upon Brown and his junior officials that it will be kinder to pass over their conduct in silence.

.

Soon afterwards our Postmaster-General found it necessary to protest against the constant delay and loss which occurred at Sombama in the sorting and delivery of our mails from England. He received the following reply:—

"Your complaint appears to be entirely unfounded so far as this office is concerned. There has been no loss or delay of letters for some time past. Any trouble of the kind must be caused by officials in your own Province."

Forced by this irritating subterfuge to go into the matter more deeply, we called attention to a series of robberies which had taken place at the Sombama office. Postal orders had been lost there time after time in a manner which left no doubt that envelopes were constantly tampered with and opened.

The Postmaster-General at Sombama replied that the last case of this kind had occurred five years before the date of our letter, and that the amount lost on that occasion had been only two rupees. Did we refer to that?

We answered that we did refer to that and were not

likely to forget it. Doubtless many similar cases had taken place, though they had, as a matter of course, been hushed up.

He had the impertinence to write that he should take no notice of complaints so ludicrously trivial as this. Any further letters from us on the subject would be disregarded and burnt.

We regretted that he should think it unnecessary to lessen our distrust of his department's capacity and integrity. His reply merely confirmed our suspicion that the case mentioned was but one of many similar to it. We concluded by offering him advice upon the best mode of reorganising his department.

He was unable to find a reply.

.

So the first general engagement in the Great War ended in a solid and undeniable victory for Lunda—a victory which, any sensible man would have seen, presented a good opportunity for acknowledging himself in the wrong.

There was, however, no one on the enemies' side capable of seeing, much less of taking, such a chance. And so far from making use of it they proceeded to attempt reprisals of a particularly low and petty nature.

It is the habit of some Lunda officials, whose work keeps them in Africa, except at intervals of three or four years, to occasionally send home some small trophy of the chase, such as a skin or a pair of horns, to their friends and relatives by way of souvenir. One needs little imagination to see how invaluable such gifts would be to an aged and bed-

ridden mother, or a maiden pining for a sight of her beloved after long years of separation and absence. And in view of the solace which they must bring, one would question whether any human being could be so barbarous as to prevent their supply.

Personally, I should have said, "No such being can exist". And so, no doubt, would most people. But we should have all been wrong. There were men among our enemies' ranks ready to prove the fact. And they did. The Customs Officer at Sombama suddenly prohibited the export of horns and skins except by his own colleagues.

Cruel and dastardly as this attack was, Mr. Smith thought it too small to be noticed without loss of dignity; so we did not take any steps to reply to it.

But it happened about this time that we found it necessary to check the export of home-grown tobacco from Lunda, and thereby unfortunately caused the officials of That Other Province no little inconvenience. Some writers have assumed that we intended this as a bellicose act. Nothing could be further from the truth. Our action was prompted purely by considerations of economic expediency, and had no relation whatever to the state of war existing at the moment.

The enemy complained that they were forced by this new step to import tobacco from England at a far higher price and of a far lower quality than that which they had hitherto obtained from Lunda. And they had the impertinence to ask the reasons of our action and whether the order was strictly necessary. But of this question, of course, we could not be ex-

pected to take official notice. Once made, the order could not for merely private reasons be revoked; and we had to inform them semi-officially that while regretting the inconvenience, we could not give them any hope of relief. The new rule was rendered necessary by fiscal considerations. We must decline to explain our action; and in any case we should not think it advisable to do so in a quarter where our confidences might be divulged.

The attacking party replied by inquiring what we meant to refer to in the last clause of our letter.

We assured them that no one could regret more than we did the need of employing such a term. But the great A—— case—in which it will be remembered certain important secrets were disclosed—was still in our minds; and we could not forget that Sombama officials were the principal persons concerned in it.

They replied that this case—the only one of its kind—had occurred seven years before the date of our letter, and that the only official concerned in it had been instantly dismissed the service. They added that we were perfectly aware of all this when we wrote, and demanded an apology.

We regretted that instead of referring to the case explicitly we had taken the more delicate course of hinting at it subtly. The disclosures *had* shocked us terribly, and were rather hard to forget. Still, we would endeavour not only to erase them from our memories, but also to lessen the distrust we always felt with regard to their Staff's integrity.

There, one might have supposed, the incident would have ended: but such a desirable consumma-

tion was not to be. They were not satisfied even now, and informed us that if we did not instantly render them a full and adequate apology for the slight we had inflicted on them they would feel it necessary to place the matter before the Imperial Government.

We replied that after careful consideration we were not able to recommend any other course.¹

Acting no doubt on our advice, they did refer it to the Imperial authorities. But unfortunately for them, the letter containing the complaint was intercepted—by whom it has never yet been ascertained—and when they had waited the fifteen or sixteen months which might have been expected to elapse before the receipt of an answer the matter had dropped out of notice.²

PERIOD No. III.

Long before this, however; indeed before many weeks had passed, there were far more important events to attract men's attention. The famous case of the Lunda Pardons was already beginning to loom into view.

The case arose in this fashion. That Other Province gave notice that it would cancel the Extradition Agreement subsisting between us by a certain date.

We remonstrated. They refused to listen to our remonstrances. We pointed out that all suspected persons in our Province instantly fled to theirs *en*

¹ Here the original MS. reads much more strongly.—*Editor*.

² Prejudiced writers even hint that the letter was intercepted by an agent of ours—a Babu clerk in the Sombama Treasury. Absurd!—*Author*.

A pitiful libel indeed!—*Editor*.

route for the sea-coast, and that if they refused to arrest and return such fugitives we should not suffer, but they would. They still declined to adopt our view, and a furious correspondence arose over the question, which ultimately brought about a general engagement between all the departments on both sides.

Into this I have unfortunately no space to enter, though it was rendered especially interesting by a display of animosity almost unparalleled in history. The mail-bags positively bulged with the mass of controversial correspondence; and the tone of the letters became so personal and so terrible as to put the war outside the sphere of officialdom altogether.

A detailed record, in fact, of this period could not well be put on paper; and it is as well to pass it all over in silence. Our ostensible reply to the attack was simply a retaliatory refusal (rather weak, I thought) to pursue and return any of our adversaries' fugitives. But as the latter never shaped their course towards Lunda, our action had little real result on the contest. The effective reply came from a quarter far more powerful, namely, from the hand of Fate herself; who struck for us a blow that more than compensated for our weakness.

There happened at the time to be a number of Indian convicts in Lunda who had completed or almost completed their terms of imprisonment. The happy thought occurred to Mr. Smith that these might all be deported to India together in one vessel: and, the decision to adopt a certain course being, in official life, synonymous with its execution, they were sent off at once to Sombama to be shipped. Unhappily,

however, the steamer in which they were to travel had not arrived in harbour on the date arranged: and a temporary camp had to be formed for their accommodation. The delay proved longer than was anticipated. The convicts, owing to some mistake, were inadequately guarded. By ill-luck a number of them escaped into the town and surrounding country: and a perfect epidemic of thefts and robberies followed upon the mishap.

For this, if you please, we were blamed. Some have gone so far as not only to blame the convicts for the thefts, but to blame our officers for their escape. Need I dwell on the improbability any more than on the infamy, of this suggestion? Of course we took the utmost precautions to prevent such a disaster: it was no fault of ours that it took place, or that the ship was late. If any proof be required of this, surely it is to be found in the fact that we recaptured at least five out of the two hundred convicts, and did our very best to recapture more. The whole incident was due to sheer bad luck, and no blame for it can be attached to any one.

A period of peace followed on this episode—due rather to our enemies' inability than to their unwillingness to continue the war—but still unruffled peace. And it lasted long enough to make us hope that they would confess defeat and sue for such terms as we could offer them. But again we had expected too much. We had forgotten that foul means were quite as valuable in their eyes as fair. The attack was renewed in a manner too low for any decent person to have foreseen.

Hitherto it had always been the habit of Lunda officials proceeding to England on leave, to look upon the Sombama Club as the first peak in that range of delectable mountains tinged with the soft hues of comfort which culminates in London. Here first they renewed acquaintance with ice, long chairs, and similar luxuries; here regained interest in existence, and found in society an antidote to the philosophy of fever. They were, as a matter of course, elected to temporary membership of the Club, and within its doors they obtained their first taste of freedom and comfort.

Now, we suddenly found, members of the Lunda Staff were refused this temporary admittance.

Such an insult obviously could not be ignored; and we decided to avenge it to the full. Two of our Staff happened to be in London at the time, giving evidence before a Conference on the Preservation of Big Game in Africa: and on being informed of the abominable trick which had been played upon us, they at once drew the attention of the Conference to the excessive slaughter of game in That Other Province. Such was the weight of their representations that a resolution was passed declaring the whole Province a Game Reserve. With the result that its officials were deprived of the one pursuit which makes life in Africa tolerable.

This step soon had the desired effect. They ceased to blackball our men at the Club, and then appealed to the Imperial Government to relax the regulation which forbade their shooting. But the two members of our Staff, being again consulted on this question,

decided that they could not recommend any alteration in the new rule, and it remained in force.

Black indeed was the picture presented by our enemies on hearing this decision. Instead of accepting it in a proper spirit and acknowledging its justice, they allowed themselves to rage and riot in vituperation of our Staff like an angry donkey chafing for liberty in his stall.¹ They even suggested that we had acted dishonourably. They had given in, they said, over the question of our election to the Club, on the understanding that our representatives would give in over that of the Reserve. Now, when the latter point arose, we had broken our promise and played them false. Could we not even fight like gentlemen?

There was much silly talk of this kind: but of course we paid no attention to it. After all the whole affair was a mere storm in a tea-cup—a laughable incident, which ought not to be allowed to develop into anything serious. Our wisest reply was to leave their letter unanswered; and we did.

The war dragged on, involving one by one all the Government Departments. Among those which had to defend themselves with particular care was the Medical. The Principal Medical Officer of That Other Province, happening to be the Senior Medical Officer of both, made use of his position to open a furious attack upon us in a manner which was particularly reprehensible.

¹ What a simile! What strength! What aptness of the figure to the circumstances! Our author at times rises even above himself.—*Editor.*

When our most valued officials passed through Sombama on their way home to England or the reverse, he would insist on subjecting them to a medical examination, and would then report them to be unfit for further service in Africa. This not only threw the officials out of work and brought them in danger of starvation, but also deprived our Province of her best and most devoted servants. By way of compensation he would recommend the transfer "for medical reasons" of old, broken or incompetent officials from his own Province to Lunda.

This, Mr. Smith felt, was an attack which he could not ask us to ignore; and we at once began to look about with a view of making reprisals. But fortunately we were spared the trouble of carrying them out. For Fate, who had served us so well before, again stepped in at the critical moment. An epidemic of small-pox broke out in That Other Province.

Will it be credited that the blame for this too was attributed to us? I hardly dare ask my readers to believe it: but there was the fact. The Principal Medical Officer alleged that our Medical Staff had not only allowed, but encouraged, the spread of the disease from our territory to his. Such obvious falsehoods as this require no denial among those who know the full facts of the case. But of course it was felt that there were many persons in the outside world who might not have kept pace with all the events of the war; and the importance of keeping them well informed as to its course could not be exaggerated. So a clamour arose that our reputation should be set right in the minds of the British public: and as no

two persons seemed able to agree on the best mode of doing this, the matter was brought to me for decision. I hesitated to interfere, averse as I was to being dragged into the quarrel. But at last I had to give way, and after due consideration decided to invoke the aid of the Press. The rule forbidding officials to communicate with the newspapers seemed to me inapplicable in this instance; and satisfied that I should be right to ignore it I had a small paragraph inserted in one of the leading London journals, which ran as follows:—

"THE SOMBAMA SCANDAL.—AN UNPLEASANT REVIVAL.

"The painful impression aroused at Sombama a few years ago by the leakage of official secrets has recently been revived in a most unpleasant manner by a similar case. It is not possible to refer particularly to the persons concerned, nor consistent with the public interest to give any detailed account of their offence: but there has for some time been a grave sense of insecurity with regard to the offices at this important headquarters; and rumour says that several prominent members of the staff are to be dismissed for malpractices. This will no doubt have a salutary effect on the remaining officers; and no further trouble need be anticipated: but at the same time it cannot of course be expected that their reputation will ever stand so high as that of their neighbours in the Province of Lunda."

I need not enter into any description of the petty and childish ebullitions of rage which this just and

man of unblemished character and antecedents, if not an actual saint. Those who depict him as a riotous, undisciplined brawler who had to the world's knowledge spent a term of years in gaol for fraud, and now lived from hand to mouth by the loot which he forced from reluctant natives, cannot possibly know the man. It is true that he had an immense influence with some tribes, and was often able to persuade them to trade when they were unwilling even to meet a less tactful man. But this was entirely due to his kindness, not, as has been hinted, to his severity in dealing with them: and—to continue the clearing of his character—though he is said to have once had some small trouble in connection with the forgery of a cheque (falsely attributed to him), there is nothing to show that the scrape was at all serious—indeed he has himself assured me that it was not.

If still further testimony be required, I myself am ready to affirm that I always found him entirely trustworthy; and this, I should hope, will be enough to satisfy the most captious critic. At any rate there is no truth in the report that he was a cold-blooded and unscrupulous ne'er-do-well, old in crime and stained with the guilt of murder; and it is not the case that he once said, as has been asserted, "When the niggers give me what I want I treat 'em first class: when they don't I kill 'em. I don't want to kill 'em, but if they wont be'ave, what is a fellow to do?"

The details of the disturbance which now arose are of little importance. I allowed Tongue fifty rifles and men, and instructed him on no account to use them except in self-defence and as a last resource. He

assured me that I could rely upon his discretion ; and that he obeyed my instructions implicitly there can be no doubt. Unfortunately, however, he was attacked by the natives with whom he went to trade ; he was forced to use firearms to repel them ; and though the engagement itself was brief and unimportant, it had regrettable results. The rising spread. Our own tribes, who had hitherto lived peaceably enough under my control, found themselves attacked by those of That Other Province, and appealed to Tongue for protection. The latter endeavoured to secure a peaceable adjustment of the difficulty, and succeeded in so far, at any rate, that he was able to bring the rival chiefs together in conference. A temporary truce was arranged, and it even promised to become permanent. In fact we had the end of the trouble well in sight, when suddenly our hopes were dashed to the ground. The shocking news came that a large armed force from That Other Province was being dispatched to quell the disturbance aroused by Tongue's raids upon their natives!

Upon such an action as this, base and unwise in conception, still more contemptible as it proved in execution, I need not comment. No one is likely to find much excuse for men who deliberately hinder the efforts of a peacemaker simply because he happens to be the representative of a different Province ; and the sad story of their failure needs no embellishment to convince my readers of their folly. The news proved to be true. Two companies of the formidable and savage Swahili contingent appeared on the scene, under the command, imperfect and perfunctory, of

English officers. The latter, possessing no knowledge either of the country or the people with whom they had to deal—of course they should have appealed for advice to Tongue, who was familiar with both—pursued the fatuous policy of making an alliance with their own tribes as against ours under Tongue's leadership.

Tongue, recognising at once that such a method was obviously bound to increase rather than diminish the trouble; and shrewdly perceiving that it would be impossible for him to work in harmony with such men, left them to act independently, and departed for the more remote districts, where he might still hope to carry out his ideas unimpeded. Here, had he been left alone, there is no doubt that he would in time have drawn the rival tribes together, and permanently settled the disturbance. But even in his retreat, unhappily, he was interfered with. The military force sent by That Other Province, bent, it would seem, upon increasing the damage they had done, dogged his footsteps so persistently that he could not carry out his plans. He moved away from them by way of protest: but in vain; they followed him. He eluded them once more, but they were still too dense to see that they were out of place. Finally the affair was concluded in a most regrettable manner.

One evening, when unknown to each other, the two forces were camping quite close together, hardly two miles apart, Tongue, always anxious to strike a blow at his enemy with the least possible loss, led out a patrolling expedition shortly after dark on the chance of finding one of their parties wandering

away from the main body. He saw what he supposed to be one of their camps at the edge of a forest. He crept up to within a hundred yards of it unobserved, and poured in a volley of musketry.

The result was almost too sad for description. A terrible cry rent the air. An Englishman's voice began to shout expressions about Tongue which I am sure he would be ashamed to see repeated in cold print, and then, alas, alas, that I should have to record such horrors!—the volley was *returned*! With a shudder of surprise and grief, poor Tongue realised that he had committed the terrible error of firing upon his friends. The camp was that of the rival expedition.¹

The sequel to this unfortunate mishap was very much what might have been expected with our neighbours controlling events. Their forces pursued and arrested poor Tongue; who, feeling convinced that the worst interpretation would be put upon his action, had, after the exchange of a few more shots,² left the field in dismay. They scraped together a charge of dacoity against him, and with the malice of their

¹ The poor fellow's anguish when he discovered his mistake is said to have been pitiful to witness. And yet there have been found men base enough to assert that it was *no mistake*! Oh human nature! human nature!—*Author*.

A pitiful comment on our weaknesses indeed.—*Editor*.

² These were fired by the forces of That Other Province for the most part. Some of our men seem to have retaliated (against Tongue's orders of course): but there was no desperate engagement such as some authors will ask you to believe in. And it is not true—indeed it is quite incredible—that Tongue, when he saw that all was lost, ordered his men to continue firing while he himself made his escape.—*Author*.

natures getting beyond control, raised a clamour that I should be suspended from office ; and, if not put into the dock as an accessory to the crime, at least summoned as a witness.

Mr. Smith was weak enough to allow me to be subpoenaed. I pointed out the impossibility of leaving my work and made a formal protest against such an absurdity. But without avail. I was actually put to the indignity of being arrested and conveyed—with such unspeakable sufferings from discomfort and thirst that I was seriously ill—to Sombama.¹ There I was, with infamous injustice, only allowed my liberty on paying a considerable sum as bail : and I was even prohibited from visiting poor Tongue before the trial.

This, when it came, proved to be something very different from our ordinary ideas of what a trial should be. I cannot pollute my pen by describing it : the subject is too abhorrent. Suffice it to say that the jury was packed, the mental balance of the Bench turned by passionate prejudice, the defence not fairly heard, the prosecution wildly cheered. My own evidence was distorted into a shape which gave exactly the reverse of the truth : and the whole trial was conducted with a regard for the clamour of the mob and a disregard of truth and justice which makes it impossible to depict it in detail. I leave the reader to judge from the final passage of the magistrate's

¹ It is absolutely false that I was accommodated with a first-class saloon, and drank two bottles of whisky during the three days' journey.—*Author*.

summing-up and address to the jury what was the tone adopted throughout the proceedings: it may well speak for them.¹

"The facts then, Gentlemen of the Jury, are that James Tongue was provided with a force of fifty men armed with rifles in order to enable him to defend himself in case of attack. I find no credible evidence that there was any prospect or even probability of his being so attacked; nor is there anything to prove that he was attacked in the first instance, or that at any succeeding period of the fighting his attitude was other than aggressive. His force did not suffer a wound, much less the loss of a man. The testimony of the tribes on both sides of the border is, that they met him in a friendly spirit, and that his use of arms at all was unnecessary. Evidence has been produced in this trial to show that he has borne an extremely bad character as a criminal, and has frequently been convicted of raiding on and ill-treating natives.

"In the present instance there can be no doubt that he attacked the natives of this Province, under the pretext that he was defending himself against them, while on a tour for the purpose of purchasing food; and it is for you to decide whether this attack was unprovoked or not."

The Jury returned after five minutes and declared that they had unanimously decided the accused to be

¹ Had I not fortunately been able to influence some of the witnesses bribed by the prosecution to give evidence against Tongue not to commit the perjury demanded of them, there can be no doubt that a terrible miscarriage of justice would have to be recorded against the Sombama Court.—*Author*.

"Not Guilty".¹ The verdict was received with a tremendous outburst of feeling on the part of those present, which was instantly (and very rightly) suppressed. Then, the case being concluded, the Court should properly have risen and brought the proceedings to an end. Even in so sacred a place, however, as the temple of justice there was no sense of fairplay among the men of That Other Province. Before leaving his seat the magistrate made the following wholly unwarrantable comment on my conduct.

"I cannot close this case, surprised as I am at the verdict which has been given, without recording my opinion that Mr. Jones, in employing a man of such notorious antecedents as Mr. Tongue upon a mission requiring tact, forbearance and patience in a marked degree, committed a grave error of judgment. I feel it to be my duty to forward a copy of the proceedings in the case to his official superiors, in order that they may take such action as they may deem necessary."

Comment upon such a gross abuse of judicial decorum is obviously unnecessary. There is nothing to be done in a case of this kind but to mourn at the man's depravity, and hope that he may some day come to see his action in its true light. No doubt, he did. No doubt, he suffered an agony of remorse in later years, which punished him fully for the fleeting pleasure of his sin. But it would ill become

¹ A foul story has been spread abroad that the jury had been heavily bribed by Lunda officials. Even if such a scheme could have been contemplated by honourable men, is it likely that bribery could have influenced a jury of upright and conscientious Babus?—*Author*.

us to dwell on the poor fellow's distress. There can be no doubt that anything he suffered was fully deserved. And while we may feel a momentary sympathy for him we cannot think that he was unjustly or too severely punished: we may, in short, pass on without compunction to matters of more importance.

PERIOD No. V.

Most people thought that with our safe return to Lunda the sordid train of events to which it seemed to be the end would really come to a conclusion. The sequel to the trial, however, proved to be more troublesome than had been anticipated. The fundamental difficulty of the situation had not been removed; for the hostile attitude of the native tribes remained unchanged, and it was still impossible for our contractors to visit them without protection. I pointed this out to Mr. Smith; and though he seemed very unwilling to go any further in a matter which had already caused so much friction, he was at length compelled to continue his efforts in the cause of peace. Under my advice he wrote to Brown informing him that unless he were able to guarantee the safety of our contractors when travelling in his Province, the armed escort with which they had been equipped would have to be continued.

In reply Brown wrote that the natives were perfectly well disposed and ready to trade peacefully. If any armed escort accompanied the contractors he should send a regiment of soldiers to drive it back.

Mr. Smith, remarking jocularly to his secretary—

what was indeed beginning to seem indubitable to most of us—that the man must be mad to send such a letter, wrote back with even more than his usual courtesy to protest against such a hasty threat. He also pointed out that the statement on which it was based lacked support or even probability: that it was indeed entirely untrue.

Brown had the impudence to repeat both his falsehood and his threat, adding that he did not propose to give any further warning or admit any further discussion in the matter.

Mr. Smith again strove to bring him to reason, and did his best to bring about a friendly agreement: but again he failed to make any impression. He could not even induce Brown to agree to a compromise. And at last he took the only dignified course open to him, and wrote to the Imperial authorities stating that his powers of toleration were exhausted: if Brown were not called upon to resign, he himself should feel compelled to do so.

The Imperial authorities laid the case before Brown: who had the insolence to reply that nothing would induce him to quit his post unless he were forced to do so.

Mr. Smith held, as was obviously the case, that Brown was responsible for the entire war and was bound in honour to give way.

Brown, devoid as ever of any gentlemanly feeling, pointed out that Mr. Smith had offered to resign and that he himself had not. Why should not Mr. Smith carry out his undertaking?

Mr. Smith as a last resource suggested that the

matter should be referred to arbitration. And in spite of Brown's unfriendly though, from his point of view, easily intelligible objection to this course, he was in the act of carrying it out, when events took a sudden turn that put a stop to all his amicable efforts.

The civilized world was startled by a strange rumour that notice of a Question upon the whole War had been given in the House of Commons by a member intimately acquainted with its history. The news proved to be true : and a few days later the Question was put.

In the ordinary course of events I should not have troubled my readers to peruse this Question ; but it secured considerable notoriety at the time on account of its somewhat unusual length ; and it is interesting too as a curio, showing to what depths of mendacity the persons hired to represent our enemy would stoop. My readers will be able to judge of its accuracy for themselves.

"I wish to ask the Under Secretary of State for African Affairs," it ran, "whether during the past four years and more there has been an amount of friction between the Staffs of the two African Provinces which has rendered the dispatch of public business in these Provinces tardy, unreliable, and apt to be constantly disturbed by variation in the rules regulating customs, game laws, the use of firearms and other important matters. Whether at the beginning of the period in question the convenience of the public and the interests of cattle owners were prejudicially affected by the indiscreet orders regarding rinderpest made by an official of the Lunda Province named

Jones. Whether this official was also the originator of a quarrel which arose upon the subject between the Chief Commissioners of the two Provinces, and ultimately became the cause of grave friction between their respective Staffs. Whether Mr. Smith at a subsequent period allowed the natives through whose country the mails had to pass to become so turbulent that the mail service to Lunda was interrupted for some months, and then denied that there had been any important disturbance. Whether, upon Mr. Brown's inserting a notice in the *Gazette* drawing the attention of merchants and others to this and the danger of sending caravans by the mail route, Mr. Smith again denied the existence of any danger, and attempted to induce them to come in spite of the obvious risk to their lives and property. Whether as a result of his action and the disturbances referred to, two merchants and their entire staff of porters had been massacred by the natives; if so, why no mention was made of it in contemporary reports, and what compensation, if any, was awarded to the relations of the deceased merchants and their porters respectively. Whether the Lunda Transport Agent at Sombama had subsequently been detected in an endeavour to prevent, by threats, native porters from serving with any one but Lunda officials. Whether the latter had then brought infamous charges against the postal officials at Sombama which they were unable to prove; and had, as a means of attack and annoyance, resorted to various petty tricks, such as stopping the export of tobacco from Lunda, bringing false accusations of dishonesty against various officials at Sombama, refusing to assist

them in the capture of their escaped criminals; impeding them in the performance of their duty by insolent and provocative letters; allowing a large batch of Indian convicts who were under sentence of deportation to India to escape at Sombama, and advising the institution of a Game Reserve over the whole of their Province. Whether the report was true which stated that several Babu clerks in the service of the latter Province had been dismissed for selling official secrets to Lunda officials, and if so what steps had been taken to punish the offenders. Whether there had also been friction between the medical staffs of the two Provinces, entirely aroused by that of Lunda, resulting in grave dangers to the public health and even in an outbreak of smallpox. Whether the official above referred to, Mr. Jones, had at a very recent date been practically found guilty of an organised effort to incite the natives under his charge to attack those of the neighbouring Province, and of an intentional assault with rifles upon soldiers sent to allay the disturbance. If this report were correct, what steps has been taken to prevent Mr. Jones' turbulent spirit and inadequate sense of his responsibility from causing further damage to British interests in Africa. And finally, whether, having regard to the friction which apparently continued between the Staffs as well as the Chief Commissioners of the two Provinces, the magnitude of the interests involved, and the inconvenience and delay which must be daily caused to the public by the continuance of such friction, the resignation of one of the Chief Commissioners and a few of the more irreconcilable officials of the Lunda Pro-

vince would be requested, and that of Mr. Jones, who seemed to be responsible alike for the origin and maintenance of the hostilities, enforced."

The answer was "No, sir".

And so, to use a homely and colloquial form of speech, LUNDA SCORED AGAIN.

Need I add any remark upon this blackguardly effort to ruin us? I think not. I think that our enemies' action may well be allowed to speak for itself without any further notice from me; and that the discomfiture which they suffered will be as truly and gratefully appreciated whether I expatiate upon it or not.

Our victory was so complete as to be conclusive. Our neighbours never held up their heads again; and their attacks upon us soon ceased altogether. The more peaceful routine of ordinary office work took the place of sanguinary and bitter encounters. The pressure of correspondence lessened, and the weight of the mail-bags travelling between Sombama and 'Nkedde diminished to its ordinary proportions. The note of personal feeling began gradually to disappear from official letters. A *rap-prochement* came about between the Staffs of the two Provinces; the wheels of the administrative machine regained their normal smoothness of running. And so, at last, with a dignified silence, on our part—we were not the men to exult over fallen foes—and a tacit but unmistakable admission of defeat on the part of our adversaries, the Great War came to an end.

I think that everybody was glad when the signs of peace once more appeared. The long years of hostility had told severely on the personnel of the combatants; and many of the latter were beginning to feel the strain of belligerent writing so deeply that their health and spirits were affected. So far as the actual moment of reconciliation was concerned it could not have been better chosen, for both parties could retire from the contest with some feeling of satisfied honour. On their side, the men of That Other Province had the feminine and trivial pleasure of speaking the last word. On ours we had the more solid joy of complete victory; so that we could easily afford them what comfort they could find in the hour of humiliation. At any rate there were no complaints on either side when the war actually came to an end; and many officials seized the opportunity of release from the strain to return to England for a rest.

This was especially the case with our own men; a number of whom too, disgusted probably by the indignity of daily personal altercation, and unwilling to face the possibility of its continuance, sent in their resignations. This was a somewhat unfortunate step in one way, for, coming when it did, their action lent a certain plausibility to the report that they were asked to leave the service. I need hardly add that there is not a grain of truth in this story: indeed no sane man would dream of believing it. But at the same time one must admit that the opportunity was not well chosen. Even the fact that Mr. Smith was one of the number has not altogether prevented the public from believing the rumour. This gentleman was only too anxious

for my honour to the quieter study of contemporary history.¹

I have nothing more to add. This slight record of a long and eventful war is merely one of the trifles which I throw off from time to time at the request of my friends; and it in no way represents my finer work. I am not sure indeed that it has any especial value as a contribution to the Higher Study of History from the literary or political point of view. It is not very highly finished; it is not, as I say, my best work; and it may, for aught I know to the contrary, be lacking in spirit, grace, robustness, proportion or some one or two of the indefinable qualities which go to make a great classic.² It may, for instance, be considered tame, or brief to excess, or too dispassionate.

But it has at least the merit of being written by a witness of and participant in the events it records. It is accurate and dependable. It is not—so my friends insist, though I often rally them playfully for flattering me—without dignity and restraint: it is not emotional: it is absolutely true. And in one respect at any rate I do think it approaches perfection. Namely, in this:—that though from time to time I was forced to take a somewhat prominent part in the movements I have described I never shared in the bitterness of feeling which they aroused—a bitterness that has rendered most of my contemporaries' memoirs unreliable. Though storms of passion raged about me, I was never affected by them, but remained

¹ It is a — lie that I was dismissed and took to halfpenny journalism for a living!—*Author*.

² Too modest, too modest!—*Editor*.

throughout calm, cool, impervious to the influence of bias or animosity. And though there may be defects in my work, defects which I myself have striven in vain to see, defects that may prevent my shining out for ever like a great meteor among the starry throng of great historians, I am pretty confident of this, at any rate, that I shall be considered impartial.¹

¹ So you will, so you will! No fear of the contrary. A truly magnificent conclusion to a magnificent piece of work. Modesty, eloquence, candid self-valuation, unerring impartiality; how rare a combination of talents Mr. Jones has shown us! How melancholy a thing it is that his work, all too short, should ever have come to an end! How noble an example his fellow-historians would find in his spirit and style had they only the sense to study him!—*Editor*,

THE THIN MAN.

BLACK men who attract the attention of His Majesty's Government in the Province of Lunda can as a rule be easily classified and put in their places. "Hospital," "Chain-gang" and "*Hamsi-assharini*" (twenty-five) are the groups into which they naturally fall; and if there is any difficulty about selecting one of these classes it can generally be solved without fear of injustice by the invention of a fourth, namely, "Chain-gang and *Hamsi-assharini*". This, be it noted, is not due to any defects of red-tape or the like in the system of administration, but to human nature working in the black men.

The Thin Man, however, though he was black, was also ambitious, far too ambitious to let himself be scheduled and disposed of in a pigeon-hole or a category. He had a lively contempt for "groups" and the people who formed them; and though perceiving that in order to rise above the latter it might be necessary to pass through the former, he was determined that he would so rise. And he did. He became a Social Problem.

Nothing is known as to the birth and early years of the Thin Man. He may have had a cruel father or an unjust aunt. He may have been starved and beaten as a child, or been forced to endure frightful hardships as a youth in the struggle for recog-

dition. But if this was so, no record of his sufferings have been preserved: he did not make his entry upon the world in any hackneyed fashion. He was simply found.

One morning as Dayne, District Officer of Taro, which is the most remote district of the province, and cannot be said to lie nearer either to the north or the south, or the east or the west of Africa, was taking a stroll before *chhota hasri* round his station, he saw at the bottom of the deep, dry ditch that enclosed the *boma* a thing; which, after a second glance—the first made him turn away nearly sick—he recognised to be a human creature, either asleep or dead. Nearer inspection convincing him that it was the latter, he gave orders that it should be buried at once.

After *chhota hasri*, which his boy found more plentiful than usual, he inquired whether his orders had been carried out.

No, they had not. The head man, with a scared, anxious look on his face, offered many excuses for the shortcoming. The ground was very hard, spades were few, only three men (produced) could be found to do the work, time was short, they would at once begin, etc. But Dayne saw that behind all this there was, for once, a real reason, and inquired fiercely what it was. After much questioning he obtained the truth.

"Verily, *bwana*, we had indeed put him in the grave and were about to cover him; but when earth and stones were thrown upon him he rose up and cast them off."

"What?"

"He rose up."

"Still alive? Well, what did you do?"

"By the head of the Prophet, *bwana*, we ran."

"You would, you children of mud. Before that thing too. Upon my soul, what are you made of?"

"But if a dead man rise——"

"Dry up. Where is he now?"

"We cannot tell."

"Go and find out, then. Take him to *Bwana Doctari* if he can walk, if not you must carry him. And just go *polepole* (carefully), mind. The poor devil can't have many breaths left in him, but he may be worth one or two, and we'll give him a chance."

The boys obeyed, and found the Thin Man squatting quietly in the sunlight beside his grave. When bidden to rise he got up without a word and went towards the doctor's dispensary, walking very feebly, as though every step would be his last. As this seemed likely to be the case, the boys did not ill-treat him to any great extent, but merely impressed upon him with a running accompaniment of guffaws that he was about to die; and prodded him in the ribs with their fists, gaining much amusement from the delicate pretence that they were cut and wounded by the edges of his bones. So, merrily and with many a jest, they brought him to the doctor.

What the doctor saw was, he decided after a moment of uncertainty, distinctly a human creature; and that it still lived there was as little doubt, though

according to every theory of medical science it ought to be dead. He came to the conclusion that it was ultra-human, and began to look it over with keen interest—a task rendered easier by its absolute nudity.

It was a tall figure. The length from throat to heel measured more than five feet, and the head, perched on the shoulders by a mere rod of bone and gristle, towered up to such a height, though at the same time bulging widely to right and left, as to add more than another foot to the full stature. This in itself would have earned remark among most crowds. But when to this was added such a tenuity of frame as any knitting needle might have envied, the effect of length without breadth was positively inhuman. The shoulders had shrunk to half the size demanded by the figure's proportions, and drooped from the neck as those of a doll drained of its stuffing. The arms shook desolately like old cords about the sides. The trunk, with curved wavy spine and ribs falling from it like folds of drapery, was so wasted as to show every bone sharply lined as those of a skeleton. And it was so ill-supported that there seemed nothing to prevent it from slipping down over the legs. The latter, which were mere wisps of bone forming an obtuse angle at the knee, threatened momentary collapse; and being in no way sustained by the feet and ankles suggested that a slight push or even a breath of wind would send the whole figure tumbling to the ground in a hundred fragments. Nor did any sign of desire or capacity to prevent this disaster appear in the face. Loose, feeble lips hung like dying leaves over a feeble chin. The

sunken eyes showed no spark of vigour, but only an immemorial melancholy. The broad and lofty forehead in some indefinable fashion belied rather than indicated the presence of brain. And the wasted cheeks, long, crooked nose, protruding ears and expression of complete vacancy, all spoke of failure, illness, misery, a prayer for help and mercy, and gave you less the sensation of pity than that of horror that such a creature should be in the world.

After taking a cursory glance over the Thin Man, the doctor sent hurriedly for a cup of tea; and not till he had consumed it and steadied his nerve did he look at him once more, and begin to put the usual questions preliminary to a detailed examination of his state. In no less than five tongues and dialects did he put them, but always with the same result, namely, with none.

"Your name?"

Silence.

"Tribe?"

Silence.

"*Bwana?*"

Silence.

"If you don't speak I'll give you *kamsi-assharini*."

Silence. The Thin Man knew his power.

"You won't?"

Silence.

"Very well. Boy, get me my *kiboko*." It was brought. "Now——"

But the doctor got no further; for as he turned to move a chair out of the way he heard a sound like the crackle of dead twigs falling from a tree;

and, looking round hurriedly, discovered the Thin Man in a dead faint on the floor.

"What a brute I am, to be sure," he thought; and with an energy quickened by remorse proceeded to revive his patient with smelling salts and brandy, and water dashed in his face. The task proved by no means an easy one, for the Thin Man had apparently no recuperative power whatever, and for some time declined to show any signs of animation. When at length he sat up, somewhat resuscitated, the doctor found him too weak to undergo further examination, and he was carried very carefully to hospital and laid in the best bed that could be devised for him.

An hour or two later the doctor joined him there, and began his diagnosis, upon which he was engaged for the remainder of the morning. What degree of success attended his efforts we unfortunately cannot pronounce; for when asked by Dayne at luncheon for his opinion on the case, he would give no reply but that it presented some rare and curious features. And though he continued his investigations throughout the afternoon he still declined to offer an opinion at dinner-time. The Thin Man was dumb, it appeared, as well as diseased; which made it additionally hard to realise his symptoms.

On the next day he was equally disinclined to make any definite statement, and on the next, and the next, and the next; and though he spent day after day examining his patient, and was repeatedly asked for some decisive answer about him, he never would give any but that the symptoms were grave and dangerous

and the disease most engrossing to a medical man. If pressed for a reply he displayed irritation, and, seeing this, Dayne abstained from making inquiries, and before long forgot the Thin Man's existence altogether.

As for the latter, his life proceeded uneventfully. He continued to lie in a precarious state of health, spending his days out of doors in the sun, and his nights in hospital. He was comprehensively examined two or three times a week by the doctor, and carefully treated with various kinds of diet and innumerable drugs. He took everything that was offered to him with a tired but patient smile of submission, and seemed to feel a deep gratitude which he could not express. But in spite of all that was done for him he never made any progress whatever towards recovery. Instead of being nourished and revived by food, he seemed to grow thinner and thinner every day; and though you could see—or the doctor thought he could—that the mysterious disease from which he suffered must prove fatal before long, he did not die, but bore his woes with silent resignation and—continued to live.

After some six weeks of this had passed, Dayne, happening one morning to see the Thin Man lying outside the door of the doctor's dispensary waiting for his turn, recalled the case, and asked the latter whether he had as yet formed his opinion on it.

"No," said the doctor, somewhat stiffly. "The disease has not developed far enough to make any definite statement possible. But it is certainly gaining ground and must prove fatal before long."

This failed to satisfy Dayne, who had his suspicions about the Thin Man, and now proceeded to express them.

"I believe you are all at sea. A dose of chain-gang or *kiboko* is what he wants, and would do him more good than all your drugs put together."

"Rubbish. The man can't walk, much less work."

"I bet I'd make him."

"He is almost dying."

"I don't believe he is any nearer it than I am, nor half way either, for he hasn't got fever and I have."

"Perhaps you will admit that to be a medical question?"

"No, I don't think I will. I have spent ten years in Africa; and I say that the man is a fraud and can only be cured by chain-gang. If he isn't, and is really suffering from an incurable disease, for goodness' sake give him an overdose of something and get rid of him."

A gleam of excitement shot into the doctor's eye. He paused for an instant as though he had hit upon a great idea and wished to work it out; then continued in a tone that had lost its aggressive, and assumed a cautious, note—

"You tell me to give him an overdose?" The word "tell" was slightly accented.

"I think it would be a charity, and by far the best solution from all points of view."

"Then I am to give it?"

"I certainly should."

"You order it, in fact?"

"No, no, that isn't in my power. Your *shauri*

(affair), you know. The man is in your hands; purely a medical matter."

"M'yes. But I have your permission to——"

"You don't want it."

"Indeed I do. I can't—er—I mean, we can't—er—very well——"

"Go ahead, I understand."

"Without your orders."

"Nonsense, my dear sir. Don't you see the case is outside my jurisdiction altogether."

"No, I don't, and I'm hanged if I give him anything without orders."

"My good fellow, this is perfectly absurd."

"It is. One minute you say I am to make away with the man, and the next, when I ask you for definite instructions, you won't give them."

"And as for you, one minute you suggest that it would be a mercy to save him any further pain, and the next you decline to—er—well, do what's wanted. I believe you are afraid."

"So are you. If you aren't, why don't you give the necessary orders?"

"It isn't my *shauri*. If it was——"

"It is."

"It isn't."

"It is. Read your Regulations."

"They don't contemplate such a case. You do your duty."

"It isn't my duty. And I can't do it without your orders."

"Which you won't get, so you must."

"I shan't."

"Very well. I shall report you."

"Do. It will all look awfully well on paper."

And so the quarrel went on, until at last it threatened to become physical, and both parties felt that their attention was required elsewhere. They did not speak to each other for a month afterwards, and were never again on the same terms of friendship as before the Thin Man's arrival.

As for the latter, he sat and watched the battle with a calm apathy, apparently unconscious of its existence, and never showing by word or sign that he understood what was going on. It is a question whether he did or did not. Probably he did not, for the discussion was carried on very rapidly in the English tongue, and the majority of it must have been unintelligible to him—even though he was a Thin Man and endowed with uncanny powers of apprehension. On the other hand it must be remembered (1) that he was an African native, and (2) that the word "chain-gang" had been used rashly enough by Dayne within his hearing. So that he must certainly have understood that some one was going to be punished, and probably gathered that it was to be himself. In any case he did not wait to see whether he was the person indicated or not. On the following morning the doctor was informed that he had broken out of hospital and could not be found.

Discretion indicated that Dayne need not be bothered about so small a matter as this; and the latter heard nothing of the Thin Man's escape until the evening.

In the meantime he was acquainted with various other items of news which could not possibly have had any connection with the Thin Man.

Two sheep were reported missing from the Government herd.

"Find them."

Omari the head man had lost a kettle and many *kibabas* of rice. Would the *bwana* give orders that the thief be caught?

"Yes, go and catch him."

Mahmoud the interpreter had found on going to make his toilet that his mirror was not in its place. Might he go with an *askari* to find the thief?

"No, tell Omari: Omari will go."

Lomo, wife of Omari, came weeping to say that some of the common women had stolen her bright new *kanga*. Would the *bwana* be gracious to his servant and go to recover it?

"Rather; anything you like; I'll start at once. Have a pair of my riding-breeks to go on with? Go and tell Omari."

Last of all, the doctor sent a note informing Dayne with more than business-like brevity, that his dispensary had been broken into and robbed during the night. He had missed three bottles of port, an irreplaceable case of instruments, and an ulster which happened to have been left hanging behind the door. Would Dayne cause inquiries to be made at once, and endeavour to find and punish the thief?

Certainly.

"Some one seems to want a hiding pretty badly," murmured Dayne when the stream of complaints had

run dry. "We must catch the man. Thank goodness, he hasn't taken any of my landed property. Omari, you old goat, don't stand gaping there like an idol, but go and find this man."

Omari went; and spent the day trying to find the thief, but without any success. It was only late in the evening, when he came to report the number of men in gaol and hospital, that he was able to give Dayne some idea of the thief's identity. He reported that the Thin Man was missing.

"Oho! Then he was a fraud after all," said Dayne. "It is the best thing that could possibly have happened. Go to *Bwana Doctari*, my friend, and tell him with my compliments that I am very sorry to hear of the loss of one of his patients. Every effort will be made to recover him."

And he laughed as only a man can laugh who laughs once or twice a year. But the doctor sent no reply to his message. Until next day; when Dayne, intent upon a shooting expedition, failed to find his express rifle. And then he received a polite little note conveying the doctor's deepest sympathy, and inquiring with much concern whether it had cost thirty pounds or forty-five.

From the fact that Dayne sent him no reply, it may be concluded that the price was forty-five.

With an express rifle, an ulster, three bottles of port, a case of surgical instruments, a few pounds of rice, some matches, a looking-glass, a bright new *kanga* to carry them all in, and two sheep, the Thin Man felt that he was well provided for a week or two; and started to make his way to the next Station

as quickly as possible. He could only travel by night, for he felt sure that *askaris* would be sent out to scour the country for him by day. And he was right. They were sent; and they searched the country in every direction for some twenty miles. But though they were repeatedly within an ace of catching him, they never actually succeeded. Time after time he slipped away from them. And after four or five days and nights of alternate hiding and travelling, he had made such progress that he was able to light a fire without serious risk and cook himself a meal. This was his first since leaving Taro, and it was a good one, consisting of seven pounds of rice and a bottle of port. At the end of it he lay down and slept for fifteen hours without a break.

His sleep concluded, the Thin Man rose, heartily refreshed, and travelling on, covered a stretch of forty miles before it occurred to him that he again wanted food. One of the sheep had been going lame during the last few miles of the journey, and as it was now barely able to move, he made up his mind regretfully that it would have to be sacrificed before long, and in order to avoid waste, opened a vein in its neck with a piece of glass broken from the mirror and made a meal—of blood.

The sheep could hardly walk next day, and required continuous beating in order to keep it from actually lying down. But the Thin Man was determined to make the most of what resources he had for his journey, and drove the beast along by sheer force of flagellation till it declined to move, and dropped dead of exhaustion. When there was no

further question that it had become mutton he cut it up, burnt parts of it lightly in a fire, and feasted on them for three days and nights. At the end of that time the last bone was gnawed smooth and dry, and he had nothing further to detain him. So he pursued his journey along the eastward road, with his caravan smaller by the loss of one sheep and something else—on which it would be painful to dwell. "A *bunduki* (rifle)," he probably argued, "is of use so long as it can make fire. Once it made fire for *Bwana Dayni*, and now it has done so for me. Having made fire and passed into ashes, of what value is it to any man? Let it be a portion for the birds."

After travelling a few more days, during which he consumed his second sheep, he found himself close to the next station on the road, namely, Fort Atcheson.

Here he might have made his appearance at any moment had he been so inclined. But he felt that he was not sufficiently thin to do so with full justice to himself and confidence of his welcome; so, after making a secret depot for his property in the forest, he set himself to a rigorous fast, which lasted some sixty hours.

When this had come to an end he was looking like a design for the framework of a ghost; and deciding that he was fit to make his debut, he staggered into the *boma* about mid-day, and fell in a faint on the steps of the office.

Now, there could be no doubt that on paper this was a brilliant trick. The central idea was that

all who witnessed it would rush to his assistance. Brandy would be poured down his throat; boys would be set to work chafing his hands and feet; and when at last he returned by slow degrees to consciousness, he would be carried carefully to hospital and given the most comfortable bed the station could offer.

But at the end of three minutes he was still lying on the ground waiting for all this to begin, and to his astonishment and disgust none of it had happened. No one rushed to pick him up; no one sent for brandy or showed the boys how to chafe his hands and feet, or, in short, stirred a single step to help him. He could not but fear that he was on the brink of failure.

A moment later his presentiment became conviction. A heavy tread sounded along the office floor: a gruff voice said, "Here, what's this?" and a large muddy boot kicked him gently in the ribs.

Plainly, the only course now was to brazen matters out, and the Thin Man still lay where he was, limp and helpless as a log, in the hope that he might work on his host's feeling of compassion. But he might as well have attempted to work upon a stone; for the District Officer had long ago lost the faculty of pitying black men; and when he found that his first application produced no effect, he simply kicked the harder. The Thin Man stood this for some time without moving; but at last the kicks became too hard and too frequent to be bearable; he had to give in; and rose from the ground, thereby confessing his partial recovery.

What might have been expected now, if he had been dealing with anybody of ordinary humanity, was that he would be carried with extreme care to hospital and laid in bed. But what actually occurred was quite different. The District Officer merely had him carried to a damp dark shed at the back of the office and thrown upon a heap of rushes; where he was left to wait till the doctor could attend to him.

And no doctor appeared. For three hours the Thin Man waited, hoping against hope that every moment would bring him the sympathy and kind treatment of which he felt such need. But when at the end of that time the door opened, it was only to complete his despair. For the man who entered was not a doctor at all, but simply that inhuman ruffian the District Officer, who was, in point of fact, Acting Medical Officer for the Station. The position was desperate.

Nor did it improve. For the Acting Medical Officer, instead of entering with sympathy and care into his ailments, treated him merely as though he were a museum curiosity instead of an invalid. He felt his ribs with a smile and without a sigh, took measurements of his neck (which was twelve inches) and his chest (which was nineteen) like a man collecting scientific data. He shook him in order to hear the bones rattle; and, after trying to read print through his ears, cheered lustily at finding the headlines of a newspaper legible.

Still worse was in store. For when he came to the point of settling upon a treatment for his patient's maladies, he decided that, as these must in any case

prove fatal before long, it would be a waste of time and Government drugs to attempt their cure; and he simply administered the dose which he gave to all patients by way of preliminary (either to more of the same or to further experiments), namely, quinine. The Thin Man gulped this down bravely and showed no sign of disgust while the District Officer remained by his side; but when he had gone he turned his face to the wall and cried bitter tears. For he knew that he had failed.

Pluck and perseverance, however, were prominent features in the Thin Man's character, and he determined to give the District Officer a chance of repentance. So he waited for three more days to see if there were any prospect of better treatment; fainting four times, and fasting for thirty-six hours during that period. But to a fainting fit that heartless man merely responded by kicking him in the ribs till it was over, and to his refusal to touch his rations by stopping them, with the remark: "If you won't eat, you silly shrimp, how am I going to fatten you?"

So he decided to seek a more hospitable station without delay, and there being nothing to prevent him, he slipped away one night when no one was looking, and resumed his journey with a pair of the District Officer's fowls added to his other property.

A hiatus of six months occurs in the official memoranda of his career at this point. And as the country through which he now passed was occupied by a people of far greater industry than any he had yet encountered—they would sometimes spend whole days lying under the palm-trees waiting for the

bananas to drop into their mouths—it has been assumed that he was infected by their activity and did some work. At any rate he did something during this period which improved his physique; for on his next appearance in official life he had so far gained in condition and lost in skill, that he could only enter through the door labelled "Chain-gang," instead of that which he usually employed, namely, "Hospital".

It is but a bald record that we have of his doings at this station—a short entry in the Register of Criminal Cases. "*Prisoner*.—A native, name and tribe unknown. *Charge*.—Theft of sugar. *Sentence*.—Three months H. L. (Remitted by advice of Medical Officer.)" The doctor's books, strangely enough, do not even mention him, though he must obviously have required medical treatment. We have, therefore, no definite knowledge of his proceedings. But, at the same time, if we endeavour to fill out this skeleton of history with flesh and blood of guesses, we shall probably not go far wrong in taking his previous performance as our guide, and assuming that he went through the following programme with more or less success.

Failing in the first instance to win his way into "Hospital," he graduated thither after a few hours by repeatedly fainting in chain-gang. Safely ensconced there, he became the puzzle and mystery of the doctor's life, feeling no pain apparently, and bearing his illness with silent resignation, but fading away by inches in spite of careful treatment and diet.

Getting bored at the monotony of this life he probably took to spending his nights in petty theft:

which was noticed but could not be explained. And if, in course of time, it was detected, with the result that he was sent from the luxury of hospital to the hard labour of chain-gang, he instantly showed himself so ill—and he *was* incurably ill—that it became sheer cruelty to keep him there.

Returned to hospital, he again spent his days in bed and his nights in burglary—and could not be restrained owing to the rule forbidding a man to be bound when under medical treatment. If, the public interest demanding his confinement, he was once more—despite his illness—returned to chain-gang, he simply repeated his former ruse and won his way back from it into hospital. If, as must have occurred very soon, he became such an object of loathing and exasperation to both District and Medical Officers that neither would have anything further to do with him, and left him to go at large among the people, he plundered them so persistently as to raise a universal clamour for his incarceration. And if, with the object of finding some really effective penalty, the idea of *kiboko* was mooted, it had instantly to be discarded; medical advice and humanity alike forbidding such cruelty to a dying man.

That this was the programme which he conceived and carried out at this station there can be very little doubt. And that he repeated it with more or less success at the next station which he visited, and at the next, and the next, till he had travelled the round of the entire Province, we can feel equally confident. For though the official record of his life is not continuous, there is no reason to suppose that it was

ever interrupted by any long period of failure. And, as it happened, the one essential of his success, which he could not himself control, namely, continuous obscurity, came to him partly by luck and partly by his own merit—in that no mention of his existence or warning as to his tricks ever went from one station to another. For no one who had ever taken in, and been taken in by him, cared to confess the fact to his neighbours. And so nothing happened to spoil his schemes, and he succeeded and went on succeeding in the career he had chosen; living with some anxiety indeed, but with no more than would give an additional flavour to his comfort; and always timing his departure from each station so well that it was never heard of until it had occurred. He was a Social Problem.

.

Five years after our last glimpse of the Thin Man, Dayne, passing through on his way out from leave in England, was staying for the night with Corder, the District Officer of Eldala, which, as all men know, is the frontier station of the Province. Corder was new to his work, and as he and his guest leant over the *boma* wall after *chhota hasri*, watching for the smoke of the latter's train, he was speaking of the difficulties he had encountered during his first month spent in sole charge of a district.

"We've got such a miserable devil in hospital," he said. "The doctor doesn't know what to do with him. He has been here for months and seems to get worse and worse every day."

"What's the matter?"

"That is just the difficulty. There doesn't seem to be anything pronounced. He eats and drinks and sleeps well; and we stoke him up with chicken and beef-tea and port—twice as good grub as I ever get—but the more we give him the thinner he grows, and now he is as thin as a ghost. I suppose there is something internal, and he will go out like a candle one of these days."

"Why not help him on if he is as bad as that?" said Dayne, who thought at once of the Thin Man, but decided that he could not possibly be alive still. "There is nothing like a mistake in the dispensary for incurables. They are much better dead, from their own point of view as well as ours."

"Of course. That is just what I told the doctor, but he says he can't take the responsibility. Infernal rubbish; why is he here at all?"

"To perform the duties of his office, and keep people alive who are better dead. But I shouldn't worry; one has quite enough petty worries without that sort of thing."

"Yes, they never seem to stop. I have had a lot of bother lately, for instance, about the camp down there by the railway station."

"Rows; illness; what?"

"No, nothing bad. Only an endless series of petty thefts. One night it is a tin of biscuits that disappears, another it is a blanket, another it is a coil of rope, or some whisky, or a rifle. We have set trap after trap for the thief, but we never catch him, and I don't believe we ever shall. The closer the watch we keep, the more he seems to steal."

"Stick to it. You'll catch him in time."

"Of course. But I'm afraid it is going to be a precious long time."

They ceased speaking, and then Dayne, hearing the clink-clink of an approaching chain-gang, turned to look at the file of men as they came round the corner of the house. Corder also turned; and a moment later was seized with horror to see Dayne's face white and drawn, his hand quivering, and his eye fixed on the chain-gang as though he had seen a ghost.

"Why, whatever is the matter?" he asked hurriedly.

For answer, Dayne clutched him by the shoulder and hissed out—

"Man, man, what's that—that bag of bones at the end of the gang?"

"That? Why, the man I have been telling you about. He is dead, or darned near it. I told 'em not to put him in chain-gang."

"Dead? You young fool, that man is immortal. I know him."

The next second he was charging madly out of the *boma* at the chain-gang: the last member of which was—of course—the Thin Man.

At seeing Dayne every living creature about the station dropped work, and either stood terror-rooted to watch, or fled like frightened deer from his track. Grave Indian merchants, waiting at the *boma* gate, stood for a second numb with fear and then fell full length on the ground to pray. Swahilis working in the garden, dropped their spades and ran for their lives into the forest. Chain-gangs, other than the Thin Man's, stampeded over the plain, followed

by their panic-stricken *askaris*. Government donkeys galloped off with a squeal of terror and covered fully three hundred yards before they had to stop from exhaustion. The clerk barricaded the office door, and the orderly hid under the table. The doctor, thinking that someone had run amok, flew to save his child who was making mud pies by the well. Half-a-dozen *askaris* who were standing beside her raced to the barracks, and there seizing their rifles (for which they had no ammunition), crept under their beds to wait for death. Everyone, in short, who could lay a foot to the ground started to run like a hare before Dayne, only Corder standing still, agape with astonishment, wondering what he meant to do.

Only Corder, I have said. To him must be added the Thin Man's chain-gang. This continued to slouch on towards the lake, whither it was bound for water, entirely unobservant of the prevailing panic or its cause. Even when Dayne was within a hundred yards of them, they did not see him or recognise their danger. It was not till, at less than twenty yards' distance, he spurted with a little snort of satisfaction, that they turned to see whence it came. Then they seemed to make up their minds at once for death, and stood looking at him, rigid with terror, apparently incapable of stirring hand or foot.

All saw him except the Thin Man. The latter did not notice that anything unusual was happening until Dayne was within ten yards of him. Then he turned and, for the first time seeing his aggressor, looked him up and down—and understood. Something must be done at once.

But he did nothing. On came Dayne, and the Thin Man never moved. On and on, now within ten yards, but he stirred not an inch. Within eight yards—and he still stood there with a blank look of stupidity on his face as though not realising the danger. Five yards remained to be covered. Four. Dayne gathered himself up for a leap. Corder turned away to avoid seeing what happened. Another half-second passed, and Dayne had begun to jump: and then at last the Thin Man, with one weak, piteous look of appeal at his pursuer, saw that it was really a matter of life and death—and collapsed.

Of course Dayne jerked himself aside in his last stride to avoid treading on the Thin Man. And, of course, when he had stopped and come back to administer such punishment to him as humanity would permit, the latter was in a dead faint and could not be touched. He could not be rebuked, he could not be flogged, he could not be punished, he could not be affected in any way whatever. There was no question what had occurred or what would occur again, or what could or could not be done now to help matters on. It was all one clear, solid, unqualified victory for one party, and defeat for the other. The Thin Man had scored again.

Thirsting for vengeance, Dayne returned to Corder, and after reciting the Thin Man's history, laid it down with emphasis and eloquence that he had forfeited his right to live. According to every law of man and Nature he ought to be executed. On Corder's pointing out that this was impossible, he urged that the culprit's cumulative guilt at least deserved

to be punished with *kiboko* and imprisonment for life. Corder, anxious to appease him, promised to allow some punishment if the doctor would give his consent.

The doctor would not.

So Corder would not.

Whereupon Dayne swore a great oath that, if no formal punishment were to be administered, he, Dayne, would administer it with his own hands.

Corder desired to know who was the officer empowered to administer justice in the District of Eldala.

Dayne retorted that if the officer so empowered had not a better idea of administering justice, he ought not to be in the service at all, much less in charge of a district.

Corder drew attention to the rule prohibiting officers *en route* to their posts from staying more than two days at any station.

Dayne vowed that, even if it meant his dismissal from the service, he would stay till he had seen the Thin Man punished.

Corder replied that he was no longer in a position to offer him any hospitality.

Dayne, more determined than ever to have his way, set up his tent outside the *boma* gate, and dared Corder to turn him out of the district.

Corder declared that if he stayed there till the Day of Judgment, nothing would induce him to alter his decision.

Finally, the controversy was rendered even more complex and bitter by the arrival of three other disputants *en route* for their stations, one a Captain, one

a Doctor, and the third an Accountant. All of these officers recognised the Thin Man, and had sanguinary views about him; and, like Dayne, demanded to see him suffer. Till they had seen this, they said, they would not proceed on their journeys.

Corder held out for some time, objecting to their interference in any form whatever; and he would probably have carried his point, which was perfectly sound, but that a vast petition, signed by all the Indian traders in the province, praying for the execution or permanent incarceration of the Thin Man happened to arrive at the critical moment when the four Government Officers had changed their tone from angry clamour to persuasive appeal. And in view of this combined pressure he felt it necessary to give in, and asked his colleagues to sit as a sort of Advisory Board upon the case.

He himself took the chair, and for three days and nights the debate raged furiously over the Thin Man problem; Dayne eloquent for his death; the local doctor compassionate on the ground that this must in the course of nature take place soon; and the other doctor cynically contemptuous of this forecast on the ground that the Thin Man was a phenomenon quite outside the scope of medical understanding. As for the Captain, he overflowed with hilarious and impossible suggestions; while the Accountant supported vehemently and impartially any scheme which seemed likely to procure the elimination of the Thin Man's name from the books.

Corder alone sat in silence throughout the discussion, not because, after hearing the full history of

the Thin Man, he had no views as to the best course to be adopted with him, but because he saw very clearly in the debate that it could have but one end, and that only when this had been reached would his own work begin.

His calculations were correct. After all the members of the Board had related their several experiences of the Thin Man's iniquity, and had put forward tentative theories as to the possibility of curing, reclaiming, punishing, and rehabilitating him, they came unanimously to the same conclusion—that the one satisfactory course was to give him an overdose of some unsafe and potentially fatal medicine. There was an equally complete consensus that Corder was the person who could, and ought to, give the necessary directions for carrying out this scheme. And as he resolutely refused to do this, there was trouble.

The Board spent two whole days endeavouring to persuade him that he was shirking his duty. Man by man they rose and spoke at him, trying by turn appeal, persuasion, threats, satire, bluff, taunts and sheer violence of language in the effort to move him. But to every argument and appeal of theirs he had but one answer, namely, that the course they suggested was illegal and that he would not take it. So that by the time the Board had completed a week's sittings the matter of their discussion remained precisely where it had been. The Social Problem was still unsolved, and it appeared as insoluble as ever.

What, then, was the end of the difficulty? Did the Thin Man win after all? Was he still main-

tained by Government, and allowed to live on as he always had lived, partly in prison, partly in hospital, partly on the road between station and station, a skeleton, a pauper, a thief, an incurable, a problem, a nuisance, and a tyrant to all who encountered him? Was he flogged heartily, as he deserved to be, and turned adrift? Was he given that overdose—by mistake—which would have solved the difficulty most satisfactorily for all parties? Or did he by some strange and merciful mischance actually die a natural death?

No, weary reader, none of these things happened. Not one of the numerous courses suggested by the Board in default of the overdose scheme was put into effect. When every device of rhetoric and diplomacy had been tried upon Corder without success, and it became plain that the Board's resolution to remain at Eldala till he took some practical step would involve their permanent residence at that station, the end came at an unlikely moment, from a quarter whence no one had looked for it. The Captain provided an entirely original solution.

One night, after he had gone to bed, possessed with the idea—to which he had freely given utterance during the last few days—that "This is all dashed rot, you know," he dreamed a dream. So great a dream that his first instinct on waking at midnight was to go and tell somebody about it. But he restrained this impulse with an effort; and after sitting up for a moment to decide what he would do, dressed himself very quietly and let himself out of his tent.

He went to the barracks. And then, with two

Oriental inaccuracy, will testify that the charge is true. The defence, conducted by myself, since none will befriend so black a criminal, will urge that I merely "dropped" the book by accident; and that what Manuel heard was "Ham-string those accounts!" spoken in jest and not of malice prepense. The very weakness of this plea will be quoted by prosecuting Counsel as proof of its falsity. The jury will agree without leaving the box upon a verdict of "Guilty". And amidst the hooting of an incensed mob, I shall be wafted away in an agony of remorse and a rickety four-wheeler to Holloway or Wormwood Scrubbs; there after three weeks of penitence and petitions to meet the last claim of an outraged law.

Well, I must confess at once to the truth of the verdict. I have conceived and spoken evil of the King's accounts. I have wished that ill might befall him in the person of his Chief Accountant. I have—well, if I have not, I have earnestly desired to do so—dropped his ledger upon the ground. My guilt is clear, and, if need be, I am ready to hang. But, by all the winds of Justice, I will not hang quietly! Such a storm shall arise over my death as will effectually prevent any other for the same cause. And hard indeed shall it go with judge and jury in the next world if they do not find me extenuating circumstances in this.

For, if you will consider my case in detail, I think that you will find, if you be fair man or housekeeping woman, little moral reason why I should be tried at all, much less condemned.

Here am I, appointed to command a horde of

unruly figures, a man who from my cradle have striven in vain to understand the very meaning of sums, much less their bearing on, or necessity in, practical life. As a child, if informed that two pears at a halfpenny each and three at a penny cost in all fourpence, I was always ready to accept the fact (if accompanied by the fruit) and pass on. But when told that its cost was the important point and not its quantity or quality I jibbed. There had lain the pears. Now they lay elsewhere. Surely that completed the transaction. What remained? The knowledge that they had cost fourpence did not get me any "forrader"—as they did. Why in heaven's name, thought I, should I be troubled about an affair which was concluded?

At school I had the same inability to appreciate the use or value of figures: but there it had naturally to be combated; and it was in fact so far removed that I was ultimately able to pass "Smalls," an ordeal involving quite as much mathematical knowledge as any honest man should have; I would never trust a man who had more. Having passed them, I was again rendered happy by a complete immunity from sums: for at Oxford a man is not compelled to sully his mind with figures unless he wills it. And there, confident that I had left them behind for ever, I was able to spend three years of calm, unruffled by any thought of Euclid and Algebra. I never allowed any mathematical book or person to enter my rooms: I declined to know men who were in for the mathematical schools: I even sent my scout to the bank if I wanted a cheque changed. In

all that blessed time I was never harassed by the need for calculation of any kind : and when it ended I felt certain that I might wipe the whole faculty of adding out of my mind for ever, with the certainty that it would never be needed again.

But the rough world, alas! soon taught me a different lesson ; for I found it to be fairly bristling with figures—chiefly on the wrong side. The honeyed sense of academic security became but a memory of the past. And before long I found myself beside that angry sea of calculations, which, despite all travellers' myths to the contrary—of sandy deserts and the like—forms the interior of the continent of Africa.

There, after a time of probation spent as an acolyte in the office, I was set to a round of such mean arithmetical tasks as I had thought to await me only in the nethermost pits of the nether world. It would be impossible to attempt a full explanation of these tasks : nor would I desire that any but mine enemies should be called upon to understand them. But, as I am on my defence, I will ask those who sit in judgment—living perhaps in the upper air, far above this world's turmoil of figures—to listen for a moment while I hint at a few of the difficulties which they involve.

To begin, then, with a particularly unpleasant example, take the case of Trade Goods. Trade Goods are articles used for barter with the natives, such as chain, beads, blankets and the like, which are all apparently so valueless as to make it seem impossible that they could differ in value. But they do so differ : and as there are some fifteen or sixteen different kinds, of which infinitesimal quantities have to be issued

several times a day, it behoves a man to look very carefully to his record of such issues. Though he may have a dozen more important duties to attend to, he dare not leave this one, which, neglected for a moment, may bring ruin either of pocket or sanity, to his clerk. For endless complications will ensue if there is a minute's failure to distinguish, for instance, between the cloths "Americani" (reckoned at ten annas a yard and sold at four) and Gumpty (reckoned at six annas and sold at three); between the beads "Elkota," "Kikutri" and "Mixed" (all precisely alike in size and appearance but not in value); or between the Iron Chain sold at Rs. 3 per lb., and that sold at Rs. 2.8, which is nominally copper and really bronzed.

Again, in the case of animals, he will have to grasp that while cattle are "Live Stock," mules are "Lunda Rifles," and donkeys are "Transport;" and that while goats are sheep, the latter are in no case "Sheep," but "Trade Goods Live Stock," if taken by a punitive expedition, "Fines Judicial" if confiscated and brought in singly by the police, and "Hut Tax" if offered voluntarily in lieu of rupees or labour. In that of food he will have to understand why the Matahma flour which he takes from contractors is "District Food Account," while that which he procures elsewhere is "Local Purchase;" and why, when procured, it can only be consumed by six different mouths; labelled respectively—O.C.D.P.F.A. (Officer in charge of the District, Prison Food Account); O.C.D.N.S.R. (ditto Native Staff Rations); Remittance, Exchange, Transport Officer, or Officer commanding No. — Company, Lunda Rifles.

Then passing from food to finance, he will have to make out how a Station Estimate for the year, always insufficient, can be eked out so as to cover half its expenses; how a Native Staff can be made to do twice the work of which he has alleged it to be capable; how a Building Estimate can be forced, by the illicit employment of chain-gangs, to keep at least some of the Station roofs intact; and how an Incidental Expenses Estimate, which may be only used for expenses that are definitely named and never arise, can be stretched to meet others that do arise and must be paid—by him if not by the State.

As regards nomenclature and general business, the reasons will be shown to him—and it behoves him well to understand them—why a Trading License is "License-trading," and a Game License is "License game," but a Gun License is "Fees Registration:" why stamps set upon letters are "Receipts from Mail Service," but those fixed upon parcels are "Parcel Post return:" why Deposit on Porters must be taken and never entered; while cheques, though they may be entered, will seldom be taken: why "Fees Judicial" are as black to white beside "Judicial Fines:" why cheques must not lie down beside cash; and why, in conclusion, "Local Labour" men must not be set to the work of "Mail Staff" men, or "Mail Staff" men to that of "Transport" men, or "Transport" men to that of "Medical Officer's Transport" men, or "Lunda Rifles Transport" men to either, or "Lunda Rifles Maxim Gun Transport Section" men to anything at all.

And then; then, and only then; after grasping the

true significance of all these matters, their *raison d'être*, which is obscure; their bearing on each other, which is problematical; and their import in the general scheme of things, which can only be seen by passing, like Alice, "through a looking-glass," he will perhaps be admitted to the inner brotherhood of Those who Understand (or think they understand, for no one really does) the whole system of the sacred books themselves. Upon facing these he will be called upon, while retaining all that he has hitherto grasped, to learn a complete syntax of new rules: of which a good example is—that every bean and bead, and anna and shell, and mule and sheep must be entered or accounted for under one of a very limited number of headings. Namely:—"License Game;" "License Liquor;" "License Trading;" "Fines Judicial;" "Fees Judicial;" "Fees Registration;" "Customs Import;" "Customs Export;" "Road Dues;" "Exchange;" "Ivory Account;" "Prison Food Account;" "Tools and Plant Account;" "Native Staff Account;" "Trade Goods;" "Trade Goods Live Stock;" "District Food Account;" "Hut Tax;" "Receipts from Mail Service;" "Parcel Post Returns;" "Lunda Rifles—Food, Clothing and Equipment Account;" "Wages—Mail Staff, Native Staff, Lunda Rifles, Lunda Rifles Transport, and Lunda Rifles Maxim Gun Transport;" and finally that vague inconstruable item, "Loss arising from reduction in price of Americani and Gumpty from 10 annas to 4 annas and 6 annas to 3 annas respectively".

But let no man suppose that after comprehending the full nature and significance of these thirty-three

classes—which are intended to simplify and facilitate his work!—and how to use them—a lifelong task—he is then competent to deal with the books unaided.

No; he is but a tyro as yet. When he has every detail of the system at his fingers' ends, and knows every trick and subterfuge of which the figures are capable, he still has his greatest difficulty before him—the struggle to avoid, or at least postpone, his own bankruptcy. This, or something like it, constantly threatens all who have to deal with the King's accounts; harassing them with anxiety and the sense of unmerited debt, and preventing them through sheer poverty from making any real use of their leave when at last it is tardily granted. For by them must be paid all deficiencies, however small and however large, that occur in the cash, whether through their illness or absence, through their fault or that of their clerks, through theft or accident, fire or war. And though this may be a sound principle on paper, it does not work soundly or humanely in fact. For it means that they must habitually neglect all other duties in favour of the accounts; and times will come to the most careful when they find this impossible—with the result that mighty "reimbursements" from their own private treasury have to be made.

Before all things, then, a man must learn how, when a "Query" arrives from the Chief Accountant regarding the absence of some errant sheep or pound of beads, the latter's curiosity may be arrested by delay or baffled by diplomacy. How and when to bluff you must know; when to apologise, and when to carry red war on his coasts: in what type of error to admit your

liability, and in what to declare that his query is irrelevant and his system unsound.

It is the ceaseless activity of the accounts that makes them so grave a burden and drives a man to think of them as the one duty he must perform at the expense of all others. They are always at work: they never rest. Money, or flour, or beads, or sheep are dribbling in and out of the books with each motion of the clock. A single moment's neglect may cost a week's labour or a month's salary. What wonder then that the books assume in his mind a significance altogether disproportionate to their real value, and that other duties, the neglect of which will not mean a drain on his pocket, are apt to be left unperformed or half performed?

Oh, John Bull, John Bull, master of millions (and of the Foreign Office and Treasury, remember), if only you knew what you stand to lose, and often do lose, in native risings and "little wars" by thus glueing your servant to the care of your tiny accounts, when he ought to be touring and keeping in touch with his tribes, perhaps you would simplify his work and give him more freedom—even at the risk of losing a few beads. You cannot perhaps afford, as you ought, and profess, to do, to allot two officers to each Station, one to mind "the shop" and the other the District. But you might, without serious financial peril, group your receipts and expenditure under two or three headings, and so save your one labourer half his labour. Were you to do this, and in other respects give him a little more latitude, he would feel able, which he does not at present, to leave the office occa-

sionally for a few days and visit his tribes. And thus, while you might occasionally lose a dozen rupees or a yard of cloth, you might often save the cost of reconquering a District.

II.

So then, I have a case? There is something to be said on my side? I am not a thorough-going scoundrel and felon? Then come further, if my company be not too disreputable, and watch us—self and Manuel—as, the end of the month being at hand, we gird ourselves to order this tangle of affairs.

It is early afternoon. From the fact that I have before luncheon paid the wages of "Mail Staff," "Native Staff" and various other Staffs, including sundry Transport men, who have for months past transported nothing but their rations to their mouths, Manuel divines that after luncheon I shall begin the monthly battle with the books. This black hour he thinks that he may be able to postpone, if he cannot hope to escape it; and so, as I enter his room *en route* for my own, he is careful to appear desperately busy on some huge problem of figures. Out of deference to me he breaks this off for an instant as I pass through: but in terror lest I may seize the interval as an opportunity for hailing him to the fight, he cuts it as short as possible, and begins to buzz on in a clamour of addition long before I am out of his presence.

For some ten minutes or so I allow him to deceive himself with the deceit that is intended to hoodwink me; for the books have to be set in array, and other

preparations made before I can advance upon them. But at last I am ready for him, and call in a tone which he cannot misunderstand for his instant attendance.

"One—and—one—is—two—and—six—is—eight—and—five—is—eighteen—carry—one—and—forty—seven—twenty—minus—twenty—one—is—forty annas—thirty—pice—and—four—rupees—together—ten"—and so on, is all the answer I get; and his calculations continuing the more persistent as the position grows more serious, I repeat the summons in a sterner voice.

Still he affects not to hear, though showing unmistakably that he does so by doubling his speed. And the sum goes on at a pace that no lightning calculator could possibly follow, much less understand, till at last I lose all patience and call him with a vigour that brings him rushing into my room.

"You called me, sir?"

"Yes, I want to go through the accounts now."

"Already? The month seems early."

"Ends to-morrow. Sit down. We'll begin with the cash."

"But——"

"Count the cash."

Seeing that escape is impossible, he takes a chair and begins with a melancholy sigh to do as he is told.

A correct reckoning of the cash is the corner-stone of all subsequent success; so we are careful to make this, our base of operations, secure before going any further. The cash lies in eleven wooden boxes in the safe (each containing two thousand rupees),

and in the steel box on the table, where two or three thousand more, the receipts for the month, are drilled in heaps of twenty-five among cheques and small change and such camp followers. The wooden boxes we look at, take for granted, and leave in their places; but the loose rupees and cheques have all to be counted in detail, first by me, then by Manuel; who, because his whole mental system is supposed to consist of the counting faculty—his one source of value in the market—has the reputation, with all adherent responsibilities, of being, like the Pope, infallible.

Rs. 2201 15 annas is the result; with which sum, together with the cheques and other items such as the Stamp Returns, the Sheep Returns and the Fines and Fees Judicial—all of which are kept in separate boxes throughout the month, to insure accuracy—the figures in the ledger have ultimately, by fair means or foul, to be brought in accord. We begin with the stamps, counting, most carefully as before, the number remaining in stock in order to ascertain the number sold during the month. So many sheets of the 5-rupee value remain, so many of the 1-rupee value: ditto of the 6 anna, 4, 3, 2, and 1 anna respectively. The latter, being the penny stamp of everyday use, has naturally sold best; the others less freely, though all seem to be of use to the collector—a fortunate circumstance since they are of none to anyone else—except, perchance, to a native lady, who for the moment prefers them to wire as ornaments of the body.

After both counting carefully for half an hour, we come to highly different conclusions. Nothing for it. We must count again. We do. Oh, may my

enemy be doomed in the next world to count sheets of stamps, various in value but similar in hue, and all alike enamoured of the tropical finger, for ever and ever! After half an hour's hard work we find that we have both made mistakes and that the real figure lies between our former conclusions. This ascertained, we subtract this month's from last month's balance, and deduce that Rs. 120 9 annas should be the profit. We count the cash actually realised, and find Rs. 103 9 annas—seventeen rupees short.

Dark is the frown I direct at Manuel on discovering this awful difference between the ideal and the real. It must be his fault—thank goodness. For owing to pressure of other work I have for once allowed him sole charge of the stamps, and he cannot escape the impeachment. He instantly springs to the conclusion that I suspect him of dishonesty—which heaven knows he dare not commit, however strong his inclination—and begins to protest loudly that he is innocent. I silence him at once, and suggest that the missing rupees have probably been put in the sheep box by mistake. He vows with violence that this is impossible. I decline to believe so hazardous a statement and bid him bring and count the contents. He does, and lays bare his guilt.

For the sum there treasured is Rs. 77, an utterly impossible amount when sheep are sold at three rupees a head. (Pretty cheap? No, I assure you it is monstrous dear. I know, because I live on them throughout the year.) Also, the sheep book showing that but twenty-two of these spectres have been sold, we have sure proof of Manuel's carelessness.

Well, we have gained eleven rupees at any rate ; but six are still missing ; and the question arises—as it does fifty times a day in this type of work—what can we do ? Are we to contribute six rupees of our own, that is of mine ? Or count the stamps again on the chance of finding that we have made an error after all ? No fear. There is nothing to be done, but to rate Manuel soundly for his neglect and go on, in the hope that we shall ultimately find our rupees, truant, elsewhere. I do rate him, pointing out that we have wasted a whole hour owing to his mistake and that I can never trust him again. But as he instantly begins to fly signals of distress, and I know that once his tears are allowed a good start he will be of no more use to me till to-morrow, I soon leave him to his conscience and pass on, bidding him place the stamp money among the cash.

The sheep, clipped of their excess (which would buy fifty times their wool), are kind enough to correspond satisfactorily with their book : but we will not close this just yet, if you please ; for numbers of them may die or become parents before the month's figures are finally made up. Last month five had to be called into the world, without any previous preparation, to explain an excess in the cash : this month as many may be called out of it to make good a deficit. So elastic an item must be left to the end, in case we want to hedge.

We go on then to other accounts, which are, alas ! not so flexible—the Fines Judicial, the Fees Judicial and the Hut Tax. None of these make a very strong muster. For the Indian coolie is not so frequent a

visitor now as of old, when the railway construction brought him in myriads through the District. And the Marai, being unable to grasp the ethics of paying duty on their own homes in their own land, do not as yet contribute very much to the support of the Empire. We do not force them. And so it is not surprising to find that Rs. 3—one man's tribute for the year—is all we have from them this month: may they bring more next. The other items bring in Rs. 156 and Rs. 70 respectively—only thirty-five law-suits in thirty days! Then, having collected all that is to be got from these side-chapels, we pass into the main aisle of the fabric, the Receipt Book, and begin to reckon up the total revenue for the month.

This book consists of receipt forms in triplicate; of which one copy is given to the man who pays in the amount; another is retained, to be sent to the Chief Accountant at the end of the month, and the third remains in the book "for future reference;" that is, becomes waste paper which must not be thrown away. Next to it comes the Day Book, which, while keeping a record of all these receipts, also take notice of such items as are not thought worthy to be acknowledged; and marshals all incomings and outgoings in such order that they may enter the Ledger, that chancel where no correction is allowed, without spot or stain.

We proceed to compare the two, Manuel reading out names, dates and figures in the Receipt, and I checking them in the Day Book. For once they tally exactly and we can go on. We count in the Fees and Fines Judicial, Hut Tax, Stamp returns and sundry other items—leaving the sheep however still unde-

cided—add the whole together, and find it to be Rs. 5379 12 annas.

Now what will the disbursements say? We go to work on them with feverish anxiety, conscious that on their verdict depends our peace of mind for some days to come. First we attack the Trade Goods Account—nineteen columns, each running into pice and barely producing two dozen rupees among them. Then we obtain the total of wages paid out to the Mail Staff, Native Staff, etc.; reckon in the miscellaneous expenses of the month, *e.g.*, Manuel's salary, Rs. 150, the price of some building material, and of a few hundred sacks of flour; add to them the "Bills Receivable," *i.e.*, cheques received during the month, which, having gone in on one side have now to go out on the other, bound for our old enemy the Chief Accountant; and finally come to our still older enemy, "loss on Americani reduced from 10 to 6 annas, and Gumpy reduced from 6 to 3 annas respectively".

This completes the expenditure side. With beating heart and furious speed I dash out the result, which gives—thirteen annas. And twelve annas minus thirteen leaves fifteen. Thank heaven, I am on the right track.

The annas are correct! My hopes flash up like a rocket as I pass on to the rupee column. But alas, only to fade away when I add it up. For not only is the last figure wrong, which would not mean any serious trouble, but all the rest, the tens, the hundreds, and even the thousands. Instead of Rs. 3177 13 annas we have only Rs. 2852 13 annas. Which sum, taken from the receipts (Rs. 5379 12 annas), gives Rs.

2526 15 annas as the amount of cash we ought to have in hand. Instead of that we actually have Rs. 2201 15 annas. There is, beyond question, a wild error either in the books or the cash. We are over three hundred rupees to the bad!

A big mistake. But for this I am rather thankful than otherwise; for it is the small deficits—of forty or sixty rupees or so—that “whiten one’s locks”. They are at once harder to trace and more likely to mean a call on one’s pocket. But to “drop” Rs. 300 in a single month is a misfortune almost incredible—though I have known a man mulcted of twice that sum in four months through no fault of his own. So, closing time having long since come and gone, I shut up the books for this, our first day’s work, without despair; nay, with less anxiety than usual, since the error is so monstrous.

Attacking the problem next day with fresher brains, we soon discover our principal mistake. A cheque for Rs. 200 due to a corn contractor, which has been paid in to us by the Chief Accountant and paid out to the rightful owner, has only been recorded as paid in. We set this right, and then go through our figures again from end to end to seek further errors. We find a few, and bring out a fresh balance, purged of these defects. But with little satisfaction, for our shortcoming now changes into an excess of Rs. 38.

This is a serious event, much more serious than it may seem: for all experience goes to show that a surplus usually foretells a corresponding deficit when the mistake has been run to earth. So our anxiety is doubled rather than lessened. However we go to

work again with unbroken resolution, taking away six of the thirty-eight rupees to make up the deficit on the stamps, and striving to dispose of the remaining thirty-two. But this task, easy as it would be in private life, proves harder than any we have had to face as yet. Five hours' work in the morning and four in the afternoon bring no success; and we close the office for that day in gloom and wrath at each other's stupidity. The sun, rising again and climbing to mid-sky, in mockery, as it seems, at our folly, finds us no wiser; and we work till it goes down once more, with no better results. Probably the mistake is too obvious to be detected without some difficulty: that is, we are making the same simple error time after time, and wasting our energy on the search for an obscure one which does not exist. At any rate we spend another whole morning traversing our figures again and again before we come upon any gleam of light; and then it does not help us very far. Fifteen rupees in excess have been paid into Court by some eager Indian litigant, who probably thought to influence my view of his case by thus intruding a *douceur* among the Fees Judicial. By gross neglect on the part of Manuel or myself—I unfortunately cannot pin him down to the crime this time—these rupees have been allowed to mingle with the cash. Out they go—a step in the right direction, if a small one—and we pass on.

Towards evening at last we improve our position to some extent. For as the light is beginning to wane, we discover a miserably obvious mistake in addition, which alters the whole complexion of affairs, changing

our excess into a deficit of nine rupees. Well, this is at least nearer the golden mean than before; and now for the first time in three days we begin to feel something other than despair. Even Manuel brightens up.

Next day we spend a few hours searching every corner and cranny of the books for the errant nine. But in vain: they will not be found. And seeing at last that further effort will be merely wasted, and that if I am ever to attend to the mass of business—customs, judicial and police—which has been accumulating during the past few days, I must bring about a *coup*, I decide upon a desperate measure and bid Manuel bring the Sheep Book.

He does, grinning with delight. I take my pen: and then and there with a single stroke I solve the problem by massacring three sheep. Poor things! they were only born last month, and are young as yet to take part in the affairs of the Empire. But they are old enough to overcome a mathematical difficulty which I could not. They are sheep: they are worth, on paper at any rate, nine rupees. At the worst they are sure of a joyful resurrection within a few months. With their aid the cash rises into glorious harmony with the figures. They have played their part and set me at liberty for other work. *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.*

O happy hour! Thrice blessed sheep! I am free once more. I bask at ease in the sunlight of their heroism. I am rid of an overwhelming burden. Not entirely, it is true, for I have still to copy the whole record of our doings into the Ledger—that old Pharisee

with the fair countenance masking many sins. And further, in five minutes' time the books will once more be open to the ceaseless stream of entries and issues which are destined to plague us next month. But for the moment I have relief, sweet invaluable relief : for the worry of keeping this stream in its proper course is as nothing beside that of dealing with the whirlpool it forms at the end of each month ; and the sense of leisure and liberty with which I pass on to other affairs is such as Christian must have felt on emerging from the Slough of Despond.

Not so easily does Manuel escape from the struggle. For upon him there now lies the unreasonable labour of making out three fine copies for the Chief Accountant, of all our transactions of the month. First the figures in Food Book, Sheep Book, Trade Goods Book, Wages Book, Stamps, Hut Tax, etc., etc., in detail ; then their results as set forth by the hypothetical Ledger ; and finally a summary and analysis of their component parts, showing the sources and proportion of each category of receipt and expenditure.

Nor is this superfluous task without its effect upon me : for it will take Manuel at least eight days, and during that time the wheels of my little official machine, already none too strong for their task, will be woefully impeded. However, one would gain nothing by complaining of the delay : it is but a single instance among many of the ways in which all activity is crushed by the need of keeping the accounts free of error. No complaints would even be listened to, much less considered. One can only endure in silence and hope that the sinner who invented and developed

so cumbrous a system may be punished for it as richly as he deserves.

But enough of system and figures alike! All who have followed me so far must be thoroughly weary of the subject; though not so weary, I trust, as we are, who have it living with us day in day out throughout the year. I suppose that accounts really have certain good and useful properties—in the eyes of a Treasury clerk. Nay, I am even willing to admit that, regarded in the abstract, they have a certain picturesque dignity of character. They are so vigilant, so enduring; the hard, dry bones of history, telling their tale severely perhaps, but without prejudice, bias or favour; and the more dependably because they are impervious to emotion. Nothing stirs them; nothing escapes them; they do not laugh or cry, or applaud or criticise; but they never cease to notice and set down all that comes within their view. Look into their pages where you please, you will always find the same grim chronicle, without comment or mistake, of the human story throbbing around them; conquest and commerce, progress and strife, life and death are all reflected here.

In January, 190—, for example, the Fees Judicial are six hundred rupees, telling that in that month the railway, with its thousands of Indian coolies, was being constructed through the district. In June they had dropped to sixty, telling that this section had been completed, that another step had been taken in the march of the Empire, and the coolies were clamouring for justice at another door. In the same month, Maulabux, Indian merchant *en route* "to up

country," pays deposit on fifty porters; in December he returns with but thirty-nine—that little rising, you remember, when the road was unsafe for a couple of months. The Stamp Account goes up, and the arms and ammunition bill comes down. Hut tax grows from fifteen rupees to ninety per year. Shells and beads disappear gradually as the rupee gains ground; and the Trade Goods Account diminishes (for which, praise be!), showing that the natives are coming to lean on us and trust our rule. Then there is the red line across the books and change of handwriting, which tell that A has "handed over" to B, and gone home on leave, racked with fever probably, and glad enough to go after three or four years' work. And here again the sadder change without the red line, when C handed over, to no human power, but died before his successor could come. Few motions of the tide ebb and flow through the district, but they are recorded here in merciless shorthand—plentiful material for the Buckle of Africa.

To us, however, who sit face to face with the accounts every day, it must be confessed that they do not afford much pleasure. We find but little in them of romance or poetry, so blinded are we by their dust of prose. Indeed, for my part, if you ask for my opinion of the accountant's life and dealing with the books, I answer that there is but one kind of interest, solace or relief to be derived from them; and that is in victory over the figures at the end of each month. Here, undoubtedly, is a prize that falls to the lot of but few men; for the accounts are such wary, treacherous, all-powerful foes, that

triumph over them is a delight far exceeding the ordinary joys of human experience. I am ready to pay a full measure of appreciation to all the "supreme moments" of success in field or forum—the imperious drive at cricket or golf, the first tiger's fall, the gasping triumphs of the river, the master-subtleties of diplomacy or debate, or to that moment, somewhat different in kind, but best perhaps of all, when the dentist says, "Now, you will do for another year".

But, granting to all these the praise they deserve, I still maintain that for real ecstasy of self-esteem and arrogance, there is no moment so exquisite, so glutted with the sense of skill as that which comes to a man, once in the course of his service perhaps—it can hardly come to any more often—when the figures of his monthly account emerge, at the very first adding, correct, spontaneously correct, correct to the last pice of their numberless details; when the various items of Receipt and Expenditure in many books correspond like the parts of some delicate machinery; when the Day Book is at peace with the Ledger and the Receipt Book with both; and when, to crown all, the cash is neither meanly insufficient nor insolently excessive, but simply, precisely, magnificently adequate.

This may, perhaps, be questioned by some. But of one thing, at any rate, there can be no manner of doubt—that it is far better to strive for a goal in Ledgers than Letters. For in the last you soon come to find there are no really attainable goals. Those things which look like goals are but doors leading to

others equally deceptive; and there is no final moment when the artist can say, "So much is won and done, *perfectly*, no man can better it". Rather you discover on attaining to a certain height that a dozen other heights have suddenly sprung into view, frowning down on you and dwarfing that on which you stand. The whisper that sounds in your ears is not "Grandly done! You have achieved all you set out to do. Your course is finished. You may take your crown;" but, "H'm, yes. Fair. This shows promise. You are making some progress. Perhaps you might now essay a higher task." Promise and progress, forsooth! What dim ghosts of success are these! What satisfaction can they bring—to a clerk, for example, who is certain of final victory every day of his life. Why, in Accounts you have but to add together one mass of figures, subtract another, clear up all stray ends and strike a true balance with the cash, and you stand upon the summit of the world triumphant. There is no view here of higher peaks to be climbed with long toil and self-immolation, no sound of criticism or tempered approval in your ear. Like Mr. Pett Ridge's "Mord Em'ly" at her sums, you have achieved the all; you are above both blame and applause; the whole earth lies at your feet; your achievement is final; and with her you can snap out at all who faintly praise your work: "Good be blowed! It's right!"

By so much is it more blessed to succeed in Adding than Art.

L'ENVOL

A TOAST.

THE CIVIL SERVANT—INDIA, AFRICA, THE
COLONIES.

Gentlemen, charge your glasses : glasses
 Flushing with welcome, brim to brim,
 Oft to your heroes have ye drainéd ;
 Glasses, I ask, ye charge to him,
 Who to the end of your Britains beareth
 Jewels, the best your Britain weareth—
 Order of life,
 Rest from strife,
 Light where the lights of God are dim.

Never a word of his great work cometh
 Out to the world where the fame-wind blows :
 Never a whisper winged with courage
 Into his desert prison goes.
 Lonely and burned, in temper tameless,
 Recking of nought so his work be blameless,
 Bravely he fares
 Worn with cares :
 Linked to a life and death of prose.

Prose, for it is not his to conquer ;

Prose, for he hath no crown to gain :

But to a large and larger labour

Following years his life enchain :

Drudgery—dull dead-weight—his burden,

Frailty, early age, his guerdon ;

Life alone,

Death unknown,

Grave where few of his land have lain.

Yet, he is this : when your child-peoples

Swirl to a war, he makes it peace :

When to a thousand thousand cometh

Panic of death, he bids it cease :

Famine and flood and drought he fighteth,

Riot and wrong, the least, he righteth ;

Fending, holding,

Fostering, moulding

Men of the hordes ye hold in lease.

Honour him, honour him, then, that hear me ;

Honour of yours is in his hands.

Think of him where, 'mid change and tempest,

Hazard and plague, alone, he stands.

Spirit of England, cheer him, guard him ;

Proudly with pride of work reward him—

Sentinel, judge,

Sovereign, drudge,

Sower of right in your broad brown lands.

A Classified Catalogue OF WORKS IN GENERAL LITERATURE

PUBLISHED BY
LONGMANS, GREEN, & CO.,

39 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

91 AND 93 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, AND 32 HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
<i>BADMINTON LIBRARY (THE)</i>	12	MENTAL, MORAL AND POLITICAL	
BIOGRAPHY, PERSONAL MEMOIRS, ETC.	8	PHILOSOPHY	16
CHILDREN'S BOOKS	31	MISCELLANEOUS AND CRITICAL	
CLASSICAL LITERATURE, TRANS- LATIONS, ETC.	22	WORKS	38
COOKERY, DOMESTIC MANAGEMENT, ETC.	36	POETRY AND THE DRAMA	23
EVOLUTION, ANTHROPOLOGY, ETC.	20	POLITICAL ECONOMY AND ECO- NOMICS	20
FICTION, HUMOUR, ETC.	25	POPULAR SCIENCE	29
<i>FOR, FEATHER AND FIN SERIES.</i>	14	RELIGION, THE SCIENCE OF	21
FINE ARTS (THE) AND MUSIC	37	<i>SILVER LIBRARY (THE)</i>	33
HISTORY, POLITICS, POLITY, POLI- TICAL MEMOIRS, ETC.	1	SPORT AND PASTIME	12
LANGUAGE, HISTORY AND SCIENCE OF	19	<i>STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES</i>	19
LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, ETC.	16	TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, THE COLONIES, ETC.	10
		WORKS OF REFERENCE	31

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, etc.

Abbott.—A HISTORY OF GREECE.
By EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D.
Part I.—From the Earliest Times to the
Ionian Revolt. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Part II.—500-445 B.C. Crown 8vo,
10s. 6d.
Part III.—From the Peace of 445 B.C. to
the Fall of the Thirty at Athens in
403 B.C. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Abbott.—TOMMY CORNSTALK:
being Some Account of the Less Not-
able Features of the South African War
from the Point of View of the Australian
Ranks. By J. H. M. ABBOTT. Crown
8vo, 5s. net.

Acland and Ransome.—A HAND-
BOOK IN OUTLINE OF THE
POLITICAL HISTORY OF ENG-
LAND TO 1896. Chronologically
arranged. By the Right Hon. A. H.
DYKE ACLAND and CYRIL RANSOME,
M.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Allgood.—CHINA WAR, 1860:
LETTERS AND JOURNALS. By
Major-General G. ALLGOOD, C.B.,
formerly Lieut. G. ALLGOOD, 1st Division
China Field Force. With Maps, Plans,
and Illustrations. Demy 4to, 12s. 6d.
net.

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, etc.—continued.

ANNUAL REGISTER (THE). A Review of Public Events at Home and Abroad, for the year 1900. 8vo, 18s.
Volumes of THE ANNUAL REGISTER for the years 1863-1899 can still be had. 18s. each.

Arnold.—INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON MODERN HISTORY. By THOMAS ARNOLD, D.D., formerly Head Master of Rugby School. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Ashbourne.—PITT: SOME CHAPTERS ON HIS LIFE AND TIMES. By the Right Hon. EDWARD GIBSON, Lord ASHBOURNE, Lord Chancellor of Ireland. With 11 Portraits. 8vo, gilt top, 21s.

Ashley.—SURVEYS, HISTORIC AND ECONOMIC: a Volume of Essays. By W. J. ASHLEY, M.A. 8vo, 9s. net.

Bagwell.—IRELAND UNDER THE TUDORS. By RICHARD BAGWELL, LL.D. (3 vols.) Vols. I. and II. From the First Invasion of the Northmen to the year 1578. 8vo, 32s. Vol. III. 1578-1603. 8vo, 18s.

Baillie.—THE ORIENTAL CLUB, AND HANOVER SQUARE. By ALEXANDER F. BAILLIE. With 6 Photogravure Portraits and 8 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 25s. net.

Besant.—THE HISTORY OF LONDON. By Sir WALTER BESANT. With 74 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1s. 9d. Or bound as a School Prize Book, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.

Bright.—A HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By the Rev. J. FRANK BRIGHT, D.D.

Period I. MEDIEVAL MONARCHY: A.D. 410-1155. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Period II. PERSONAL MONARCHY. 1155-1688. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Period III. CONSTITUTIONAL MONARCHY. 1689-1837. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Period IV. THE GROWTH OF DEMOCRACY. 1837-1889. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Bruce.—THE FORWARD POLICY AND ITS RESULTS; or, Thirty-five Years' Work amongst the Tribes on our North-Western Frontier of India. By RICHARD ISAAC BRUCE, C.I.E. With 28 Illustrations and a Map. 8vo, 15s. net.

Buckle.—HISTORY OF CIVILISATION IN ENGLAND, FRANCE, SPAIN AND SCOTLAND. By HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE. 3 vols. Crown 8vo, 24s.

Burke.—A HISTORY OF SPAIN from the Earliest Times to the Death of Ferdinand the Catholic. By ULICK RALPH BURKE, M.A. Edited by MARTIN A. S. HUME. With 6 Maps. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 16s. net.

Caroline Queen.—CAROLINE THE ILLUSTRIOUS. QUEEN-CONSORT OF GEORGE II. AND SOMETIME QUEEN REGENT: a Study of Her Life and Time. By W. H. WILKINS, M.A., F.S.A., Author of 'The Love of an Unrowned Queen'. 2 vols. 8vo, 36s.

Chesney.—INDIAN POLITY: a View of the System of Administration in India. By General Sir GEORGE CHESNEY, K.C.B. With Map showing all the Administrative Divisions of British India. 8vo, 21s.

Churchill (WINSTON SPENCER, M.P.).

THE RIVER WAR: an Historical Account of the Reconquest of the Soudan. Edited by Colonel F. RHODES, D.S.O. With 34 Maps and Plans, and 51 Illustrations from Drawings by ANGUS McNEILL. Also with 7 Photogravure Portraits of Generals, etc. 2 vols. Medium 8vo, 36s.

THE STORY OF THE MALAKAND FIELD FORCE, 1897. With 6 Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LONDON TO LADYSMITH VIA PRETORIA. Crown 8vo, 6s.

IAN HAMILTON'S MARCH. With Portrait of Lieut. General Ian Hamilton, and 10 Maps and Plans. Crown 8vo, 6s.

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, etc.—continued.

Corbett (JULIAN S.).

DRAKE AND THE TUDOR NAVY: with a History of the Rise of England as a Maritime Power. With Portraits, Illustrations and Maps. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo, 16s.

THE SUCCESSORS OF DRAKE. With 4 Portraits (2 Photogravures) and 12 Maps and Plans. 8vo, 21s.

Creighton (M., D.D., late Lord Bishop of London).

A HISTORY OF THE PAPACY FROM THE GREAT SCHISM TO THE SACK OF ROME, 1378-1527. 6 vols. Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

QUEEN ELIZABETH. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS AND REVIEWS. Edited by LOUISE CREIGHTON.

De Tocqueville. **DEMOCRACY IN AMERICA.** By ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE. Translated by HENRY REEVE, C.B., D.C.L. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 16s.

Dickinson.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF PARLIAMENT DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By G. LOWES DICKINSON, M.A. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Falkiner. **STUDIES IN IRISH HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.** Mainly of the Eighteenth Century. By C. LITTON FALKINER. 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Fitzgibbon. **ARTS UNDER ARMS:** an University Man in Khaki. By MAURICE FITZGIBBON, B.A., Trinity College, Dublin University, late Trooper and Sergeant-Major 15th Company (Irish Hunt Contingent) Imperial Yeomanry. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s. net.

Fitzmaurice. **CHARLES WILLIAM FERDINAND, Duke of Brunswick:** an Historical Study. By Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE. With Map and 2 Portraits. 8vo, 6s. net.

Froude (JAMES A.).

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada. 12 vols. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

THE DIVORCE OF CATHERINE OF ARAGON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Froude (JAMES A.) continued.

THE SPANISH STORY OF THE ARMADA, and other Essays. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. 3 vols. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

ENGLISH SEAMEN IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Cabinet Edition. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Illustrated Edition. With 5 Photogravure Plates and 16 other Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s. net.

'Silver Library' Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE COUNCIL OF TRENT. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

CÆSAR: a Sketch. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Edited by P. S. ALLEN, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Fuller. **EGYPT AND THE HINTERLAND.** By FREDERIC W. FULLER. With Frontispiece and Map of Egypt and the Sudan. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Gardiner (SAMUEL RAWSON, D.C.L., LL.D.).

HISTORY OF ENGLAND, from the Accession of James I. to the Outbreak of the Civil War, 1603-1642. 19 vols. Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT CIVIL WAR, 1642-1649. 4 vols. Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

A HISTORY OF THE COMMONWEALTH AND THE PROTECTORATE, 1649-1660. Vol. I, 1649-1651. With 11 Maps. 8vo, 21s. Vol. II, 1651-1654. With 7 Maps. 8vo, 21s. Vol. III, 1654-1660. With 6 Maps. 8vo, 21s.

THE STUDENT'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. With 378 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, gilt top, 12s.

Also in Three Volumes, price 4s. each.

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, etc.—continued.

Macaulay (LORD)—continued.

THE WORKS.

'*Albany*' Edition. With 12 Portraits. 12 vols. Large Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

Vols. I-VI. HISTORY OF ENGLAND, FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND.

Vols. VII-X. ESSAYS AND BIOGRAPHIES.

Vols. XI-XII. SPEECHES, LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, ETC., AND INDEX.

Cabinet Edition. 16 vols. Post 8vo, £4 16s.

HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND.

Popular Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

Student's Edition. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo, 12s.

People's Edition. 4 vols. Cr. 8vo, 16s.

'*Albany*' Edition. With 6 Portraits. 6 vols. Large Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

Cabinet Edition. 8 vols. Post 8vo, 48s.

'*Edinburgh*' Edition. 4 vols. 8vo, 6s. each.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS, WITH LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, ETC., in 1 volume.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Author's Edition. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

'*Silver Jubilee*' Edition. With Portrait and 4 Illustrations to the 'Lays'. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL ESSAYS.

Student's Edition. 1 vol. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

People's Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 8s.

'*Treatise*' Edition. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 9s.

Cabinet Edition. 4 vols. Post 8vo, 21s.

'*Edinburgh*' Edition. 3 vols. 8vo, 6s. each.

Macaulay (LORD)—continued.

ESSAYS, which may be had separately, sewed, 6d. each; cloth, 1s. each.

Addison and Walpole. Frederic the Great.

Croker's Boswell's. Ranke and Gladstone.

Johnson. Lord Bacon.

Hallam's Constitutional History. Lord Clive.

Warren Hastings. Lord Byron, and The

The Earl of Chatham. Comic Dramatists

(Two Essays). of the Restoration.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS.

People's Edition. 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITINGS, SPEECHES, AND POEMS.

Popular Edition. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Cabinet Edition. 4 vols. Post 8vo, 21s.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF LORD MACAULAY.

Edited, with Occasional Notes, by the Right Hon. Sir G. O. TREVELYAN, Bart.

Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mackinnon (JAMES, Ph.D.).

THE HISTORY OF EDWARD THE THIRD. 8vo, 13s.

THE GROWTH AND DECLINE OF THE FRENCH MONARCHY. 8vo, 21s. net.

May.—THE CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND since the Accession of George III. 1760-1870.

By Sir THOMAS ERSKINE MAY, K.C.B. (Lord Farnborough). 3 vols. Cr. 8vo, 18s.

Merivale (CHARLES, D.D.).

HISTORY OF THE ROMANS UNDER THE EMPIRE. 8 vols. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

THE FALL OF THE ROMAN REPUBLIC: a Short History of the Last Century of the Commonwealth. 12mo, 7s. 6d.

GENERAL HISTORY OF ROME, from the Foundation of the City to the Fall of Augustus, B.C. 753-A.D. 176. With 5 Maps. Cr. 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Montague. THE ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY.

By F. C. MONTAGUE, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Nash. THE GREAT FAMINE AND ITS CAUSES.

By VAUGHAN NASH. With 8 Illustrations from Photographs by the Author, and a Map of India showing the Famine Area. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

History, Politics, Polity, Political Memoirs, etc.—continued.

Owens College Essays.—Edited by T. F. TOUT, M.A., Professor of History in the Owens College, Victoria University, and JAMES TAIT, M.A., Assistant Lecturer in History. With 4 Maps. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

Powell and Trevelyan.—THE PEASANTS' RISING AND THE LOLLARDS: a Collection of Unpublished Documents. Edited by EDGAR POWELL and G. M. TREVELYAN. 8vo. 6s. net.

Randolph.—THE LAW AND POLICY OF ANNEXATION, with Special Reference to the Philippines; together with Observations on the Status of Cuba. By CARMAN F. RANDOLPH. 8vo. 9s. net.

Rankin (Reginald).—THE MARQUIS D'ARGENSON AND RICHARD THE SECOND. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

A SUBALTERN'S LETTERS TO HIS WIFE. (The Boer War.) Cr. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Ransome.—THE RISE OF CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT IN ENGLAND. By CYRIL RANSOME, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Seeborn (Frederic, LL.D., F.S.A.).—THE ENGLISH VILLAGE COMMUNITY. With 13 Maps and Plates. 8vo. 16s.

TRIBAL CUSTOM IN ANGLO-SAXON LAW: being an Essay supplemental to (1) 'The English Village Community,' (2) 'The Tribal System in Wales.' 8vo. 16s.

Seton-Karr.—THE CALL TO ARMS, 1900-1901; or a Review of the Imperial Yeomanry Movement, and some subjects connected therewith. By H. SETON-KARR, M.P. With a Frontispiece by R. CATON WOODVILLE. Crown 8vo.

Shaw.—A HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH DURING THE CIVIL WARS AND UNDER THE COMMONWEALTH, 1640-1660. By WM. A. SHAW, LL.D. 2 vols. 8vo. 36s.

Sheppard.—THE OLD ROYAL PALACE OF WHITEHALL. By EDGAR SHEPPARD, D.D., Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapels Royal, Sub-Almoner to the King. With 6 Photogravure Plates and 33 other Illustrations. Medium 8vo. 21s. net.

Smith.—CARTHAGE AND THE CARTHAGINIANS. By R. BOSWORTH SMITH, M.A. With Maps. Plans, etc. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Stephens.—A HISTORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION. By H. MORSE STEPHENS. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. 18s. each.

Sternberg.—MY EXPERIENCES OF THE BOER WAR. By ADALBERT COUNT STERNBERG. With Preface by Lieut.-Col. G. F. R. HENDERSON. Cr. 8vo. 5s. net.

Stubbs.—HISTORY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN. By J. W. STUBBS. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Sutherland.—THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND, from 1606-1900. By ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A., and GEORGE SUTHERLAND, M.A. Crown 8vo. 2s. 6d.

Taylor.—A STUDENT'S MANUAL OF THE HISTORY OF INDIA. By Colonel MEADOWS TAYLOR, C.S.I., etc. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d.

Thomson.—CHINA AND THE POWERS: a Narrative of the Outbreak of 1900. By H. C. THOMSON. With 2 Maps and 29 Illustrations. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

Todd.—PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT IN THE BRITISH COLONIES. By ALPHEUS TODD, LL.D. 8vo. 30s. net.

Trevelyan.—THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. Part I. 1766-1776. By Sir G. O. TREVELYAN, Bart. 8vo. 16s.

Trevelyan.—ENGLAND IN THE AGE OF WYCLIFFE. By GEORGE MACAULAY TREVELYAN. 8vo. 15s.

Wakeman and Hassall.—ESSAYS INTRODUCTORY TO THE STUDY OF ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY. Edited by HENRY OFFLEY WAKEMAN, M.A., and ARTHUR HASSALL, M.A. Crown 8vo. 6s.

Walpole.—HISTORY OF ENGLAND FROM THE CONCLUSION OF THE GREAT WAR IN 1815 TO 1858. By Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B. 6 vols. Crown 8vo. 6s. each.

Wylie (James Hamilton, M.A.).—HISTORY OF ENGLAND UNDER HENRY IV. 4 vols. Crown 8vo. Vol. I., 1399-1404, 10s. 6d. Vol. II., 1405-1406, 15s. (out of print). Vol. III., 1407-1411, 15s. Vol. IV., 1411-1113, 21s.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE TO THE DEATH OF JOHN RUS. 8s. 8vo. 6s. net.

Biography, Personal Memoirs, etc.—continued.

Seeböhm.—THE OXFORD REFORMERS—JOHN COLET, ERASMUS, AND THOMAS MORE: a History of their Fellow-Work. By FREDERIC SEEBÖHM. 8vo, 14s.

Shakespeare.—OUTLINES OF THE LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE. By J. O. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPS. With Illustrations and Facsimiles. 2 vols. Royal 8vo, 21s.

Tales of my Father.—By A. M. F. Author of 'Foreign Courts and Foreign Homes,' and 'On the Banks of the Seine.' Crown 8vo, 6s.

Tallentyre.—THE WOMEN OF THE SALONS, and other French Portraits. By S. G. TALLENTYRE. With 11 Photogravure Portraits. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Victoria, Queen, 1819-1901. By RICHARD R. HOLMES, M.V.O., F.S.A. Librarian to the Queen. With Photogravure Portrait. Cr. 8vo, gilt top, 5s. net.

Walpole.—SOME UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HORACE WALPOLE. Edited by Sir SPENCER WALPOLE, K.C.B. With 2 Portraits. Cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d. net.

Wellington.—LIFE OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. By the Rev. G. R. GLEIG, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Travel and Adventure, the Colonies, etc.

Arnold. SEAS AND LANDS. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. With 71 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Baker (Sir S. W.).

EIGHT YEARS IN CEYLON. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE RIFLE AND THE HOUND IN CEYLON. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Ball (JOHN).

THE ALPINE GUIDE. Reconstructed and Revised on behalf of the Alpine Club by W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

Vol. I., THE WESTERN ALPS: the Alpine Region, South of the Rhone Valley, from the Col de Tenda to the Simplon Pass. With 9 New and Revised Maps. Crown 8vo, 12s. net.

HINTS AND NOTES, PRACTICAL AND SCIENTIFIC, FOR TRAVELLERS IN THE ALPS: being a revision of the General Introduction to the 'Alpine Guide'. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

Bent.—THE RUINED CITIES OF MASHONALAND: being a Record of Excavation and Exploration in 1891. By J. THEODORE BENT. With 117 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Brassey (THE LATE LADY).

A VOYAGE IN THE 'SUNBEAM': OUR HOME ON THE OCEAN FOR ELEVEN MONTHS.

Cabinet Edition. With Map and 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

'Silver Library' Edition. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Popular Edition. With 60 Illustrations. 4to, 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth.

School Edition. With 37 Illustrations. Fcp., 2s. cloth, or 3s. white parchment.

SUNSHINE AND STORM IN THE EAST.

Popular Edition. With 103 Illustrations. 4to, 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth.

IN THE TRADES, THE TROPICS, AND THE 'ROARING FORTIES'.

Cabinet Edition. With Map and 220 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 7s. 6d.

Crawford.—SOUTH AMERICAN SKETCHES. By ROBERT CRAWFORD, M.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Fountain.—THE GREAT DESERTS AND FORESTS OF NORTH AMERICA. By PAUL FOUNTAIN. With a Preface by W. H. HUDSON, Author of 'The Naturalist in La Plata,' etc. 8vo, 9s. 6d. net.

Travel and Adventure, the Colonies, etc.—continued.

Froude (JAMES A.).

OCEANA: or England and her Colonies. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE ENGLISH IN THE WEST INDIES: or, the Bow of Ulysses. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Grove. — **SEVENTY-ONE DAYS' CAMPING IN MOROCCO.** By Lady GROVE. With Photogravure Portrait and 32 Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

Haggard. — **A WINTER PILGRIMAGE:** Being an Account of Travels through Palestine, Italy and the Island of Cyprus, undertaken in the year 1900. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. With 31 Illustrations from Photographs. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 12s. 6d. net.

Heathcote. — **ST. KILDA.** By NORMAN HEATHCOTE. With 80 Illustrations from Sketches and Photographs of the People, Scenery and Birds, by the Author. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Howitt. — **VISITS TO REMARKABLE PLACES.** Old Halls, Battlefields, Scenes, illustrative of Striking Passages in English History and Poetry. By WILLIAM HOWITT. With 50 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Knight (E. F.).
WITH THE ROYAL TOUR: a Narrative of the Recent Tour of the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York through Greater Britain. With 16 Illustrations and a Map. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE CRUISE OF THE 'ALERTE': the Narrative of a search for Treasure on the Desert Island of Trinidad. With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

WHERE THREE EMPIRES MEET: a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Ladak, Gilgit, and the adjoining Countries. With a Map and 54 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE 'FALCON' ON THE BALTIC: a Voyage from London to Copenhagen in a Three-Tonner. With 10 Full-page Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Lees. — **PEAKS AND PINES:** another Norway Book. By J. A. LEES. With 63 Illustrations and Photographs. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Lees and Clutterbuck. — **B.C. 1887: A RAMBLE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.** By J. A. LEES and W. J. CLUTTERBUCK. With Map and 75 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Lynch. — **ARMENIA:** Travels and Studies. By H. F. B. LYNCH. With 197 Illustrations (some in tints) reproduced from Photographs and Sketches by the Author, 16 Maps and Plans, a Bibliography, and a Map of Armenia and adjacent countries. 2 vols. Medium 8vo, gilt top, 42s. net.

Nansen. — **THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND.** By FRIDTJOF NANSEN. With 143 Illustrations and a Map. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Rice. **OCCASIONAL ESSAYS ON NATIVE SOUTH INDIAN LIFE.** By STANLEY P. RICE, Indian Civil Service. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Smith. — **CLIMBING IN THE BRITISH ISLES.** By W. P. HASKETT SMITH. With Illustrations and numerous Plans.

Part I. ENGLAND. 16mo, 3s. net.

Part II. WALES AND IRELAND. 16mo, 3s. net.

Spender. **TWO WINTERS IN NORWAY:** being an Account of Two Holidays spent on Snow-shoes and in Sleigh Driving, and including an Expedition to the Lapps. By A. EDMUND SPENDER. With 40 Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Stephen. **THE PLAYGROUND OF EUROPE (The Alps).** By LESLIE STEPHEN. With 4 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Three in Norway. — By Two of them. With a Map and 59 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 2s. boards, 2s. 6d. cloth.

Tyndall (JOHN).

THE GLACIERS OF THE ALPS: With 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

HOURS OF EXERCISE IN THE ALPS. With 7 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

Sport and Pastime—continued. **FUR, FEATHER, AND FIN SERIES.**

Edited by A. E. T. WATSON.

Crown 8vo. price 5s. each Volume, cloth.

*** The Volumes are also issued half-bound in Leather, with gilt top. The price can be had from all Booksellers.*

THE PARTRIDGE. NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; SHOOTING, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; COOKERY, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With 11 Illustrations and various Diagrams in the Text. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE GROUSE. NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; SHOOTING, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; COOKERY, by GEORGE SAINTSBURY. With 13 Illustrations and various Diagrams in the Text. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE PHEASANT. NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; SHOOTING, by A. J. STUART-WORTLEY; COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations and various Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE HARE. NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; SHOOTING, by the Hon. GERALD LASCELLES; COURSEING, by CHARLES RICHARDSON; HUNTING, by J. S. GIBBONS and G. H. LONGMAN; COOKERY, by Col. KENNEY HERBERT. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Alverstone and Alcock.—SURREY CRICKET: Its History and Associations. Edited by the Right Hon. Lord ALVERSTONE, L.C.J., President, and C. W. ALCOCK, Secretary, of the Surrey County Cricket Club. With 18 Illustrations. 8vo, 16s. net.

Bickerdye. DAYS OF MY LIFE ON WATER, FRESH AND SALT; and other papers. By JOHN BICKERDYE. With Photo-Etching Frontispiece and 8 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Blackburne.—MR. BLACKBURNES GAMES AT CHESS. Selected, Annotated and Arranged by Himself. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch and a brief History of Blindfold Chess, by P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. With Portrait of Mr. Blackburne. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

RED DEER. NATURAL HISTORY, by the Rev. H. A. MACPHERSON; DEER STALKING, by CAMERON OF LOCHIEL; STAG HUNTING, by Viscount EBRINGTON; COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE SALMON. By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY. With Chapters on the Law of Salmon Fishing by CLAUD DOUGLAS PENNANT; COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE TROUT. By the MARQUESS OF GRANBY. With Chapters on the Breeding of Trout by Col. H. CUSTANCE; and COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE RABBIT. By JAMES EDMUND HARTING. COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

PIKE AND PERCH. By WILLIAM SENIOR ('Redspinner,' Editor of the *Field*). With Chapters by JOHN BICKERDYKE and W. H. POPE. COOKERY, by ALEXANDER INNES SHAND. With 12 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Cawthorne and Herod.—ROYAL ASCOT: its History and its Associations. By GEORGE JAMES CAWTHORNE and RICHARD S. HEROD. With 32 Plates and 106 Illustrations in the Text. Demy 4to, £1 11s. 6d. net.

Dead Shot (The): or, Sportsman's Complete Guide. Being a Treatise on the use of the Gun, with Rudimentary and Finishing Lessons in the Art of Shooting Game of all kinds. Also Game-driving, Wildfowl and Pigeon-shooting, Dog-breaking, etc. By MARKSMAN. With numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Ellis.—CHESS SPARKS; or, Short and Bright Games of Chess. Collected and Arranged by J. H. ELLIS, M.A. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Sport and Pastime—continued.

- Folkard.**—THE WILD-FOWLER: A Treatise on Fowling, Ancient and Modern, descriptive also of Decoys and Flight-ponds, Wild-fowl Shooting, Gunning-punts, Shooting-yachts, etc. Also Fowling in the Fens and in Foreign Countries, Rock-fowling, etc., etc. By H. C. FOLKARD. With 13 Engravings on Steel, and several Woodcuts. Svo, 12s. 6d.
- Ford.**—MIDDLESEX COUNTY CRICKET CLUB, 1864-1899. Written and Compiled by W. J. FORD (at the request of the Committee of the County C.C.). With Frontispiece Portrait of Mr. V. K. Walker. Svo, 10s. net.
- Ford.**—THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF ARCHERY. By HORACE FORD. New Edition, thoroughly Revised and Rewritten by W. BUTT, M.A. With a Preface by C. J. LONGMAN, M.A. Svo, 14s.
- Francis.**—A BOOK ON ANGLING: or, Treatise on the Art of Fishing in every Branch; including full illustrated List of Salmon Flies. By FRANCIS FRANCIS. With Portrait and Coloured Plates. Crown Svo, 15s.
- Fremantle.**—THE BOOK OF THE RIFLE. By the Hon. T. F. FREMANTLE, V.D., Major, 1st Bucks V.R.C. With 54 Plates and 107 Diagrams in the Text. Svo, 12s. 6d. net.
- Gathorne-Hardy.**—AUTUMNS IN ARGYLSHIRE WITH ROD AND GUN. By the Hon. A. E. GATHORNE-HARDY. With 8 Photogravure Illustrations by ARCHIBALD THORBURN. Svo, 6s. net.
- Graham.**—COUNTRY PASTIMES FOR BOYS. By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM. With 252 Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs. Crown Svo, gilt edges, 3s. net.
- Hutchinson.**—THE BOOK OF GOLF AND GOLFERS. By HORACE G. HUTCHINSON. With Contributions by Miss AMY PASCOE, H. H. HILTON, J. H. TAYLOR, H. J. WHIGHAM and Messrs. SUTTON & SONS. With 71 Portraits from Photographs. Large Crown Svo, gilt top, 7s. 6d. net.
- Lang.**—ANGLING SKETCHES. By ANDREW LANG. With 20 Illustrations. Crown Svo, 3s. 6d.
- Lillie (ARTHUR).** CROQUET: its History, Rules and Secrets. With 4 Full-page Illustrations, 15 Illustrations in the Text, and 27 Diagrams. Crown Svo, 6s.
- CROQUET UP TO DATE.** Containing the Ideas and Teachings of the Leading Players and Champions. With Contributions by Lieut.-Col. the Hon. H. NEEDHAM, C. D. LOCOCK, etc. With 19 Illustrations (15 Portraits) and numerous Diagrams. Svo, 10s. 6d. net.
- Locock.**—SIDE AND SCREW: being Notes on the Theory and Practice of the Game of Billiards. By C. D. LOCOCK. With Diagrams. Crown Svo, 5s. net.
- Longman.**—CHESS OPENINGS. By FREDERICK W. LONGMAN. Fcp. Svo, 2s. 6d.
- Mackenzie.**—NOTES FOR HUNTING MEN. By Captain CORTLANDT GORDON MACKENZIE. Crown Svo, 2s. 6d. net.
- Madden.**—THE DIARY OF MASTER WILLIAM SILENCE: a Study of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan Sport. By the Right Hon. D. H. MADDEN, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. Svo, gilt top, 16s.
- Maskelyne.**—SHARPS AND FLATS: a Complete Revelation of the Secrets of Cheating at Games of Chance and Skill. By JOHN NEVIL MASKELYNE, of the Egyptian Hall. With 62 Illustrations. Crown Svo, 6s.
- Millais.**—THE WILD-FOWLER IN SCOTLAND. By JOHN GUILLIE MILLAIS, F.Z.S., etc. With a Frontispiece in Photogravure by Sir J. E. MILLAIS, Bart., P.R.A., 8 Photogravure Plates, 2 Coloured Plates, and 50 Illustrations from the Author's Drawings and from Photographs. Royal 16o, gilt top, 30s. net.
- Modern Bridge.**—By 'Skat'. With a Reprint of the Laws of Bridge, as adopted by the Portland and Turf Clubs. 18mo, gilt edges, 3s. 6d. net.
- Park.**—THE GAME OF GOLF. By WILLIAM PARK, Jun., Champion Golfer, 1887-89. With 17 Plates and 26 Illustrations in the Text. Crown Svo, 7s. 6d.

Sport and Pastime—continued.

Payne-Gallwey (Sir RALPH, Bart.).

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS (First Series). On the choice and Use of a Gun. With 41 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS (Second Series). On the Production, Preservation, and Killing of Game. With Directions in Shooting Wood-Pigeons and Break-in Retrievers. With Portrait and 193 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 12s. 6d.

LETTERS TO YOUNG SHOOTERS (Third Series). Comprising a Short Natural History of the Wildfowl that are True or Common to the British Islands, with Complete Directions in Shooting Wildfowl on the Coast and Inland. With 299 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 18s.

Pole.—THE THEORY OF THE MODERN SCIENTIFIC GAME OF WHIST. By WILLIAM POLE, F.R.S. Fcp. 8vo, gilt edges, 2s. net.

Proctor.—HOW TO PLAY WHIST: with the Laws and Etiquette of Whist. By RICHARD A. PROCTOR. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Ronalds.—THE FLY-FISHER'S ENTOMOLOGY. By ALFRED RONALDS. With 20 Coloured Plates. 8vo, 14s.

Selous.—SPORT AND TRAVEL, EAST AND WEST. By FREDERICK COURTESY SELOUS. With 18 Plates and 35 Illustrations in the Text. Medium 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.

Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy.

LOGIC, RHETORIC, PSYCHOLOGY, ETC.

Abbott.—THE ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. By T. K. ABBOTT, B.D. 12mo, 3s.

Aristotle.

THE ETHICS: Greek Text Illustrated with Essay and Notes. By Sir ALEXANDER GRANT, Bart. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.

AN INTRODUCTION TO ARISTOTLE'S ETHICS. Books I-IV. (Book X, vol. ix, in the Appendix.) With a continuous Analysis and Notes. By the Rev. E. MACHIE, D.D. Crown 8vo, 19s. 6d.

Bacon (FRANCIS).

COMPLETE WORKS. Edited by R. L. ELLIS, JAMES SPEDDING and D. D. HEATH. 7 vols. 8vo, £3 18s. 6d.

Bacon (FRANCIS)—continued.

LETTERS AND LIFE, including all his occasional Works. Edited by JAMES SPEDDING. 7 vols. 8vo, £1 4s.

THE ESSAYS: With Annotations. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

THE ESSAYS: With Notes by F. SPORR and C. H. GIBSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE ESSAYS: With Introduction, Notes and Index. By E. A. ABBOTT, D.D. 2 vols. Fcp. 8vo, 6s. The Text and Index only, without Introduction and Notes, in one volume. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy—continued.

Bain (ALEXANDER).

MENTAL AND MORAL SCIENCE: a Compendium of Psychology and Ethics. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.
Or Separately,

PART I. PSYCHOLOGY AND HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

PART II. THEORY OF ETHICS AND ETHICAL SYSTEMS. Cr. 8vo, 4s. 6d.

LOGIC. Part I. DEDUCTION. Crown 8vo, 4s. Part II. INDUCTION. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

THE SENSES AND THE INTELLECT. 8vo, 15s.

THE EMOTIONS AND THE WILL. 8vo, 15s.

PRACTICAL ESSAYS. Cr. 8vo, 2s.

Bray. **THE PHILOSOPHY OF NECESSITY:** or, Law in Mind as in Matter. By CHARLES BRAY. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

Brooks. **THE ELEMENTS OF MIND:** being an Examination into the Nature of the First Division of the Elementary Substances of Life. By H. JAMES BROOKS. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Crozier (JOHN BEATTIE).

CIVILIZATION AND PROGRESS: being the Outlines of a New System of Political, Religious and Social Philosophy. 8vo, 14s.

HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT: on the Lines of Modern Evolution.

Vol. I. 8vo, 14s.

Vol. II. *Comparative and*

Vol. III. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Davidson.—**THE LOGIC OF DEFINITION,** Explained and Applied. By WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON, M.A. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Green (THOMAS HILL).—**THE WORKS OF.** Edited by R. L. NUTTSHIP.

Vols. I. and II. **Philosophical Works.** 8vo, 16s. each.

Vol. III. **Miscellanies.** With Index to the three Volumes, and Memoir. 8vo, 21s.

LECTURES ON THE PRINCIPLES OF POLITICAL OBLIGATION. With Preface by BERNARD BOSANQUET. 8vo, 5s.

Gurnhill.—**THE MORALS OF SUICIDE.** By the Rev. J. GURNHILL, B.A. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Hodgson (SHADWORTH H.).

TIME AND SPACE: a Metaphysical Essay. 8vo, 16s.

THE THEORY OF PRACTICE: an Ethical Inquiry. 2 vols. 8vo, 24s.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF REFLECTION. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.

THE METAPHYSIC OF EXPERIENCE. Book I. General Analysis of Experience; Book II. Positive Science; Book III. Analysis of Conscious Action; Book IV. The Real Universe. 4 vols. 8vo, 36s. net.

Hume.—**THE PHILOSOPHICAL WORKS OF DAVID HUME.** Edited by T. H. GREEN and T. H. GROSE. 4 vols. 8vo, 28s. Or separately. **Essays.** 2 vols. 14s. **Treatise of Human Nature.** 2 vols. 14s.

James. **THE WILL TO BELIEVE,** and Other Essays in Popular Philosophy. By WILLIAM JAMES, M.D., LL.D., etc. Crown, 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Justinian. **THE INSTITUTES OF JUSTINIAN:** Latin Text, chiefly that of Huschke, with English Introduction, Translation, Notes and Summary. By THOMAS C. SANDARS, M.A. 8vo, 18s.

Kant (IMMANUEL).

CRITIQUE OF PRACTICAL REASON, AND OTHER WORKS ON THE THEORY OF ETHICS. Translated by T. K. AMBOTT, B.D. With Memoir. 8vo, 12s. 6d.

FUNDAMENTAL PRINCIPLES OF THE METAPHYSIC OF ETHICS. Translated by T. K. AMBOTT, B.D. Crown 8vo, 3s.

INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC, AND HIS ESSAY ON THE MISTAKEN SUBLTLY OF THE FOUR FIGURES. Translated by T. K. AMBOTT. 8vo, 6s.

Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy—continued.

- Kelly.**—GOVERNMENT OR HUMAN EVOLUTION. By EDMOND KELLY, M.A., F.G.S. Vol. I. Justice. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d. net. Vol. II. Collectivism and Individualism. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.
- Killick.**—HANDBOOK TO MILL'S SYSTEM OF LOGIC. By Rev. A. H. KILLICK, M.A. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Ladd** (GEORGE TRUMBULL).
PHILOSOPHY OF CONDUCT: a Treatise of the Facts, Principles and Ideals of Ethics. 8vo, 21s.
ELEMENTS OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. 8vo, 21s.
OUTLINES OF DESCRIPTIVE PSYCHOLOGY: a Text-Book of Mental Science for Colleges and Normal Schools. 8vo, 12s.
OUTLINES OF PHYSIOLOGICAL PSYCHOLOGY. 8vo, 12s.
PRIMER OF PSYCHOLOGY. Crown 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- Lecky.**—THE MAP OF LIFE: Conduct and Character. By WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. Library Edition, 8vo, 10s. 6d. Cabinet Edition, Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
- Leighton.** TYPICAL MODERN CONCEPTIONS OF GOD: or, The Absolute of German Romantic Idealism and of English Evolutionary Agnosticism. With a Constructive Essay. By JOSEPH ALEXANDER LEIGHTON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
- Lutoslawski.** THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF PLATO'S LOGIC. With an Account of Plato's Style and of the Chronology of his Writings. By WINCENTY LUTOSLAWSKI. 8vo, 21s.
- Max Müller** (F.).
THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT. 8vo, 21s.
THE SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. 8vo, 18s.
THREE LECTURES ON THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY. Cr. 8vo, 5s.
- Mill** (JOHN STUART).
A SYSTEM OF LOGIC. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
ON LIBERTY. Crown 8vo, 1s. 4d.
CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. Crown 8vo, 2s.
UTILITARIANISM. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
EXAMINATION OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON'S PHILOSOPHY. 8vo, 16s.
NATURE, THE UTILITY OF RELIGION AND THEISM. Three Essays. 8vo, 5s.
- Monck.**—AN INTRODUCTION TO LOGIC. By WILLIAM HENRY S. MONCK, M.A. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Pierce.**—STUDIES IN AUDITORY AND VISUAL SPACE PERCEPTION: Essays on Experimental Psychology. By A. H. PIERCE. Cr. 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.
- Richmond.**—THE MIND OF A CHILD. By ENNIS RICHMOND. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
- Romanes.**—MIND AND MOTION AND MONISM. By GEORGE JOHN ROMANES. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Sully** (JAMES).
THE HUMAN MIND: a Text-book of Psychology. 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.
OUTLINES OF PSYCHOLOGY. Cr. 8vo, 9s.
THE TEACHER'S HANDBOOK OF PSYCHOLOGY. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
STUDIES OF CHILDHOOD. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
CHILDREN'S WAYS: being Selections from the Author's 'Studies of Childhood'. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Sutherland.**—THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF THE MORAL INSTINCT. By ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.
- Swinburne.**—PICTURE LOGIC: an Attempt to Popularise the Science of Reasoning. By ALFRED JAMES SWINBURNE, M.A. With 23 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Mental, Moral and Political Philosophy—continued.

- Thomas.**—**INTUITIVE SUGGESTION.** By J. W. THOMAS, Author of 'Spiritual Law in the Natural World,' etc. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.
- Webb.**—**THE VEIL OF ISIS**; a Series of Essays on Idealism. By THOMAS E. WEBB, LL.D., Q.C. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
- Weber.**—**HISTORY OF PHILOSOPHY.** By ALFRED WEBER, Professor in the University of Strasburg. Translated by FRANK THILLY, Ph.D. 8vo, 16s.
- Whately** (ARCHBISHOP).
BACON'S ESSAYS. With Annotations. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
ELEMENTS OF LOGIC. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
ELEMENTS OF RHETORIC. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Zeller** (Dr. EDWARD).
THE STOICS, EPICUREANS, AND SCEPTICS. Translated by the Rev. O. J. REICHEL, M.A. Crown 8vo, 15s.
OUTLINES OF THE HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY. Translated by SARAH F. ALLEYNE and EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
PLATO AND THE OLDER ACADEMY. Translated by SARAH F. ALLEYNE and ALFRED GOODWIN, B.A. Crown 8vo, 18s.
SOCRATES AND THE SOCRATIC SCHOOLS. Translated by the Rev. O. J. REICHEL, M.A. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
ARISTOTLE AND THE EARLIER PERIPATETICS. Translated by B. F. C. COSTELLOE, M.A., and J. H. MUIRHEAD, M.A. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo, 24s.

STONYHURST PHILOSOPHICAL SERIES.

- A MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.** By C. S. DEVAS, M.A. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- FIRST PRINCIPLES OF KNOWLEDGE.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- GENERAL METAPHYSICS.** By JOHN RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- LOGIC.** By RICHARD F. CLARKE, S.J. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- MORAL PHILOSOPHY (ETHICS AND NATURAL LAW).** By JOSEPH RICKABY, S.J. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- NATURAL THEOLOGY.** By BERNARD BOEDDER, S.J. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.
- PSYCHOLOGY.** By MICHAEL MAHER, S.J., D.Litt., M.A. (Lond.). Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

History and Science of Language, etc.

- Davidson.** **LEADING AND IMPORTANT ENGLISH WORDS**: Explained and Exemplified. By WILLIAM L. DAVIDSON, M.A. Fcp. 8vo, 5s. 6d.
- Farrar.**—**LANGUAGE AND LANGUAGES.** By F. W. FARRAR, D.D., Dean of Canterbury. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Graham.**—**ENGLISH SYNONYMS**, Classified and Explained: with Practical Exercises. By G. F. GRAHAM. Fcp. 8vo, 6s.
- Max Müller** (F.).
THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 10s.
- Max Müller** (F.) *continued.*
BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS, AND THE HOME OF THE ARYAS. Crown 8vo, 5s.
CLIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. Vol. III. **ESSAYS ON LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE.** Crown 8vo, 5s.
LAST ESSAYS. First Series. Essays on Language, Folklore and other Subjects. Crown 8vo, 5s.
- Roget.**—**THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES.** Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and Assist in Literary Composition. By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D., F.R.S. With full Index. Cr. 8vo, 9s. net.

Political Economy and Economics.

Ashley (W. J.).

ENGLISH ECONOMIC HISTORY AND THEORY. Crown Svo, Part I., 5s. Part II., 10s. 6d.

SURVEYS, HISTORIC AND ECONOMIC. Crown Svo, 9s. net.

Bagehot.—ECONOMIC STUDIES. By WALTER BAGEHOT. Crown Svo, 3s. 6d.**Barnett**.—PRACTICABLE SOCIALISM. Essays on Social Reform. By SAMUEL A. and HENRIETTA BARNETT. Crown Svo, 6s.**Devas**.—A MANUAL OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. By C. S. DEVAS, M.A. Crown Svo, 7s. 6d. (*Stanford Philosophical Series*.)**Lawrence**.—LOCAL VARIATIONS IN WAGES. By F. W. LAWRENCE, M.A. With Index and 18 Maps and Diagrams. 4to, 8s. 6d.**Leslie**.—ESSAYS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY. By T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE, Hon. LL.D., Dab. Svo, 10s. 6d.**Macleod** (HENRY DUNNING). ECONOMICS FOR BEGINNERS. Cl. Svo, 2s.

THE ELEMENTS OF ECONOMICS. 2 vols. Crown Svo, 3s. 6d. each.

BIMETALLISM. Svo, 5s. net.

THE ELEMENTS OF BANKING. Cl. Svo, 3s. 6d.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF BANKING. Vol. I. Svo, 12s. Vol. II. 11s.

Macleod (HENRY DUNNING) *cont.*

THE THEORY OF CREDIT. Svo. In 1 vol. 30s. net; or separately, Vol. I., 10s. net. Vol. II., Part I., 10s. net. Vol. II., Part II., 10s. net. INDIAN CURRENCY. Svo, 2s. 6d. net.

Mill.—POLITICAL ECONOMY. By JOHN STUART MILL.*Popular Edition.* Crown Svo, 3s. 6d.*Library Edition.* 2 vols. Svo, 50s.**Mulhall**.—INDUSTRIES AND WEALTH OF NATIONS. By MICHAEL G. MULHALL, F.R.S. With 32 Diagrams. Crown Svo, 8s. 6d.**Spahr**.—AMERICA'S WORKING PEOPLE. By CHARLES B. SPAHR. Crown Svo, 5s. net.**Symes**.—POLITICAL ECONOMY: a Short Textbook of Political Economy. With Problems for solution, Hints for Supplementary Reading, and a Supplementary chapter on Socialism. By J. E. SYMES, M.A. Crown Svo, 2s. 6d.**Toynbee**.—LECTURES ON THE INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION OF THE 18th CENTURY IN ENGLAND. By ARNOLD TOYBEE. Svo, 10s. 6d.**Webb** (SIDNEY and BEATRICE).

THE HISTORY OF TRADE UNIONISM. With Map and Bibliography. Svo, 7s. 6d. net.

INDUSTRIAL DEMOCRACY: a Study in Trade Unionism. 2 vols. Svo, 12s. net.

PROBLEMS OF MODERN INDUSTRY: Essays. Svo, 7s. 6d.

Evolution, Anthropology, etc.

Clodd (EDWARD).

THE STORY OF CREATION: a Plain Account of Evolution. With 77 Illustrations. Crown Svo, 3s. 6d.

A PRIMER OF EVOLUTION: being a Popular Abridged Edition of 'The Story of Creation'. With Illustrations. F.p. Svo, 1s. 6d.

Lubbock. THE ORIGIN OF CIVILISATION, and the Primitive Condition

of Man. By Sir J. LUBBOCK, Bart., M.P. (Lord Avebury). With 5 Plates and 20 Illustrations. Svo, 18s.

Evolution, Anthropology, etc.—continued.

Packard. LAMARCK, THE FOUNDER OF EVOLUTION: his Life and Work, with Translations of his Writings on Organic Evolution. By ALPHEUS S. PACKARD, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Zoology and Geology in Brown University. With 10 Portrait and other Illustrations. Large Crown 8vo, 9s. net.

Romanes (GEORGE JOHN).

ESSAYS. Edited by C. LLOYD MORGAN. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

AN EXAMINATION OF WEISMANNISM. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Romanes (GEORGE JOHN)—continued.
DARWIN, AND AFTER DARWIN: an Exposition of the Darwinian Theory, and a Discussion on Post-Darwinian Questions.

Part I. THE DARWINIAN THEORY. With Portrait of Darwin and 125 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Part II. POST-DARWINIAN QUESTIONS: Heredity and Utility. With Portrait of the Author and 5 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Part III. POST-DARWINIAN QUESTIONS: Isolation and Physiological Selection. Crown 8vo, 5s.

The Science of Religion, etc.

Balfour. THE FOUNDATIONS OF BELIEF: being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Baring-Gould.—THE ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGIOUS BELIEF. By the Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. each.

Campbell. RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE. By the Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, 15s.

Davidson. THEISM, as Grounded in Human Nature: Historically and Critically Handled. By the Barnett Lectures for 1892 and 1893, delivered at Aberdeen. By W. L. DAVIDSON, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, 15s.

Lang (ANDREW).
MAGIC AND RELIGION. 8vo, 10s. 6d.
CUSTOM AND MYTH: Studies of Early Usage and Belief. With 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MYTH, RITUAL AND RELIGION. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 7s.

MODERN MYTHOLOGY: a Reply to Professor Max Müller. 8vo, 9s.

THE MAKING OF RELIGION. Cr. 8vo, 5s. net.

Max Müller (The Right Hon. F.).
CHIEFS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP. Vol. IV. Essay on Mythology and Folk Lore. Crown 8vo, 5s.
THE SIX SYSTEMS OF INDIAN PHILOSOPHY. 8vo, 18s.
CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SCIENCE OF MYTHOLOGY. 2 vols. 8vo, 32s.

Max Müller (The Rt. Hon. F.)—contd.
THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION, as illustrated by the Religions of India. The Hibbert Lectures, delivered at the Chapter House, Westminster Abbey, in 1878. Cr. 8vo, 5s.
INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION: Four Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution. Crown 8vo, 5s.

NATURAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1888. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

PHYSICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1890. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1891. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THEOSOLOGY; or, PSYCHOLOGICAL RELIGION. The Gifford Lectures, delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1892. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THREE LECTURES ON THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY, delivered at the Royal Institution in March, 1894. Crown 8vo, 5s.

LAST ESSAYS. Second Series. Essays on the Science of Religion. Cr. 8vo, 5s.

Wood-Martin (W. G.).
TRACES OF THE ELDER FAITHS OF IRELAND: a Folklore Sketch. A Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Traditions. With 192 Illustrations. 2 vols. 8vo, 30s. net.
PAGAN IRELAND: an Archaeological Sketch. A Handbook of Irish Pre-Christian Antiquities. With 512 Illustrations. 8vo, 15s.

Classical Literature, Translations, etc.

- Abbott.**—HELLENICA. A Collection of Essays on Greek Poetry, Philosophy, History and Religion. Edited by EVELYN ABBOTT, M.A., LL.D. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Æschylus.** EUMENIDES OF ÆSCHYLUS. With Metrical English Translation. By J. F. DAVIES. 8vo, 7s.
- Aristophanes.** THEACHARNIANS OF ARISTOPHANES, translated into English Verse. By R. Y. TYRRELL. Crown 8vo, 1s.
- Becker (W. A.).** Translated by the Rev. F. METCALFE, B.D.
GALLUS: or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus. With Notes and Excursuses. With 26 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
CHARICLES: or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks. With Notes and Excursuses. With 26 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Campbell.** RELIGION IN GREEK LITERATURE. By the Rev. LEWIS CAMPBELL, M.A., LL.D., Emeritus Professor of Greek, University of St. Andrews. 8vo, 15s.
- Cicero.**—CICERO'S CORRESPONDENCE. By R. Y. TYRRELL. Vols. I., II., III., 8vo, each 12s. Vol. IV., 15s. Vol. V., 14s. Vol. VI., 12s. Vol. VII., Index, 7s. 6d.
- Harvard Studies in Classical Philology.** Edited by a Committee of the Classical Instructors of Harvard University. Vols. XI. and XII. 1900 and 1901. 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.
- Hime.**—LUCIAN, THE SYRIAN SATIRIST. By Lieut. Colonel HENRY W. L. HIME (later Royal Artillery). 8vo, 5s. net.
- Homer.**
 THE ILLAD OF HOMER. Freely rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the original. By SAMUEL BUTLER. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Homer.**—continued.
 THE ODYSSEY. Rendered into English Prose for the use of those who cannot read the original. By SAMUEL BUTLER. With 4 Maps and 7 Illustrations. 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER.** Done into English Verse. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Horace.**—THE WORKS OF HORACE, rendered into English Prose. With Life, Introduction and Notes. By WILLIAM COUTTS, M.A. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
- Keller.**—HOMERIC SOCIETY: a Sociological Study of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey'. By ALBERT GALLOWAY KELLER Ph.D. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
- Lucan.**—THE PHARSALIA OF LUCAN, Translated into Blank Verse. By Sir EDWARD RIDLEY. 8vo, 14s.
- Lucian.**—TRANSLATIONS FROM LUCIAN. By AUGUSTA M. CAMPBELL DAVIDSON, M.A. Edin. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
- Mackail.**—SELECT EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. By J. W. MACKAIL. Edited with a Revised Text, Introduction, Translation, and Notes. 8vo, 16s.
- Ogilvie.** HORAE LATINAE: Studies in Synonyms and Syntax. By the late ROBERT OGILVIE, M.A., LL.D., H.M. Chief Inspector of Schools for Scotland. Edited by ALEXANDER SOUTER, M.A. With a Memoir by JOSEPH OGILVIE, M.A., LL.D. 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.
- Rich.** A DICTIONARY OF ROMAN AND GREEK ANTIQUITIES. By A. RICH, B.A. With 2000 Woodcuts. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.
- Sophocles.**—Translated into English Verse. By ROBERT WHITELAW, M.A., Assistant Master in Rugby School. Cr. 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Tyrrell.** DUBLIN TRANSLATIONS INTO GREEK AND LATIN VERSE. Edited by R. Y. TYRRELL. 8vo, 6s.

Classical Literature, Translations, etc.—continued.

Virgil.

THE POEMS OF VIRGIL. Translated into English Prose by JOHN CONINGTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. Translated into English Verse by JOHN CONINGTON. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ÆNEIDS OF VIRGIL. Done into English Verse. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL, freely translated into English Blank Verse. By W. J. THORNHILL. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

Virgil—continued.

THE ÆNEID OF VIRGIL. Translated into English Verse by JAMES RHODES.

Books I.-VI. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Books VII.-XII. Crown 8vo, 5s.

THE ECLOGUES AND GEORGICS OF VIRGIL. Translated into English Prose by J. W. MACKAIL, Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. 16mo, 5s.

Wilkins.—THE GROWTH OF THE HOMERIC POEMS. By G. WILKINS. 8vo, 6s.

Poetry and the Drama.

Arnold.—THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD; or, the Great Consummation. By Sir EDWIN ARNOLD. With 14 Illustrations after HOLMAN HUNT. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Bell (Mrs. HUGH).

CHAMBER COMEDIES: a Collection of Plays and Monologues for the Drawing-room. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

FAIRY TALE PLAYS, AND HOW TO ACT THEM. With 91 Diagrams and 52 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

RUMPELSTILTZKIN: a Fairy Play in Five Scenes (Characters, 7 Male; 1 Female). From 'Fairy Tale Plays and How to Act Them'. With Illustrations, Diagrams and Music. Crown 8vo, sewed, 6d.

Bird.—RONALD'S FAREWELL, and other Verses. By GEORGE BIRD, M.A., Vicar of Bradwell, Derbyshire. Fcp. 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

Dabney.—THE MUSICAL BASIS OF VERSE: a Scientific Study of the Principles of Poetic Composition. By J. P. DABNEY. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d. net.

Goethe.—THE FIRST PART OF THE TRAGEDY OF FAUST IN ENGLISH. By THOS. E. WEBB, LL.D., sometime Fellow of Trinity College; Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Dublin, etc. New and Cheaper Edition, with THE DEATH OF FAUST, from the Second Part. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Ingelow (JEAN).

POETICAL WORKS. Complete in One Volume. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s. net.

LYRICAL AND OTHER POEMS. Selected from the Writings of JEAN INGELow. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. cloth plain, 3s. cloth gilt.

Lang (ANDREW).

GRASS OF PARNASSUS. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE BLUE POETRY BOOK. Edited by ANDREW LANG. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

Lecky.—POEMS. By the Right Hon. W. E. H. LECKY. Fcp. 8vo, 5s.

Lytton (THE EARL OF), (OWEN MEREDITH).

THE WANDERER. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

LUCILE. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

SELECTED POEMS. Cr. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Macaulay.—LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME, WITH 'IVRY' AND 'THE ARMADA'. By Lord MACAULAY. Illustrated by G. SCHARF. Fcp. 4to, 10s. 6d.

----- Bijou

----- Popular

----- Edition, Fcp. 4to, 6d. sewed, 1s. cloth. Illustrated by J. R. WEGUELIN. Cr. 8vo, 3s. net.

Annotated Edition. Fcp. 8vo, 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.

Poetry and the Drama—continued.

MacDonald. A BOOK OF STRIFE, IN THE FORM OF THE DIARY OF AN OLD SOUL: Poems. By GEORGE MACDONALD, LL.D. 18mo, 6s.

Moon.—POEMS OF LOVE AND HOME. By GEORGE WASHINGTON MOON, Hon. F.R.S.L. With Portrait. 16mo, 2s. 6d.

Morris (William).

POETICAL WORKS—LIBRARY EDITION.

Complete in 11 volumes. Crown 8vo, price 5s. net each.

THE EARTHLY PARADISE. 4 vols. Crown 8vo, 5s. net each.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF JASON. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE DEFENCE OF GUENEVERE, and other Poems. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE STORY OF SIGURD THE VOLSUNG, AND THE FALL OF THE NIBLUNGS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

POEMS BY THE WAY, AND LOVE IS ENOUGH. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE ODYSSEY OF HOMER. Done into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE AENEIDS OF VIRGIL. Done into English Verse. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THE TALE OF BEOWULF, SOMETIME KING OF THE FOLK OF THE WEDERGEATS. Translated by WILLIAM MORRIS and A. J. WYATT. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Certain of the *POETICAL WORKS* may also be had in the following Edition:—

THE EARTHLY PARADISE.

Popular Edition. 5 Vols. 12mo, 25s.; or 5s. each, sold separately.

The same in Ten Parts, 25s.; or 2s. 6d. each, sold separately.

Cheap Edition, in 1 vol. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

POEMS BY THE WAY. Square crown 8vo, 6s.

* For Mr. William Morris's other Works, see pp. 27, 37, 38, 40.

Morte Arthur: an Alliterative Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited from the Thornton MS., with Introduction, Notes and Glossary. By MARY MACLEOD BANKS. Fep. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Nesbit. LAYS AND LEGENDS. By E. NESBIT (Mrs. HERBERT BLAND). First Series. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. Second Series. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Ramal. SONGS OF CHILDHOOD. By WALTER RAMAL. With a Frontispiece from a Drawing by RICHARD DOYLE. Fep. 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Riley. OLD-FASHIONED ROSES: Poems. By JAMES WHITCOMBE RILEY. 12mo, gilt top, 5s.

Romanes.—A SELECTION FROM THE POEMS OF GEORGE JOHN ROMANES, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S. With an Introduction by T. HERBERT WARREN, President of Magdalen College, Oxford. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Savage-Armstrong.—BALLADS OF DOWN. By G. F. SAVAGE-ARMSTRONG, M.A., D.Litt. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

Shakespeare.

BOWDLER'S FAMILY SHAKESPEARE. With 36 Woodcuts. 1 vol. 8vo, 14s. Or in 6 vols. Fep. 8vo, 21s.

THE SHAKESPEARE BIRTHDAY BOOK. By MARY F. DUNBAR. 32mo, 1s. 6d.

Stevenson. A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Fep. 8vo, gilt top, 5s.

Wagner. THE NIBELUNGEN RING. Done into English Verse by REGINALD RANKIN, B.A., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Vol. I. Rhine Gold, The Valkyrie. Fep. 8vo, gilt top, 4s. 6d. Vol. II. Siegfried, The Twilight of the Gods. Fep. 8vo, gilt top, 4s. 6d.

Fiction, Humour, etc.

Anstey (F.).

VOCES POPULI. (Reprinted from *Punch*.)

First Series. With 20 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 3s. net.

Second Series. With 25 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 3s. net.

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, and other Sketches. (Reprinted from *Punch*.) With 25 Illustrations by J. BERNARD PARTRIDGE. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 3s. net.

Bailey.—MY LADY OF ORANGE: a Romance of the Netherlands in the Days of Alva. By H. C. BAILEY. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Beaconsfield (THE EARL OF).

NOVELS AND TALES. Complete in 11 vols. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. each, or in sets, 11 vols., gilt top, 15s. net.

Vivian Grey.	Sybil.
The Young Duke, etc.	Henrietta Temple.
Alroy, Ixi-on, etc.	Venetia.
Contarini, Fleming,	Coningsby.
etc.	Lothair.
Tancred.	Endymion.

NOVELS AND TALES. THE HUGH-ENDEN EDITION. With 2 Portraits and 11 Vignettes. 11 vols. Crown 8vo, 12s.

Churchill.—SAVROLA: a Tale of the Revolution in Laurania. By WINSTON SPENCER CHURCHILL. M.P. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Crawford.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRAMP. By J. H. CRAWFORD. With a Photogravure Frontispiece 'The Vagrants,' by FRED. WALKER, and 8 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Creed.—THE VICAR OF ST. LUKE'S. By SIBYL CREED. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

Dougall.—BEGGARS ALL. By L. DOUGALL. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Doyle (A. CONAN).

MICAH CLARKE: a Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion. With 10 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THEREFUGEES: a Tale of the Huguenots. With 25 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE STARK MUNRO LETTERS. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE POLESTAR, and other Tales. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Dyson.—THE GOLD-STEALERS: a Story of Wadly. By EDWARD DYSON, Author of 'Rhymes from the Mines,' etc. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Farrar (F. W., DEAN OF CANTERBURY).

DARKNESS AND DAWN: or, Scenes in the Days of Nero. An Historic Tale. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s. net.

GATHERING CLOUDS: a Tale of the Days of St. Chrysostom. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 6s. net.

Fowler (EDITH H.).

THE YOUNG PRETENDERS. A Story of Child Life. With 12 Illustrations by Sir PHILIP BURNE-JONES, Bart. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHILDREN. With 21 Illustrations by ETHEL KATE BURGESS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Francis (M. E.).

FIANDER'S WIDOW. Crown 8vo, 6s.

YEOMAN FLEETWOOD. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 3s. net.

PASTORALS OF DORSET. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Froude.—THE TWO CHIEFS OF DUNBOY: an Irish Romance of the Last Century. By JAMES A. FROUDE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Fiction, Humour, etc.—*continued.*

Gurdon.—MEMORIES AND FANCIES: Suffolk Tales and other Stories; Fairy Legends; Poems; Miscellaneous Articles. By the late Lady CAMILLA GURDON. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Haggard (H. RIDER).

ALLAN QUATERMAIN. With 31 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ALLAN'S WIFE. With 31 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

BEATRICE. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

BLACK HEART AND WHITE HEART, and other Stories. With 33 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

CLEOPATRA. With 29 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

DAWN. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

DOCTOR THERNE. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ERIC BRIGHTEYES. With 51 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

HEART OF THE WORLD. With 15 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

JOAN HASTE. With 20 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LYSBETH. With 26 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

MAIWA'S REVENGE. Cr. 8vo, 1s. 6d.

MONTIZUMA'S DAUGHTER. With 24 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MR. MEESON'S WILL. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

NADA THE LILY. With 23 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Haggard (H. RIDER)—*continued.*

SHE. With 32 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

SWALLOW: a Tale of the Great Trek. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE PEOPLE OF THE MIST. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE WITCH'S HEAD. With 16 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Haggard and Lang.—THE WORLD'S DESIRE. By H. RIDER HAGGARD and ANDREW LANG. With 27 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Harte.—IN THE CARQUINEZ WOODS. By BRET HARTE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Hope.—THE HEART OF PRINCESS OSRA. By ANTHONY HOPE. With 9 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Howard (Lady MABEL).

THE UNDOING OF JOHN BREWSTER. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE FAILURE OF SUCCESS. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Jerome.—SKETCHES IN LAVENDER: BLUE AND GREEN. By JEROME K. JEROME, Author of 'Three Men in a Boat,' etc. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Joyce.—OLD CELTIC ROMANCES. Twelve of the most beautiful of the Ancient Irish Romantic Tales. Translated from the Gaelic. By P. W. JOYCE, LL.D. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Lang.—A MONK OF FIFE: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc. By ANDREW LANG. With 13 Illustrations by SELWYN IMAGE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Fiction, Humour, etc.—continued.

Lyall (EDNA).

THE HINDERERS. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SLANDER. Fep. 8vo, 1s. sewed.

Presentation Edition. With 20 Illustrations by LANCELOT SPEED. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A TRUTH. Fep. 8vo, 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.

DOREEN. The Story of a Singer. Crown 8vo, 6s.

WAYFARING MEN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

HOPE THE HERMIT: a Romance of Borrowdale. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Marchmont.—IN THE NAME OF A WOMAN: a Romance. By ARTHUR W. MARCHMONT. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Mason and Lang.—PARSON KELLY. By A. E. W. MASON and ANDREW LANG. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Max Müller.—DEUTSCHE LIEBE (GERMAN LOVE): Fragments from the Papers of an Alien. Collected by F. MAX MÜLLER. Translated from the German by G. A. M. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 5s.

Melville (G. J. WHITE).

The Gladiators. Holmby House.

The Interpreter. Kate Coventry.

Good for Nothing. Digby Grand.

The Queen's Maids. General Bounce.

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d. each.

Merriman. FLOTSAM: A Story of the Indian Mutiny. By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. With Frontispiece and Vignette by H. G. MASSEY. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Morris (WILLIAM).

THE SUNDERING FLOOD. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE WATER OF THE WONDROUS ISLES. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.

THE WELL AT THE WORLD'S END. 2 vols. 8vo, 28s.

THE WOOD BEYOND THE WORLD. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

THE STORY OF THE GLITTERING PLAIN, which has been also called The Land of the Living Men, or The Acre of the Undying. Square post 8vo, 5s. net.

THE ROOTS OF THE MOUNTAINS, wherein is told somewhat of the Lives of the Men of Burgdale, their Friends, their Neighbours, their Foesmen, and their Fellows-in-Arms. Written in Prose and Verse. Square cr. 8vo, 8s.

A TALE OF THE HOUSE OF THE WOLFINGS, and all the Kindreds of the Mark. Written in Prose and Verse. Square crown 8vo, 6s.

A DREAM OF JOHN BALL, AND A KING'S LESSON. 12mo, 1s. 6d.

NEWS FROM NOWHERE: or, An Epoch of Rest. Being some Chapters from an Utopian Romance. Post 8vo, 1s. 6d.

THE STORY OF GRETTIR THE STRONG. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNÚSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

THREE NORTHERN LOVE STORIES, and other Tales. Translated from the Icelandic by EIRIKR MAGNÚSSON and WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.

* * For Mr. William Morris's other Works, see pp. 24, 37, 38 and 40.

Fiction, Humour, etc.—continued.

Newman (CARDINAL).

LOSS AND GAIN: The Story of a Convert. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

CALLISTA: a Tale of the Third Century. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Phillipps-Wolley.—SNAP: A Legend of the Lone Mountain. By C. PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY. With 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Raymond.—TWO MEN O' MENDIP. By WALTER RAYMOND. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Ridley.—ANNE MAINWARING. By ALICE RIDLEY, Author of 'The Story of Aline'. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Sewell (ELIZABETH M.).

A Glimpse of the World. Amy Herbert.

Laneton Parsonage. Cleve Hall.

Margaret Percival. Gertrude.

Katherine Ashton. Home Life.

The Earl's Daughter. After Life.

The Experience of Life. Ursula. Ivora.
Crown 8vo, cloth plain, 1s. 6d. each;
cloth extra, gilt edges, 2s. 6d.
each.

Sheehan.—LUKE DELMEGE. By the Rev. P. A. SHEEHAN, P.P., Author of 'My New Curate'. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Somerville (E. E.) and **Ross** (MARINE).

SOME EXPERIENCES OF AN IRISH R.M. With 31 Illustrations by E. E. SOMERVILLE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE REAL CHARLOTTE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE SILVER FOX. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Stebbing.—RACHEL WULFSTAN, and other Stories. By W. STEBBING, author of 'Probable Tales'. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Stevenson (ROBERT LOUIS).

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE. Fcp. 8vo, 1s. sewed, 1s. 6d. cloth.

THE STRANGE CASE OF DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE, WITH OTHER FABLES. Cr. 8vo, bound in buckram, with gilt top, 5s. net.
'Silver Library' Edition. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

MORE NEW ARABIAN NIGHTS—THE DYNAMITER. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and FANNY VAN DE GRIFT STEVENSON. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE WRONG BOX. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON and LLOYD OSBOURNE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Suttner.—LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS (*Die Waffen Nieder*): The Autobiography of Martha von Tilling. By BERTHA VON SUTTNER. Translated by T. HOLMES. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Swan.—BALLAST. By MYRA SWAN. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Trollope (ANTHONY).

THE WARDEN. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

BARCHESTER TOWERS. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

Walford (L. B.).

CHARLOTTE. Crown 8vo, 6s.

ONE OF OURSELVES. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

THE INTRUDERS. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

LEDDY MARGET. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

IVA KILDARE: a Matrimonial Problem. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

MR. SMITH: a Part of his Life. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Fiction, Humour, etc.—continued.

Walford (L. B.)—continued.

COUSINS. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

TROUBLESOME DAUGHTERS. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

PAULINE. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

DICK NETHERBY. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE HISTORY OF A WEEK. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

A STIFF-NECKED GENERATION. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

NAN, and other Stories. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE MISCHIEF OF MONICA. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE ONE GOOD GUEST. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

'PLOUGHED,' and other Stories. Cr. 8vo, 2s. 6d.

THE MATCHMAKER. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Ward.—ONE POOR SCRUPLE. By Mrs. WILFRED WARD. Crown 8vo, 6s.

West.—EDMUND FULLESTON : or, *The Family Evil Genius.* By B. B. WEST, Author of *'Half Hours with the Millionaires,'* etc. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Weyman (STANLEY).

THE HOUSE OF THE WOLF. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, 6s.

THE RED COCKADE. With Frontispiece and Vignette. Crown 8vo, 6s.

SHREWSBURY. With 24 Illustrations by CLAUDE A. SHEPPERTON. Cr. 8vo, 6s.

SOPHIA. With Frontispiece. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Yeats (S. LEVETT).

THE CHEVALIER D'AURIAC. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE TRAITOR'S WAY. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Popular Science (Natural History, etc.).

Butler. — OUR HOUSEHOLD INSECTS. An Account of the Insect-Pests found in Dwelling-Houses. By EDWARD A. BUTLER, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.). With 113 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Furneaux (W.).

THE OUTDOOR WORLD; or, *The Young Collector's Handbook.* With 18 Plates (16 of which are coloured), and 549 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s. net.

Furneaux (W.)—continued.

BUTTERFLIES AND MOTHS (British). With 12 coloured Plates and 241 Illustrations in the Text. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s. net.

LIFE IN PONDS AND STREAMS. With 8 coloured Plates and 331 Illustrations in the Text. Cr. 8vo, gilt edges, 6s. net.

Popular Science (Natural History, etc.)- continued.

Hartwig (GEORGE).

**THE SEA AND ITS LIVING WON-
DERS.** With 12 Plates and 303
Woodcuts. 8vo, gilt top, 7s. net.

THE TROPICAL WORLD. With 8
Plates and 172 Woodcuts. 8vo, gilt
top, 7s. net.

THE POLAR WORLD. With 3 Maps,
8 Plates and 85 Woodcuts. 8vo, gilt
top, 7s. net.

THE SUBTERRANEAN WORLD.
With 3 Maps and 80 Woodcuts. 8vo,
gilt top, 7s. net.

Helmholtz.-POPULAR LECTURES
ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By
HERMANN VON HELMHOLTZ. With 68
Woodcuts. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.
each.

Hudson (W. H.).

BIRDS AND MAN. Large Crown
8vo, 6s. net.

NATURE IN DOWNLAND. With 12
Plates and 14 Illustrations in the
Text, by A. D. MCCORMICK. 8vo,
10s. 6d. net.

BRITISH BIRDS. With a Chapter on
Structure and Classification by FRANK
E. BEDDARD, F.R.S. With 16 Plates
(8 of which are Coloured), and over
100 Illustrations in the Text. Crown
8vo, gilt edges, 6s. net.

BIRDS IN LONDON. With 17 Plates
and 15 Illustrations in the Text, by
BRYAN HOOK, A. D. MCCORMICK,
and from Photographs from Nature,
by R. B. LODGE. 8vo, 12s.

Millais. THE NATURAL HISTORY
OF THE BRITISH SURFACE-
FEEDING DUCKS. By JOHN GUILLE
MILLAIS, F.Z.S., etc. With 6 Photo-
gravures and 66 Plates (41 in Colours)
from Drawings by the Author, ARCHI-
BALD THORBURN, and from Photographs.
Royal 4to, 46 6s.

Proctor (RICHARD A.).

**LIGHT SCIENCE FOR LEISURE
HOURS.** Familiar Essays on Scien-
tific Subjects. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

ROUGH WAYS MADE SMOOTH.
Familiar Essays on Scientific Subjects.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

PLEASANT WAYS IN SCIENCE.
Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

NATURE STUDIES. By R. A. PRO-
CTOR, GRANT ALLEN, A. WILSON, T.
FOSTER and E. CLODD. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

LEISURE READINGS. By R. A.
PROCTOR, E. CLODD, A. WILSON, T.
FOSTER and A. C. RANVARD. Crown
8vo, 3s. 6d.

* * For Mr. Proctor's other books see
pp. 16 and 35 and *Misses Longmans &
Co.'s Catalogue of Scientific Works.*

Stanley.-A FAMILIAR HISTORY
OF BIRDS. By E. STANLEY, D.D.,
formerly Bishop of Norwich. With 160
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Wood (Rev. J. G.).

**HOMES WITHOUT HANDS: A De-
scription of the Habitations of Animals,
classed according to their Principle of
Construction.** With 140 Illustrations.
8vo, gilt top, 7s. net.

**INSECTS AT HOME: A Popular
Account of British Insects, their
Structure, Habits and Transforma-
tions.** With 700 Illustrations. 8vo,
gilt top, 7s. net.

**OUT OF DOORS: a Selection of
Original Articles on Practical Natural
History.** With 11 Illustrations. Cr.
8vo, 3s. 6d.

PETLAND REVISITED. With 33
Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

**STRANGE DWELLINGS: a Descrip-
tion of the Habitations of Animals,
abridged from 'Homes without
Hands.'** With 60 Illustrations. Cr.
8vo, 3s. 6d.

Works of Reference.

- Gwilt.**—AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ARCHITECTURE. By JOSEPH GWILT, F.S.A. With 1700 Engravings. Revised (1888), with alterations and Considerable Additions by WYATT PAPWORTH. 8vo. 21s. net.
- Maunder (SAMUEL).**
 BIOGRAPHICAL TREASURY. With Supplement brought down to 1889. By Rev. JAMES WOOD. Fep. 8vo, 6s.
 TREASURY OF GEOGRAPHY. Physical, Historical, Descriptive and Political. With 7 Maps and 16 Plates. Fep. 8vo, 6s.
 THE TREASURY OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE. By the Rev. J. AYRE, M.A. With 5 Maps, 15 Plates, and 300 Woodcuts. Fep. 8vo, 6s.
 TREASURY OF KNOWLEDGE AND LIBRARY OF REFERENCE. Fep. 8vo, 6s.
 HISTORICAL TREASURY. Fep. 8vo. 6s.
- Maunder (SAMUEL)**—*continued.*
 THE TREASURY OF BOTANY. Edited by J. LINDLEY, F.R.S., and T. MOORE, F.L.S. With 274 Woodcuts and 20 Steel Plates. 2 vols. Fep. 8vo, 12s.
- Roget.**—THESAURUS OF ENGLISH WORDS AND PHRASES. Classified and Arranged so as to Facilitate the Expression of Ideas and assist in Literary Composition. By PETER MARK ROGET, M.D., F.R.S. Recomposed throughout, enlarged and improved, partly from the Author's Notes, and with a full Index, by the Author's Son, JOHN LEWIS ROGET. Crown 8vo, 9s. net.
- Willich.**—POPULAR TABLES for giving information for ascertaining the value of Lifehold, Leasehold, and Church Property, the Public Funds, etc. By CHARLES M. WILLICH. Edited by H. BENICE JONES. Crown 8vo, 10s. 6d.

Children's Books.

- Adelborg.**—CLEAN PETER AND THE CHILDREN OF GRUBBYLEA. By OTTILIA ADELBERG. Translated from the Swedish by Mrs. GRAHAM WALLAS. With 23 Coloured Plates. Oblong fto. boards, 3s. 6d. net.
- Brown.**—THE BOOK OF SAINTS AND FRIENDLY BEASTS. By ABBIE FARWELL BROWN. With 8 Illustrations by FANNY Y. CORY. Cr. 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.
- Buckland.**—TWO LITTLE RUN-AWAYS. Adapted from the French of LOUIS DESNOYERS. By JAMES BUCKLAND. With 110 Illustrations by CECIL ALDIN. Crown 8vo, 6s.
- Corbin and Going.**—URCHINS OF THE SEA. By MARIE OVERTON CORBIN and CHARLES BIXTON GOING. With Drawings by F. I. BENNETT. Oblong fto, 3s. 6d.
- Crake (Rev. A. D.).**
 EDWY THE FAIR; or, The First Chronicle of Æscendune. Crown 8vo, silver top, 2s. net.
 ALFGAR THE DANE; or, The Second Chronicle of Æscendune. Crown 8vo, silver top, 2s. net.
 THE RIVAL HEIRS: being the Third and last Chronicle of Æscendune. Crown 8vo, silver top, 2s. net.
 THE HOUSE OF WALDERNE. A Tale of the Cloister and the Forest in the Days of the Barons' Wars. Cr. 8vo, silver top, 2s. net.
 BRIAN FITZ-COUNT. A Story of Wallingford Castle and Dorchester Abbey. Crown 8vo, silver top, 2s. net.

Children's Books—continued.

Henty (G. A.)—ELBERTON.

YULE DOGS. A Story Book for Boys. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. With 61 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

YULE-TIDE YAKS. A Story Book for Boys. By VARIOUS AUTHORS. With 45 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Lang (ANDREW)—ELBERTON.

THE VIOLET FAIRY BOOK. With 50 Coloured Plates and 54 other Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK. With 138 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE RED FAIRY BOOK. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE GREEN FAIRY BOOK. With 99 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE GREY FAIRY BOOK. With 65 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE YELLOW FAIRY BOOK. With 104 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE PINK FAIRY BOOK. With 67 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE BLUE POETRY BOOK. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE TRUE STORY BOOK. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE RED TRUE STORY BOOK. With 100 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE ANIMAL STORY BOOK. With 67 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE RED BOOK OF ANIMAL STORIES. With 65 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS. With 66 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 6s.

Meade (L. T.).

DADDY'S BOY. With 8 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

DEB AND THE DUCHESS. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

THE BERESFORD PRIZE. With 7 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

THE HOUSE OF SURPRISES. With 6 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, gilt edges, 3s. net.

Murray.—FLOWER LEGENDS FOR CHILDREN. By HILDA MURRAY (the Hon. Mrs. MURRAY of Elilank). Pictured by J. S. ELAND. With numerous Coloured and other Illustrations. Oblong 4to, 6s.

Praeger (ROSAMOND).

THE ADVENTURES OF THE THREE BOLD BABES: HECTOR, HONORIA AND ALISANDER. A Story in Pictures. With 24 Coloured Plates and 24 Outline Pictures. Oblong 4to, 3s. 6d.

THE FURTHER DOINGS OF THE THREE BOLD BABES. With 24 Coloured Pictures and 24 Outline Pictures. Oblong 4to, 3s. 6d.

Smith.—THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH: Captain of Two Hundred and Fifty Horse, and sometime President of Virginia. Edited by E. P. ROBERTS. Crown 8vo.

Stevenson.—A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES. By ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. Fep. 8vo, gilt top, 5s.

Tappan.—OLD BALLADS IN PROSE. By EVA MARCH TAPPAN. With 4 Illustrations by FANNY Y. CORY. Crown 8vo, gilt top, 4s. 6d. net.

Children's Books—continued.

Upton (FLORENCE K. and BERTHA).

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO DUTCH DOLLS AND A 'GOLLIWOGG'. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S BICYCLE CLUB. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE GOLLIWOGG AT THE SEASIDE. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to, 6s.

Upton (FLORENCE K. and BERTHA)—*continued.*

THE GOLLIWOGG IN WAR. With 31 Coloured Plates. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S POLAR ADVENTURES. With 31 Coloured Plates. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE GOLLIWOGG'S AUTO-GO-CART. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE VEGE-MEN'S REVENGE. With 31 Coloured Plates and numerous Illustrations in the Text. Oblong 4to, 6s.

THE SILVER LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. EACH VOLUME.

Arnold's (Sir Edwin) **Seas and Lands.** With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Bagehot's (W.) **Biographical Studies.** 3s. 6d.

Bagehot's (W.) **Economic Studies.** 3s. 6d.

Bagehot's (W.) **Literary Studies.** With Portrait. 3 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Baker's (Sir S. W.) **Eight Years in Ceylon.** With 6 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Baker's (Sir S. W.) **Rifle and Hound in Ceylon.** With 6 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) **Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.** 3s. 6d.

Baring-Gould's (Rev. S.) **Origin and Development of Religious Belief.** 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Becker's (W. A.) **Gallus: or, Roman Scenes in the Time of Augustus.** With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Becker's (W. A.) **Charicles: or, Illustrations of the Private Life of the Ancient Greeks.** With 26 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Bent's (J. T.) **The Ruined Cities of Mesopotamia.** With 117 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Brassey's (Lady) **A Voyage in the 'Sunbeam'.** With 66 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Churchill's (W. Spencer) **The Story of the Malakand Field Force, 1897.** With 6 Maps and Plans. 3s. 6d.

Clodd's (E.) **Story of Creation: a Plain Account of Evolution.** With 77 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Conybeare (Rev. W. J.) and **Howson's** (Very Rev. J. S.) **Life and Epistles of St. Paul.** With 46 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Dougall's (L.) **Beggars All; a Novel.** 3s. 6d.

Doyle's (A. Conan) **Micah Clarke. A Tale of Monmouth's Rebellion.** With 10 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Doyle's (A. Conan) **The Captain of the Polestar, and other Tales.** 3s. 6d.

Doyle's (A. Conan) **The Refugees: A Tale of the Huguenots.** With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Doyle's (A. Conan) **The Stark Munro Letters.** 3s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **The History of England, from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.** 12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Froude's (J. A.) **The English in Ireland.** 3 vols. 10s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **The Divorce of Catherine of Aragon.** 3s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **The Spanish Story of the Armada, and other Essays.** 3s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century.** 3s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **Short Studies on Great Subjects.** 4 vols. 3s. 6d. each.

Froude's (J. A.) **Oceana, or England and her Colonies.** With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Froude's (J. A.) **The Council of Trent.** 3s. 6d.

THE SILVER LIBRARY—continued.

- Froude's (J. A.) The Life and Letters of Erasmus.** 3s. 6d.
- Froude's (J. A.) Thomas Carlyle: a History of his Life.** 1795-1835. 2 vols. 7s. 1834-1851. 2 vols. 7s.
- Froude's (J. A.) Caesar: a Sketch.** 3s. 6d.
- Froude's (J. A.) The Two Chiefs of Dunboy: an Irish Romance of the Last Century.** 3s. 6d.
- Froude's (J. A.) Writings, Selections from.** 3s. 6d.
- Gleig's (Rev. G. R.) Life of the Duke of Wellington.** With Portrait. 3s. 6d.
- Greville's (C. C. F.) Journal of the Reigns of King George IV., King William IV., and Queen Victoria.** 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.
- Haggard's (H. R.) She: A History of Adventure.** With 32 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Allan Quatermain.** With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Colonel Quaritch, V.C.: a Tale of Country Life.** With Frontispiece and Vignette. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Cleopatra.** With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Eric Brighteyes.** With 51 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Beatrice.** With Frontispiece and Vignette. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Allan's Wife.** With 34 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Heart of the World.** With 15 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Montezuma's Daughter.** With 25 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Swallow: a Tale of the Great Trek.** With 8 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) The Witch's Head.** With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Mr. Meeson's Will.** With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Nada the Lily.** With 29 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Dawn.** With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) The People of the Mist.** With 16 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard's (H. R.) Joan Haste.** With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Haggard (H. R.) and Lang's (A.) The World's Desire.** With 27 Illus. 3s. 6d.
- Harte's Bret: In the Carquinez Woods, and other Stories.** 3s. 6d.
- Helmholtz's (Hermann von) Popular Lectures on Scientific Subjects.** With 68 Illustrations. 2 vols. 3s. 6d. each.
- Hope's (Anthony) The Heart of Princess Osra.** With 9 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Howitt's (W.) Visits to Remarkable Places.** With 50 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Jefferies' (R.) The Story of My Heart: My Autobiography.** With Portrait. 3s. 6d.
- Jefferies' (R.) Field and Hedgerow.** With Portrait. 3s. 6d.
- Jefferies' (R.) Red Deer.** With 17 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Jefferies' (R.) Wood Magic: a Fable.** With Frontispiece and Vignette by E. V. B. 3s. 6d.
- Jefferies' (R.) The Tollers of the Field.** With Portrait from the Bust in Salisbury Cathedral. 3s. 6d.
- Kaye (Sir J.) and Malleson's (Colonel) History of the Indian Mutiny of 1857-8.** 6 vols. 3s. 6d. each.
- Knight's (E. F.) The Cruise of the 'Alerte': the Narrative of a Search for Treasure on the Desert Island of Trinidad.** With 2 Maps and 23 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Knight's (E. F.) Where Three Empires Meet: a Narrative of Recent Travel in Kashmir, Western Tibet, Baltistan, Gilgit.** With a Map and 54 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Knight's (E. F.) The 'Falcon' on the Baltic: a Casting Voyage from Hammer-smith to Copenhagen in a Three-Ton Yacht.** With Map and 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

THE SILVER LIBRARY—*continued.*

- Köstlin's (J.) Life of Luther.** With 62 Illustrations and 1 Facsimile of MSS. 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) Angling Sketches.** With 20 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) Custom and Myth: Studies of Early Usage and Belief.** 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) Cock Lane and Common-Sense.** 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) The Book of Dreams and Ghosts.** 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) A Monk of Elfe: a Story of the Days of Joan of Arc.** With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Lang's (A.) Myth, Ritual and Religion.** 2 vols. 7s.
- Less (J. A.) and Clutterbuck's (W. J.) B.C. 1887. A Ramble in British Columbia.** With Maps and 75 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Levett-Yeats' (B.) The Chevalier D'Aurillac.** 3s. 6d.
- Macaulay's (Lord) Complete Works.** 'Albany' Edition. With 12 Portraits. 12 vols. 3s. 6d. each.
- Macaulay's (Lord) Essays and Lays of Ancient Rome, etc.** With Portrait and 4 Illustrations to the 'Lays'. 3s. 6d.
- Macleod's (H. D.) Elements of Banking.** 3s. 6d.
- Marshman's (J. C.) Memoirs of Sir Henry Havelock.** 3s. 6d.
- Mason (A. E. W.) and Lang's (A.) Parson Kelly.** 3s. 6d.
- Merivale's (Dean) History of the Romans under the Empire.** 8 vols. 3s. 6d. each.
- Merriman's (H. S.) Flotsam: a Tale of the Indian Mutiny.** 3s. 6d.
- Mill's (J. S.) Political Economy.** 3s. 6d.
- Mill's (J. S.) System of Logic.** 3s. 6d.
- Milner's (Geo.) Country Pleasures: the Chronicle of a year chiefly in a Garden.** 3s. 6d.
- Nansen's (F.) The First Crossing of Greenland.** With 142 Illustrations and a Map. 3s. 6d.
- Phillipps-Wolley's (C.) Snap: a Legend of the Lone Mountain.** With 13 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) The Orbs Around Us.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) The Expanse of Heaven.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Light Science for Leisure Hours. First Series.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) The Moon.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Other Worlds than Ours.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Our Place among Infinities: a Series of Essays contrasting our Little Abode in Space and Time with the Infinities around us.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Other Suns than Ours.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Rough Ways made Smooth.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Pleasant Ways in Science.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Myths and Marvels of Astronomy.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Nature Studies.** 3s. 6d.
- Proctor's (R. A.) Leisure Readings.** By R. A. PROCTOR, EDWARD CLODD, ANDREW WILSON, THOMAS FOSTER and A. C. RANYARD. With Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Rossetti's (Maria F.) A Dowry of Dante.** 3s. 6d.
- Smith's (R. Bosworth) Carthage and the Carthaginians.** With Maps, Plans, etc. 3s. 6d.
- Stanley's (Bishop) Familiar History of Birds.** With 169 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

THE SILVER LIBRARY—continued.

- Stephen's (L.)** The Playground of Europe (The Alps). With 4 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Stevenson's R. L.** The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; with other Fables. 3s. 6d.
- Stevenson (R. L.) and Osbourne's (Ll.)** The Wrong Box. 3s. 6d.
- Stevenson (Robt. Louis) and Stevenson's (Fanny van de Grift)** More New Arabian Nights.—The Dynamiter. 3s. 6d.
- Trevelyan's (Sir G. O.)** The Early History of Charles James Fox. 3s. 6d.
- Weyman's (Stanley J.)** The House of the Wolf: a Romance. 3s. 6d.
- Wood's (Rev. J. G.)** Petland Revisited. With 33 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Wood's (Rev. J. G.)** Strange Dwellings. With 60 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.
- Wood's (Rev. J. G.)** Out of Doors. With 11 Illustrations. 3s. 6d.

Cookery, Domestic Management, etc.

- Acton.** MODERN COOKERY. By ELIZA ACTON. With 150 Woodcuts. Fep. 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- Angwin.**—SIMPLE HINTS ON CHOICE OF FOOD, with Tested and Economical Recipes. For Schools, Homes and Classes for Technical Instruction. By M. C. ANGIN, Diplomat (First Class) of the National Union for the Technical Training of Women, etc. Crown 8vo, 1s.
- Ashby.** HEALTH IN THE NURSERY. By HENRY ASHBY, M.D., F.R.C.P., Physician to the Manchester Children's Hospital. With 25 Illustrations. Cr. 8vo, 3s. net.
- Bull (THOMAS, M.D.)**
HINTS TO MOTHERS ON THE MANAGEMENT OF THEIR HEALTH DURING THE PERIOD OF PREGNANCY. Fep. 8vo, sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. net.
THE MATERNAL MANAGEMENT OF CHILDREN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. Fep. 8vo, sewed, 1s. 6d.; cloth, gilt edges, 2s. net.
- De Salis (Mrs.)**
A LA MODE COOKERY (F.P.T.O.). DATE RECIPES. With 24 Plates. 16 pp. Colours. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.
CAKES AND CONFECTIONS A LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
DOGS: A Manual for Amateurs. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
DRESSED GAME AND POULTRY A LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
DRESSED VEGETABLES A LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
DRINKS A LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- De Salis (Mrs.)—continued.**
ENTREES À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
FLORAL DECORATIONS. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
GARDENING À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, Part I., Vegetables, 1s. 6d. Part II., Fruits, 1s. 6d.
NATIONAL VIANDS À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
NEW-LAID EGGS. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
OYSTERS À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
PUDDINGS AND PASTRY À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
SAVOURIES À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
SOUPS AND DRESSED FISH À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
SWEETS AND SUPPER DISHES À LA MODE. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
TEMPTING DISHES FOR SMALL INCOMES. Fep. 8vo, 1s. 6d.
WRINKLES AND NOTIONS FOR EVERY HOUSEHOLD. Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.
- Lear.**—MAIGRE COOKERY. By H. L. SIDNEY LEAR. 16mo, 2s.
- Pool.**—COOKERY FOR THE DIABETIC. By W. H. and Mrs. POOLE. With Preface by Dr. PAVY. Fep. 8vo, 2s. 6d.
- Rotheram.**—HOUSEHOLD COOKERY RECIPES. By M. A. ROTHERAM, First Class Diplomee, National Training School of Cookery, London; Instructress to the Bedfordshire County Council. Crown 8vo, 2s.

The Fine Arts and Music.

- Burns and Colenso.** — **LIVING JAMESON (Mrs. ANNA)**—*continued.*
ANATOMY. By CECIL L. BURNS, R.B.A., and ROBERT J. COLENSO, M.A., M.D. 40 Plates, 11½ x 8½ in., each Plate containing Two Figures—(a) A Natural Male or Female Figure; (b) The same Figure Anatomised. In a Portfolio. 7s. 6d. net.
- Hamlin.** **A TEXT-BOOK OF THE HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE.** By A. D. F. HAMLIN, A.M. With 229 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- Haweis (Rev. H. R.).**
MUSIC AND MORALS. With Portrait of the Author, and Numerous Illustrations, Fac-similes and Diagrams. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.
- MY MUSICAL LIFE.** With Portrait of Richard Wagner and 3 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. net.
- Huish, Head and Longman.** — **SAMPLERS AND TAPESTRY EMBROIDERIES.** By MARCUS B. HUISH, LL.B.; also 'The Stitchery of the Same,' by Mrs. HEAD; and 'Foreign Samplers,' by Mrs. C. J. LONGMAN. With 30 Reproductions in Colour and 40 Illustrations in Monochrome. 4to, £2 2s. net.
- Hullah.** **THE HISTORY OF MODERN MUSIC.** By JOHN HULLAH. 8vo, 8s. 6d.
- Jameson (Mrs. ANNA).**
SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART, containing Legends of the Angels and Archangels, the Evangelists, the Apostles, the Doctors of the Church, St. Mary Magdalene, the Patron Saints, the Martyrs, the Early Bishops, the Hermits and the Warrior-Saints of Christendom, as represented in the Fine Arts. With 19 Etchings and 187 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo, 20s. net.
- LEGENDS OF THE MONASTIC ORDERS,** as represented in the Fine Arts, comprising the Benedictines and Augustine, and Orders derived from their rules, the Mendicant Orders, the Jesuits, and the Order of the Visitation of St. Mary. With 11 Etchings and 88 Woodcuts. 1 vol. 8vo, 10s. net.
- LEGENDS OF THE MADONNA, OR BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.** Devotional with and without the Infant Jesus, Historical from the Annunciation to the Assumption, as represented in Sacred and Legendary Christian Art. With 27 Etchings and 165 Woodcuts. 1 vol. 8vo, 10s. net.
- THE HISTORY OF OUR LORD,** as exemplified in Works of Art, with that of His Types, St. John the Baptist, and other persons of the Old and New Testament. Commenced by the late Mrs. JAMESON; continued and completed by LADY EASTLAKE. With 31 Etchings and 281 Woodcuts. 2 vols. 8vo, 20s. net.
- Kingsley.** — **A HISTORY OF FRENCH ART, 1100-1800.** By ROSE G. KINGSLEY. 8vo, 12s. 6d. net.
- Kristeller.** **ANDREA MANTEGNA.** By PAUL KRISTELLER. English Edition by S. ARTHUR STRONG, M.A., Librarian to the House of Lords, and at Chatsworth. With 26 Photogravure Plates and 162 Illustrations in the Text. 4to, gilt top, £3 10s. net.
- Macfarren.** **LECTURES ON HARMONY.** By Sir GEORGE A. MACFARREN. 8vo, 12s.
- Morris (WILLIAM).**
HOPES AND FEARS FOR ART. Five Lectures delivered in Birmingham, London, &c., in 1878-1881. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.
- AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT THE DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO STUDENTS OF THE BIRMINGHAM MUNICIPAL SCHOOL OF ART ON 21st FEBRUARY, 1891.** 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. (*Printed in 'Golden' Type.*)
- ART AND THE BEAUTY OF THE EARTH.** A Lecture delivered at Burslem Town Hall on 15th October, 1881. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. (*Printed in 'Golden' Type.*)
- SOME HINTS ON PATTERN-DESIGNING:** a Lecture delivered at the Working Men's College, London, on 10th December, 1881. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. (*Printed in 'Golden' Type.*)

The Fine Arts and Music—continued.**Morris, WILLIAM.**—*continued.***ARTS AND ITS PRODUCERS (1888), AND THE ARTS AND CRAFTS OF TO-DAY (1892).**—Svo., 2s. 6d., net. *Pictorial, Golden Type.***ARCHITECTURE AND HISTORY, AND WESTMINSTER ABBEY.** Two Papers read before the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings. Svo., 2s. 6d., net. *Pictorial, Golden Type.***ARTS AND CRAFTS ESSAYS BY MEMBERS OF THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION SOCIETY.** With a Preface by WILLIAM MORRIS. Crown Svo., 2s. 6d., net.**For M. J. Hopkins, M.A., see end of book, pp. 24, 27, and 49.***Van Dyke.**—**A TEXT-BOOK ON THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.** By JOHN C. VAN DYKE. With 110 Illustrations. Crown Svo., 6s.**Willard.**—**HISTORY OF MODERN ITALIAN ART.** By ASHTON ROLLINS WILLARD. With 13 engravings, Frontispiece and 25 full-page illustrations. Svo., 18s., net.**Wellington.**—**A DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL CATALOGUE OF THE COLLECTIONS OF PICTURES AND SCULPTURE AT APSLEY HOUSE, LONDON.** By EVELYN, Duchess of Wellington. Illustrated by 52 Photo-Engravings, specially executed by BRAUN, CLÉMENT & Co., of Paris. 2 vols. Roy. 4to, £6 6s., net.**Miscellaneous and Critical Works.****Annals of Mathematics** under the Auspices of Harvard University. Issued Quarterly. Pp. 28, net each number.**Bagehot.** **LITERARY STUDIES.** By WALTER BAGEHOT. With Portrait. 3 vols. Crown Svo., 3s. 6d., each.**Baker.** **EDUCATION AND LIFE.** Papers and Addresses. By JAMES H. BAKER, M.A., LL.D. Crown Svo., 4s. 6d.**Baring-Gould.** **CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.** By Rev. S. BARING-GOULD. Crown Svo., 3s. 6d.**Baynes.** **SHAKESPEARE STUDIES,** and other Essays. By the Rev. THOMAS STUBBS BAYNES, LL.B., LL.D. With a Biographical Preface by Professor LEAL COMPTON. Crown Svo., 7s. 6d.**Charities Register.** **THE ANNUAL AND DIGEST.** Being a Charities Register of Greater London, available in the Metropolitan. Svo., 4s.**Christie.** **SELECTED ESSAYS.** By RICHARD COLLEY CHRISTIE, M.A., Oxon. Har. LL.D. Vol. 1. With 2 Portraits and a Map. Pp. 160. Svo., 15s., net.**Dickinson.** **KING ARTHUR IN CORNWALL.** By W. HOWARD DICKINSON, M.D. With 5 Illustrations. Crown Svo., 4s. 6d.**Essays in Paradox.** By the Author of 'Exploded Ideas' and 'Times and Days'. Crown Svo., 5s.**Evans.** **THE ANCIENT STONE IMPLEMENTS, WEAPONS AND ORNAMENTS OF GREAT BRITAIN.** By Sir JOHN EVANS, K.C.B. With 387 Illustrations. Svo., 28s.**Exploded Ideas, AND OTHER ESSAYS.** By the Author of 'Times and Days'. Crown Svo., 5s.**Frost.**—**A MEDLEY BOOK.** By GEO. FROST. Crown Svo., 3s. 6d., net.**Geikie.** **THE VICAR AND HIS FRIENDS.** By CUNNINGHAM GEIKIE, D.D., LL.D. Crown Svo., 5s., net.**Haggard.** **A FARMER'S YEAR :** being His Commonplace Book for 1898. By H. RIDER HAGGARD. With 36 Illustrations. Crown Svo., 7s. 6d., net.**Hodgson.** **OUTCAST ESSAYS AND VERSE TRANSLATIONS.** By SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, LL.D. Crown Svo., 8s. 6d.**Hoening.** **INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE TACTICS OF THE FUTURE.** By FRIEDR. HOENIG. With 1 Sketch in the Text and 5 Maps. Translated by Captain H. M. BOWEN. Svo., 15s., net.**Hutchinson.** **DREAMS AND THEIR MEANINGS.** By HORWEG HUTCHINSON. Svo. (gilt top), 9s. 6d., net.

Miscellaneous and Critical Works—continued.

Jefferies (RICHARD).

FIELD AND HEDGEROW. With Portrait. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE STORY OF MY HEART: my Autobiography. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

RED DEER. With 17 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE TOILERS OF THE FIELD. Cr. 8vo, 3s. 6d.

WOOD MAGIC: a Fable. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Jekyll (GERTRUDE).

HOME AND GARDEN: Notes and Thoughts, Practical and Critical, of a Worker in both. With 53 Illustrations from Photographs. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

WOOD AND GARDEN: Notes and Thoughts, Practical and Critical, of a Working Amateur. With 71 Illustrations. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Johnson (J. & J. H.).

THE PATENTEE'S MANUAL: a Treatise on the Law and Practice of Letters Patent. 8vo, 10s. 6d.

AN EPITOME OF THE LAW AND PRACTICE CONNECTED WITH PATENTS FOR INVENTIONS. With a Reprint of the Patents Acts of 1883, 1885, 1886 and 1888. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

Joyce. THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF IRISH NAMES OF PLACES. By P. W. JOYCE, LL.D. 2 vols. Crown 8vo, 5s. each.

Lang (ANDREW).

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

BOOKS AND BOOKMEN. With 2 Coloured Plates and 17 Illustrations. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

OLD FRIENDS. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

LETTERS ON LITERATURE. Fcp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

ESSAYS IN LITTLE. With Portrait of the Author. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

COCK LANE AND COMMON-SENSE. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE BOOK OF DREAMS AND GHOSTS. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Maryon. — HOW THE GARDEN GREW. By MAUD MARYON. With 4 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s. net.

Matthews. — NOTES ON SPEECH-MAKING. By BRANDER MATTHEWS. Fcp. 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.

Max Müller (The Right Hon. F.).

COLLECTED WORKS. 18 vols. Cr. 8vo, 6s. each.

Vol. I. **NATURAL RELIGION:** the Gifford Lectures, 1888.

Vol. II. **PHYSICAL RELIGION:** the Gifford Lectures, 1890.

Vol. III. **ANTHROPOLOGICAL RELIGION:** the Gifford Lectures, 1891.

Vol. IV. **THEOSOPHY;** or, Psychological Religion: the Gifford Lectures, 1892.

CHIPS FROM A GERMAN WORKSHOP.

Vol. V. Recent Essays and Addresses.

Vol. VI. Biographical Essays.

Vol. VII. Essays on Language and Literature.

Vol. VIII. Essays on Mythology and Folk-lore.

Vol. IX. **THE ORIGIN AND GROWTH OF RELIGION,** as illustrated by the Religions of India: the Hibbert Lectures, 1878.

Vol. X. **BIOGRAPHIES OF WORDS, AND THE HOME OF THE ARYAN.**

Vols. XI, XII. **THE SCIENCE OF LANGUAGE:** Founded on Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863. 2 vols. 10s.

Vol. XIII. **INDIA** What can it Teach Us?

Vol. XIV. **INTRODUCTION TO THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION.** Four Lectures, 1870.

Vol. XV. **RAMAKRISHNA:** his Life and Sayings.

Vol. XVI. **THREE LECTURES ON THE VEDANTA PHILOSOPHY,** 1894.

Vol. XVII. **LAST ESSAYS.** First Series. Essays on Language, Folk-lore, etc.

Vol. XVIII. **LAST ESSAYS.** Second Series. Essays on the Science of Religion.

Miscellaneous and Critical Works—continued.

Milner. — COUNTRY PLEASURES: the Chronicle of a Year chiefly in a Garden. By GEORGE MILNER. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Morris. SIGNS OF CHANGE. Seven Lectures delivered on various Occasions. By WILLIAM MORRIS. Post 8vo, 4s. 6d.

Parker and Unwin. THE ART OF BUILDING A HOME: a Collection of Lectures and Illustrations. By BARRY PARKER and RAYMOND UNWIN. With 68 Full-page Plates. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Pollock. — JANE AUSTEN: her Contemporaries and Herself. By WALTER HERRIES POLLOCK. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d. net.

Poore (GEORGE VINAY, M.D.).
ESSAYS ON PURAL HYGIENE. With 13 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 6s. 6d.

THE DWELLING HOUSE. With 30 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

THE MILROY LECTURES ON THE EARTH IN RELATION TO THE PRESERVATION AND DESTRUCTION OF CONTAGIA: together with the Papers on Public Health. 8vo, 5s.

Rossetti. A SHADOW OF DANTE: being an Essay towards a Study of Human Life in the World, and the Place of Love. By MARY ELIZABETH ROSSETTI. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.

Soulsby (LUCY H. M.).
STRAY THOUGHTS ON READING. Fp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR GIRLS. Fp. 8vo, 1s. 6d. net.

STRAY THOUGHTS FOR MOTHERS AND TEACHERS. Fp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

11200. Cl.

Soulsby (LUCY H. M.)—*cont. from last.*
STRAY THOUGHTS FOR INVALIDS. 16mo, 2s. net.

STRAY THOUGHTS ON CHARACTER. Fp. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net.

Southey. THE CORRESPONDENCE OF ROBERT SOUTHEY WITH CAROLINE BOWLES. Edited by EDWARD DOWDEN. 8vo, 11s.

Stevens. — ON THE STOWAGE OF SHIPS AND THEIR CARGOES. With Information regarding Freight, Charter Parties, &c. By ROBERT WHITE STEVENS. 8vo, 21s.

Sutherland. — TWENTIETH CENTURY INVENTIONS: A FORECAST. By GEORGE SUTHERLAND, M.A. Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d. net.

Turner and Sutherland. — THE DEVELOPMENT OF AUSTRALIAN LITERATURE. By HENRY GYLES TURNER and ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND. With Portraits and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 5s.

Warwick. PROGRESS IN WOMEN'S EDUCATION IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE, being the Report of Conferences and Congresses held in connection with the Educational Section, Victorian Era Exhibition. Edited by the COUNCIL OF WARWICK. Crown 8vo, 6s.

Weathers. — A PRACTICAL GUIDE TO GARDEN PLANTS. By JOHN WEATHERS, F.R.H.S. With 150 Diagrams. 8vo, 21s. net.

Webb. THE MYSTERY OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: A Summary of Evidence. By His Honour Judge T. WEBB, sometime Justice, Professor of Laws and Public Order in the University of Dublin. 8vo, 10s. 6d. net.

Whitfall. FREDERIC THE GREAT ON KINGGEFT, from the Original Manuscript, with Reminiscences and Turkish Stories. By SIR J. WILLIAM WHITFALL, President of the British Chapter of Commerce of Turkey. 8vo, 7s. 6d. net.

HOOVER INDIANAS
STANFORD LIBRARY
INTRODUCTION

To avoid fine this book should be returned on
or before the date last stamped below

ISM-6-66-14469

**FOR USE IN
LIBRARY ONLY**

APR 24 1985

MAY 28 1985

JUN 1991

JUN 1992

DT 745
L8P60



